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THE HOLCAD.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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Another school year has begun, and one which will doubtless be remarkable in the history of the college. We are pleased to note that more new students are in attendance this term than ever before at any one time since we have had any knowledge of the institution. The ladies boarding hall is full and many have been compelled to find rooms down town. Altogether there are more than one hundred new students, many of whom were doubtless influenced through the earnest efforts of friends of the college. It pays to work; it pays to advertise in various ways, and from what we have seen we feel sure that much good work was done during our last vacation. The outlook for a profitable year is most encouraging. Among all students, both old and new, a harmony and good will seems to exist. This we hope may continue throughout the year. In union there is strength, and if we all work together as one united body we can make the present year one of which the college can justly be proud. The new students have begun their work in a way that is admired by all. They are studious and all, with but few if any exceptions, seem to be well pleased and glad that they have come to Westminster. This is not the place to get homesick or to become dissatisfied that some would have you believe. To the best of our knowledge we have none that would ever think of going home. If an education is what one wants here is the place to get it. Of course, we don't have the saloon, the theater or the billiard hall, but these don't make men and women and so we have no need for such. We do have, however, the things which are most needful to a good institution. First, we have a good class of students and instructors. Then we have an art department, and a musical conservatory that are not excelled by any college in the State. And in addition to these we have four excellent literary societies, each of which is the possessor of a fine piano. Then a Young Men's Christian Association and a Young Woman's Christian Association, that are in good working condition and are doing much for the spiritual growth of the college. We also have a lecture course that will compare favorably with the best lecture courses in the land. During the last two years we have had such men as Wendling, Gunsaulis, Conwell,

Headly and others. Entertainments have been given by "The Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club," the "Mendelssohn Quartette Club Concert Co.," the famous singer Marie Banard, and more that might be mentioned. These are a few of the many things that we have that are inducements to students; and when these are known, is it any wonder that our attendance is becoming larger every year? There is yet, however, one thing needful, and that is, a better place for athletics. Heretofore, on field days, we were permitted to use some of our streets for running, bycicling, etc., but this time complaints have been made, and so we are out of a suitable or convenient place for many of our sports. "What are we going to do," is now the question. We must have some place to practice and contest, or else we cannot hold our own with athletes of other colleges. We can't expect to go to the interstate athletic contest and win our share of the medals unless we make some preparation, and we can't make preparation without a place to prepare. So let us, at as early date as possible, have a gymnasium and place for field sports. Will not the board open up their hearts and help us in this matter?

As we said in the last issue, "Ring out the old, ring in the new," we gladly welcome the one hundred new students and wish you success. You can aid us, and we hope that we may be able to help you. But there is no better way to succeed than to get a good "start." Now this means hard work. But we believe you can do that. Yet the work done in the study or class room is not enough. There is still something lacking. We refer to the training in the literary societies. Perhaps you do not think that this training amounts to much, but you are sadly mistaken. There is no better way to make a good "start" in this literary work than to join one of the four societies in college,—two of which are for ladies, two for gentlemen. Another point of strength will be yours if you connect yourself with the religious work of the college. The two organizations, the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., are extending you a welcome. Make a good "start" by joining the societies. Welcome! Welcome! Friends.

EXCHANGES.

The *Record* is especially worthy of notice, as it contains a number of fine literary productions which speak well for this department of Hedding College.

Among the number of exchanges this month is found one from across the Atlantic, published by the students of a sister college in Belfast. We are glad to be thus brought into touch and sympathy with college life on the Emerald Isle in which many of us are more or less interested.

"Thumbs Up" is the subject of an oration in one of our reviews. A comparison is drawn between this old time play and the drama of life, and the points of likeness noted. Trusts, monopolies, the liquor traffic, politics, are all domineered over by as many Simons, who need but to raise the thumb and multitudes obey instantly.

People speak boastingly of these as times of independent thought and action; when every one has light enough to prove himself capable of looking about him; of gathering facts for himself, and, by comparison, of making true inferences. And yet there are those who deem themselves so far advanced in the science of "knowing one's self," they assume authority over others who have not arisen to the dignity of observing and thinking independently. An excellent opportunity is afforded to college students especially to cultivate the spirit of independent thought and action both in and out of class room.

THE WORSHIP OF THE ENDURING.

Every age has had its triumphs, every triumph has crowned its hero. Hero worshipers there have been and hero worshipers there will be to the end of recording time. Man is, indeed, the monument builder, the worshiper of tombs, the reverer of mouldy records. Nor is it strange that we idolize that which defies the flight of years, the wasting of the winters, the decay of time. These immortalities of the eternal past are to us the symbols, yea, the evidences of the everlasting life of man. The past, the undying past, is truly records of our existence, the one authentic history of the augustness and the littleness of man. The past, with its shadows, wrecks and ruins; the past with crumbling monuments and dusty tombs, with mighty cities fallen in ruins above the builders with splendid pageants that at best are dreams, with gorgeous empires that are but traditions, with rotted thrones and rusted crowns, with battle fields that are but memories with its ten thousand voices yet echoing from the dust and ruins. This desolate past is the one only authentic volume of the deeds of men. It is the enduring that we worship, it is in that we find likeness of the divine. We revere the immortality of mooted things; in the surviving works of human hands we see a likeness to the works of God; yea, even the image of Him who sitteth in the heavens of the Lord God who reigneth, who is from everlasting to everlasting. Say what we will, it stands proven that the search for the immortal, the quest for the undying has forever been the aspiration of man. For this men builded pyramids and graved deeply upon them symbol and character to tell their names and generations to after people.

Above the tombs of mightiest men have risen the stately shaft, the granite pillar, silent witnesses of some man's brief existence. But time has laughed at these—all earth-built tokens of man's triumphs have proved vain, wasting and futile. The very names of the Pharaohs are dim and obscure, and the dust of the monarch is held in no worthier reverence than that of the meanest slave who carried the stone or dug the broad foundations. Pyramids, monuments and pillars, these are not immortal. They can claim no worship, they change with the revolving years. Truly the tomb builder has wrought in vain. Let us lay it up in our heart of hearts; there is nothing perpetual in matter. The full earth, from mountain top to deepest sea, is dying, dead, dust and ashes of forgotten dead, and were the highest mountain peak to stand as the monument of one man, that man's name would grow dim to coming men. There is no immortality in earth or aught that is earth-built. But men have tried other means of escaping oblivion. Students have watched through silent hours and vainly struggled to solve the problems of life and death, and time and space, and harmony and origin, and end of all created things, but just as the flickering lamp grows dim the lines of the parchment fade, the book remains sealed and the deep mystery still hidden. Knowledge is indeed power, but it lives only in the minds and deeds of men and varies with the generations. But men have tried still other means of escaping the darkness of oblivion. Statesmen have labored not not with hands only, but with heart and soul; with worthy plan and noble purpose they have wrought the scheme of government. This is a work that we revere. The wise citizen, the daring patriot, the chivalric chief of men, the counselor of the nation, these we esteem. Men who have heard the cry of the oppressed, who with God-like pity have toiled for the deliverance of man from his fellow—yea, his brother man—these men have ennobled the earth. Man, it seems, has ever been man's worst enemy. High and heavenly are his gifts, yet to his fellow brother he is more cruel, more relentless than the savage beast. The lion, the hyena, the fox and wolf show kinship for their kind. Each, savage to all other animals,

spares his own tribe and race, but man delights in the debasement, the degradation, the servitude and sacrifice of his fellow. No famished tiger has ever shown the fierce blood-thirst of a Nero or a Napoleon. Man, for his own ends, will spare nothing that God has created. But when from out the common throng of self gratifying men there comes a Washington, who dares to tell a haughty empire that her injustice to her children can no longer be brooked; an Abraham Lincoln, whose brave hand wrote into a decree that in the name of the Most High God struck from four million men the shackels of oppression; a Ulysses S. Grant, whose sword and voice led the heroic brave of our country to redeem and build up the grand Republic, so that to-day there is one land that has no master and no slave; a James G. Blaine, whose skilled brain guides the State clear of the dangers of war, pointing only to truth and right, maintains the dignity and peace of the nation; or a Gladstone who can before the world of nations demand Home Rule for Ireland; demand it, too, when he knows it will be opposed by his own government, that it will cost him friends, money, influence and the labor of his best years. These are men and efforts worthy of future time. But these will not be ever-enduring. The century will come when these names shall be as the names of Plato, Socrates, Cyrus, Demosthenes and Cæsar, perhaps, and then another century will follow and they will be less often repeated and finally men shall ask who they were, and at last they shall be forgotten and unknown.

We dare not worship the human, the man or the thoughts of men, these vanish from the earth also. Then comes the ever burning question. Has anything escaped the awful tomb? Has any deed of earth-born man, or any earthly act or scene lived through the ages and grown brighter with the centuries passed? Is there any name that time has spared? one triumph that has arisen above the universal wreck and decay? Is there one life that is living yet, that is awakening new life, giving hope and abiding faith of existence? Yes; I name the hero and the scene—Christ and Calvary. Around the life of the lowly Nazarene, around the rude manger cradle of Bethlehem, around the lonely garden of Gethsemane and the rugged cross, the rent sepulcher cluster all the great surviving deeds of the world's history. Stranger than any recorded miracle is the plain historic fact of the life of the man of Nazareth; a teacher whose philosophy was the love of man to man and man to God, whose life was the fullest exemplification of that philosophy. He it was that builded stronger than time and elements and death. He who unsealed the eyes of the blind beggar and wept at the tomb Lazarus, bewailed the fate of Jerusalem, wandered homeless, friendless; a man of sorrows and of griefs. He it is at whose name the world to-day pays reverent homage. There is no other name that history has written like to this. And yet to-day even from out the dark places of earth there arises the voice of the scofter, the infidel, the blasphemer. Come and hear the prophet of death, oblivion and darkness. Standing beside an open grave, kneeling beside the coffined form of his brother while the streaming eyes of all are turned to him for comfort and hope; hear the apostle of doubt and unbelief; the man of the earth, Ingersoll: "My friends life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two elevations. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights; we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. The beginning, the end, is shadow, darkness and doubt." Then from these weeping, hopeless mourners turn and listen to a voice, that before Egypt was a nation, sang of the resurrection and hope and faith: "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art, with me, surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life, and I

will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The deep of midnight and the glory of noonday are not more opposite than these. Now if you will hear yet another voice that like a divinity has been singing in the hearts of men for ages, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." Here is a voice that will not be stilled. It has thrilled the hearts of millions of mankind. It has cheered the wanderer in his journey; it has been sung defiantly by martyrs at the fiery stake; it has quivered on the lips of the dying Christian and brightened his eye and strengthened his faith; it has lighted the dark dungeon like a very thing of God; it has grown stronger with every measure of the years of time. While empires rose and fell, and thrones and kings' crowns turned to dust; while dynasties were forgotten and men were nameless as the sands upon the sea shore, I am the resurrection and the life; the word that was of God and with God in the beginning has lived, still lives and is immortal and unchanging. This and the life of Him of Nazareth and all that time has woven around that life before and since he bore the agonies of man, all this is undying and unfading. While the mountains bow to the valleys, while the rivers return to their sources, while the deep ocean becomes the barren desert, and earth is white with the flight of years, when sun and stars are gone and the crystal firmament is swept away, then it will live, that voice of our hope and faith, "I am the resurrection and the life."

U. G. MARKS.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

In a certain state, nestled among the hills and mountains, is a beautiful valley. Within its borders are large cities, pleasant roads, and picturesque lakes. All signs show growth and prosperity. But while there is something beautiful in this valley, there is something picturesque and sublime in the appearance of yonder mountain, clothed with forests and green, spotted here and there with houses, and shaggy cliffs looming up that are difficult of ascent, but when once at the topmost crag a good view is had of the surrounding country. Here a stream leaps through a ravine, and flowing onward is seen at the foot of the mountain, a broad and steadily-moving river. The summit looks beautiful emblazoned by the rays of the morning sun. Who would not take an excursion to its top? Though the ascent in many places is rough and hard. But when once at the summit what a view is his! Below lies the field of work, the hundreds of houses, the improvements and inventions of years.

For a long time the students of science have been working, as it were, in the valley of thought and research. True, they have been successful in many experiments, but, as yet, they have only commenced the ascent of that far renowned eminence. What a field for research even now is presented to their beholding minds! How many things while yet on a lower level they do not see or understand! But wait. A party is coming along the road that leads to the foothills. Among this party is seen a naturalist, a geologist, an artist, an electrician, an astronomer, a botanist, and a chemist, all going to ascend the mountain of science. They have all the modern inventions and appliances for the pursuance of their respective studies. They have studied books, and are now going for further knowledge and experiments. Now they have left the well-beaten road that leads along the shady side of thought, and have commenced the ascent by the numerous bridle paths upon its side. Up they steadily go, though the path is rough and untrodden except by a very few travelers.

Here the naturalist sees a strange looking plant; yet is it a plant? No, for when he goes to pick it up, it is gone. The thing that looked

so much like a vegetable is seen flying away. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts, he succeeds in capturing it, and another animal is added to the now increasing list. What a change in thought! How observant must be his eyes. But onward he goes, each new scene reveals some new life. But does he know what life is? Can he tell in what life consists? No, this is a crag, which stands up wall-like before him, and which must be ascended before he reaches the summit. Then when once over this difficult point, what shall lie above and beyond him.

Sauntering slowly along another path is the geologist, unmindful of the beauties around him, but looking at that perpendicular wall of rock before him. He is noticing the strata, the shapes and outlines made by the union of different kinds of rock into one compact mass, and perhaps he is wondering what is beneath and how many years this has been in forming. What pages of history are opened to his scientific eye. He reads the life of animals, now in fossil remains. With the modern inventions he will soon read the history of the earth under him and he remain on or on top of ground. Here is a rough looking stone, but none but a geologist knows it is a diamond. Has he reached the top? Not yet; great questions must be solved before he can look over the beauties of nature and understand all formations. Yet he is steadily climbing up that precipitous obstacle, catching here and there footholds and supports.

But what is that man doing with pencil and sketchbook in hand, and that odd looking instrument by his side? Look what a beautiful landscape he is sketching! In that box are many negatives of the picturesque places along his route. Instantaneous photography has made this possible. He has snatched a view when the object was just right for a good picture. Another negative is of a cannon-ball in motion, just fired from a cannon. What emotions are stirred up by beholding that historic painting, or what feelings of delight at seeing the picture of those picturesque places. What is the future of photography? What may it reveal to us? To what uses may it be applied?

But that man is meeting with many ohms of resistance in his ascent. The force of the current is not strong enough to aid him much; yet after a series of steps he has overcome one difficult point. He is planning new inventions, soon he will ascend the mountain in a car driven by that irresistible power. But does he know what electricity is? Does he know its results? A few a little in advance of their companions declare that they have reached the altitude in which it exists, but even yet there are unknown paths and sequestered nooks. What pleasure in sailing over a smooth lake in a launch driven by the unseen power, and when ocean steamers having laid aside their triple expansion engines will replace them with the electric power. Soon to the world will be made known these practical uses to which electricity is even now being applied.

Here another traveler is waiting for a sight of that newly discovered comet or star. Upon the mountain side has been built the observatory, and from its rooms many important discoveries are made known to the world. But the view may be bettered, soon, they say, they move it nearer the top, of changing that 36 inch lens to a 40 inch lens, and putting in some more new instruments. What then will be seen? What lies beyond their vision?

What a beautiful flower? Where did you get it? are questions asked by the man with microscope and box. Something entirely new. Just look at the curiously arranged petals and stigmas. Notice the arrangement of the leaves upon the stem, and the bulb-like root. Another flower is added to the long list. Does he know all about the life of that plant? He also looks upon the beauties of nature, but sees what the painter does not.

He studies the laws of growth, and the arrangements of the parts of the plant. Does he understand all? The root to which he clings for support, may reveal to him a new life.

What fumes are those! How disagreeable! But yet the results reached by that chemist may benefit the whole world. When he shall have solved the equations for cheapiy separating aluminum from the soil around him, he will have made a revolution in the building material of the whole country. Then what new methods of travel and work will become apparent. As yet there are many problems which when solved satisfactorily the rough paths will be made smoother. The atoms may be weighed in his balances.

So many other scientists are ascending the upward path. To what may their success be ascribed? To specialization of work, and power of concentration, it seems to me. Sir Isaac Newton declared that if he excelled in anything it was because of great power of concentration. And to be successful in our college work or in any line of work we must be able to hold our powers upon any one thing. From the hights of science there is flowing a continual stream of thought, discoveries and anticipations. Let us make use of them now that when we are climbing the hill of science, we shall have the lower pathways well marked out for us. P. '92.

THE SOUL DISCOVERED.

"Contempt for men," says Martensen in his Christian Ethics, "is a ground feature of heathenism which goes side by side with the deification of men." The truth of this statement is apparent in the world to-day. Civilization, no less than heathenism, presents an exemplification of these extremes. The opposing views thus presented embody the common estimate of the human soul. Little regarded, is the soul, by the majority of mankind, or the soul is deified. Evidencing the potency of this two-fold principle is the treatment which the indvidual receives from the masses of mankind. The wicked man or woman, sunk in the depths of iniquity, or the little child untainted by the poisonous vapors of the world, is untouched and unnoticed by the vast majority; while, with a feeling akin to reverence, the multitude look on him who has reached some noble moral or intellectual attainment. The soul of the great is deified.

Observation teaches that in all ages has man's true nobility been unrecognized. Enslaved by the interests and attractions of the external world, the mass of humanity have struggled on from age to age in utter ignorance of their own worth or the dignity of their fellowmen. Only a few more gifted minds, as they have trod the lofty planes of human thought have caught glimpses of a higher destiny, while to the general mind, imbued with false conceptions of life, the great problem of a spiritual nature has remained unsolved. No poet's dream, no speculation of the philosopher has answered the "longings after immortality" nor led to a final conviction of the mind's reality. Who shall reveal the soul in all its real greatness, and give to mankind a conception of its true destiny?

Emancipating the human intellect from the errors and corruptions of a thousand ages, Christianity becomes the potent factor in the world's enlightenment. Dispelling the profound spiritual darkness which enveloped the world, the heavenly light of revela tion bursts forth in all its glorious splendor. Resplendent with the touch of that light, the gem bearing the impress of God is revealed. Disclosed are the lineaments of the original and the soul discovered in all its real greatness becomes a reality, universal and profound. The multitude might treat the lowly with contempt, or crown the great with distinguished honors, but, the common soul, Christ discovered. In the light of his teach-

ings, the individual has an infinite worth; the soul is the man, constituting his true being; the spiritual nature determines his position in the universe and his character. The angelic song of Bethlehem, the love divine exemplified on Calvary reveal God's estimate of the human soul.

The speculations of reason which would establish the conviction of a spiritual nature lead into regions obscure and unexplored; but, illumined by the divine light of revealed truth, the world of mind is no less a reality than the material world about us. The vital, active principle in man, an emanation of divinity, the power that links the finite with the infinite, is the human soul. What varied phenomena does this life of inner consciousness reveal? Thoughts that like the waves spring from the depths and fountains of the inner life, wild imaginings that like the winds sweep o'er its surface, ardent aspirations, varied and profound emotions that rise from depths which we can neither fathom nor exhaust. Now, calm and tranquil the mind bears no painful trace of passion, no deep line of thought. Now, aroused by conflicting feelings, as joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain, hope, fear, alternately come and go. Who can describe the awful possibilties of suffering, when the storms of life beat on the troubled soul? As regret, remorse and shame rise in tumultuous waves of feeling, and rays of hopeful light sharp and quick as lightning flashes only reveal the awful, yawning gulfs of human misery and despair. How unutterable are the felicities of the soul when in action, in harmony with truth and with righteousness! Undisturbed by the tumults of emotions, freed from life's cares, with all anxieties assuaged, the quiet spirit hovers in regions of joy serene. In all its varied phases, an ocean is the human soul, constant is its activity, profound are its depths; now, in its glooms, now, in its glories glassing the tempest, smiling in the sunshine. "Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime the image of eternity. '

It is a knowledge of the spiritual powers that reveals to the individual his innate nobility and gives him a true conception of his position in the universe. Coming into a recognition of the powers of his soul, he is invested with a sense of his individuality, and no longer enslaved by external conditions, capable of moulding his environments into conformity with the laws of his being, man walks the heights of his greatness conscious of a mastery over all below him. "How noble in recson ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god !"

Before the majesty of the individual science and philosophy must bow in reverence. As the great fact of the actual world the discovered soul must determine all theories of thought and action. The treatment of the soul must be in accordance with the demands of its complex nature. Revelations and the converging lines of human thought point to the crowning fact of immortality. As the prelude to an endless future, the present life assumes a moral grandeur beyond conception. "Eternity, whose end no eye can reach," lies before us, and every decision reached and every plan executed must pass under the strain and test of eternal motives. Intuition establishes the conviction that the soul is free. If free, then accountable. Upon self accountability hinges all that is great and noble in human conceptions—right, duty, justice and morality. In view of this fact the mission of moral government is to bring the soul into harmony with these eternal truths. The capacities of the soul are boundless. Along the line of development, its capabilities are revealed; development then becomes the supreme requirement and as its ultimate end such development must point to the perfection of the moral

faculties. The highest mission of all methods of culture and of education is the perfecting of individual character, the building and beautifying of a soul structure, which shall endure throughout eternity.

Thus self determining, moral, rational and immortal, the discovered soul is addressed from the various sides of its complex nature. Around it silently but resistlessly working is an organization of all forces and powers, physical, spiritual, temporal and eternal, which would raise the soul to higher planes of being, bringing it into accord with nature's harmonies, and into touch with the supreme creative mind.

As the soul reaches the realization of its spiritual aspirations it rises into a new world of light, beauty and love. By divine influences the affections and desires are drawn out and purified, and with greater power of spiritual apprehension, the soul rises in its approaches towards the realization of its lofty conceptions towards God, freedom and immortality. As the planets are constantly attracted by a central sun, and thus in majestic sweep, are held in those gravitative and harmonic relations, which constitute the music of the spheres; so the soul, by celestial forces, is preserved in the harmony of its spiritual activities; the orbit of its being is enlarged to embrace the infinite circles of time, space and eternity.

As the spiritual view point rises there is a constant enlargement of the sphere of vision. Ever coming into the radiance of purer light and rising from attainment to attainment, the mind commands at each ascent some wider prospect of truth and ultimately the intellectual horizon becomes indefinitely enlarged. What will be the enlargement of the spritual horizon when the enraptured spirit looks with perfected vision into the things of God, into the eternal verities? No longer enveloped by the mists of time, nor enshrouded by the veil of mortality, but emancipated in thought, and in action untrammeled by the opinions of the world, its criticisms, its fashions and its flatteries, purified in affections and desires. The soul discovered, arrayed in immortal glory, will pass into the sunless serenity of celestial light. C. S. McKinney.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1863.

Rev. Robt. T. McCrea, of Atlantic, Iowa, graduated at Wistminster College in 1863 and Allegheny Theological Seminary in 1868. He preached at Lebanon, Mercer presbytery, for seven years, and at Atlantic and Cass Center, Colorado Springs presbytery, for ten years. He served in the Union army one year, 1864-65, as second sergeant, and has lived on and managed a farm for four years. He was married at Richmond, Ohio, May 30, 1867, to Martha M. Shelly. The number of their family is five living and two dead.

Rev. J. R. Brittain graduated at Westminster College, June, 1863. He was in Greenville, Pa., twenty-seven years and eight months as pastor, and three years in Chicago, Ill. He is a graduate of Allegheny Theological Seminary. He is now at Englewood, Ill. Married August 30, 1864, to Miss Nannie D. King, and they have nine children, all living but one. He is among the few first honor men. He was two years in Westminster and prepared for Junior class at Beaver Academy. He was ten years on the college board, and was the one who made the motion to build the Ladies' Hall, and, as he says, "With Dr. Witherspoon's vigorous second, carried it through and made ourselves very odious to the Wilmingtonites for our extravagance." Westminster is reaping a rich reward for their persistent efforts, and the Wilmingtonites have come to realize the great advantage the hall affords, and that some one or ones will have to make themselves "odious" by proposing and carrying through another similar one. It is

overflowing and the ladies are lodging elsewhere.

Rev. John Williamson is now pastor of the Central United Presbyterian church, Omaha, Neb., where he has been for three years. He is a graduate of Westminster College of the class of '63 and a graduate of Allegheny Theological Seminary of the class of 1867. His first pastorate was in Bellefontaine, Ohio, for twenty-one years, and since then in Omaha. Taught for some time in Mercer, Pa. President of the Board of Examiners of Logan county, Ohio, for seventeen years, during pastorate at Bellefontaine, and thirteen years president of Logan county Teachers' Association. Was given the title of D. D. by Monmouth College in 1888. Mr. Williamson was married to Miss Ella M. White, Mercer, Pa., April 4, 1867. They have had six of a family, four still living. We might say Mr. Williamson has been and is still a successful messenger of the Gospel of Peace.

Rev. Jos. McKelvey graduated at Westminster in 1863 and at Xenia Theological Seminary in 1867. In China two years, Fairview and Kansas fourteen years, King's Creek and —— five years, and for the last eighteen months at Calcutta, Ohio, where he is proclaiming the unsearchable riches of grace. He was in the army three months in 1863, among the freedmen, Nashville, Tenn., seven months in 1864. Mr. McKelvey was married first in 1868, to Miss Adelaide Moore, who was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., died in Canton, China, where she was buried. Mr. McKelvey was recalled by a temporary suspension of our mission, and he returned with the body of his beloved, and her dust, together with that of their only child, lies in Allegheny cemetery, both in the same casket. He was married again in 1877 to Miss Leanna Crawford. By his second wife he has three children, who, in his own words, like olive plants, aged five, ten and twelve years respectively, now bless their home in Calcutta, Ohio.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Mr. Anderson,'90, is in town on a visit.

—T. P. Trimble,'91, was back on a short visit recently.

—J. A. Alexander,'86, was home on a visit during vacation.

—J. W. Best,'75, is in town accompanied by his wife on a visit.

—E. F. Wilson,'86, was among us during part of the summer vacation.

—A. A. Graham,'91, is in attendance at Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Miss M. C. Poppino,'86, is now employed as instructor in Wheeling, W. Va.

—Prof. J. D. Barr,'88, is now in attendance at Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—D. S. Littell,'57, brought his son to his old *alma mater* to start him into school.

—Mary Reed,'90, is going to teach school in the Hover district this coming year.

—D. S. L. McNary,'90, was making his New Wilmington friends a visit recently.

—Miss Hattie McLaughry,'89, is employed as a private instructor in Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Rev. Joseph McKelvey,'63, was here visiting friends and relatives during vacation.

—Carrie Hay,'62, is now at home and expects to take a rest after five years teaching in Allegheny City.

—C. W. Smith,'91, has been employed in the Allegheny county court house during the past few months.

—John Dunn,'88, still calls to see his friends at New Wilmington, Pa. He made a short visit during vacation.

—Mrs. J. E. Ramsey,'78, was back on a visit to her old native village and her mother's beautiful home, during vacation.

—D. M. Thorn,'64, accompanied his crippled son to school and left him in the care of Mrs. Barnes and his *alma mater*.

—Rev. I. T. Wright,'69, filled the pulpit of

the Second church on Sabbath, Sept. 20. He also preached in the chapel in the evening.

—H. C. Swearingen,'91, is visiting in town. He is rooming with M. D. Telford,'91, and they are in attendance at Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—G. W. Bovard,'90, was united in matrimony to Miss Mehard, of New Wilmington, Pa. He is now at Xenia Seminary. His wife is still here.

—W. K. Ramsey,'91, made New Wilmington a visit. He went to Richmond in company with Mr. Brownlee to engage in selling sterioscopic views.

—Miss White,'91, of New Castle, was in attendance at the county convention of the W. C. T. U. which was held in the Second U. P. church, New Wilmington, September 24 and 25.

—S. G. Huey,'88, was back in town some time ago and was married to Miss Eva Donaldson,'88. After visiting some friends they returned to New Wilmington, but will leave the last of this week for their field of labor.

—R. L. Hay,'86, preached in the Second church, New Wilmington, Pa., one Sabbath during the summer. Robert is a grand preacher and may God bless him in being instrumental in saving souls.

—W. A. Anderson,'88, preached in the Second church of this place on Sabbath, Sept. 27. Mr. Anderson will start for India some time this week in company with his wife, who is a sister of Mr. Given, of the class of '91. Mr. Anderson's many friends wish him abundant success in his foreign field of labor.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The first graduation at Harvard University was in 1642.

—The *Sibyl* is edited by the senior class of that institution. It certainly would be a saving of trouble to the faculty if such were the case with the HOLCAD.

—The statistics of Universities in Germany show a decrease in attendance.

—The freshman class of Union College numbers 75. Largest in 25 years.

—Mount Union college has just established a library, as we learn from its last issue.

—Cornell sets a good precedent to others by expelling some of her students for drunkenness.

—Let Westminster press forward and follow the example of Mount Union, if not lead it, and establish that alumni chair(?).

—Mr. Beaver, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Pennsylvania, informs us that he thinks Geneva college will soon organize a Y. M. C. A.

—Seven girls passed examinations for admission to freshman class of Brown University according to the co-educational system lately adopted.

—Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., adds a Theological Seminary to her college departments this year. Come, Westminster Alumni, what are you going to do for us?

—The professors and students of Lawrence University seem wide awake and talk up the interests of their institution. Large endowments are being received from many and the alumni is endowing a chair or two.

—The Lawrence University boys seem to be very joyful about their ball victory over the Ripon boys. The score was 13 to 9; not so good after all. Some of the Westminster games beat that and they were not "in it" all last year.

—Brown University is full to overflowing. And among the new things is the course for women. Women are allowed to take the regular examinations but not allowed to recite in the class-room. Oh! the superstition of some colleges and people in regard to this matter.

A little like Westminster, which has co-education in the class-room but separated when it comes to literary society work.

—Oh! Ye alumni of Westminster college, good as you are and have been, come to the the assistance of your *alma mater* and help her to soar on the wings of your liberal endowment funds and enable her to rejoice more exultantly in her offspring.

—The inauguration of W. O. Thompson as president of Miami University took place Sept. 15. We keep an eye on this university because of its late attempt in trying to entice one of Westminster's ablest instructors to assist in her work of instruction.

—Yale University will put $150,000 or $200,000 of its big bequest from the Fayerweather estate into a new building for the Sheffield Scientific School. A feature will be the mechanical department supplied with a 100 horse power engine.—*Public Opinion.*

—The six students from Siam which were to come to our college have not arrived as yet. In place of the Siamese we have over one hundred new students in attendance this year. A very bright prospect for Westminster. Never was she in a more flourishing condition.

—The *Colby Echo* prides herself very much in the success of her "ball team" this last year. It seems to think the "foot ball eleven" and "boating crew" are not necessary to the success of their institution. Athletics are receiving more attention now than they ever have before in the history of American institutions. The cord will soon have to be drawn. The tendency of America is to the extreme in whatever she undertakes. Let us young Americans try to keep the "golden mean."

MUSIC NOTES.

—Prof. Austin, after a year of study in Germany, has resumed work in the conservatory with renewed energy. To use his own expression, the music department was "cursed with prosperity" at the opening of the term, since there were more pupils than could be accommodated by the number of teachers hitherto employed. Miss Mary Ferguson, class of '91, has since been employed as second assistant.

—Westminster's most urgent cry now is, "A new conservatory."

—The increase in the number of pupils is especially noticeable in the voice department.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Rev. Lewis visited his parents here recently

—Mr. Ernest Porter is now janitor of the dormitory.

—Hiram Wilson and family have moved to Homestead.

—Miss Whi sen has charge of the notation class this year.

—Miss Sloss is out of school on account of temporary illness.

—The Miss Cowdens are occupying Rev. Kennedy's house.

—Mr. Chapin and family have moved into the Lockhart house.

—Mrs. Bentley's house is being thoroughly remodeled and repaired.

—Miss Belle Comin,'91, is teaching in the borough public schools.

—Prof. Austin when in Pittsburgh recently bought a very fine piano.

—A family fued exists between the Youngs. Woman the cause, as usual.

—Miss Caldwell has returned from a visit among friends in Pittsburgh.

—Miss Linnie Hodgen, instructress in art, spent vacation at Scalp Level.

—Mrs. Stewart, of Struthers, O., has moved to town to educate her family.

—Miss Haney spent vacation with some friends in Washington county.

—Miss Mary Reed,'90, will teach near town during the coming winter.

—Owing to a disaffection of the eyes Miss Semple is not in school this term.

—Miss Kate Edgar has returned from an extended visit in Rochester, N. Y.

—Miss Alice Semple spent vacation with friends in Youngstown and Sharon.

—Mr. Andrew Elliot visited friends (?) in Washington county during vacation.

—Mr. Miller,'91, has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, but is now recovering.

—Rev. Clarence Wilson and family, of Sag Harbor, visited here during vacation.

—Mrs. Donaldson and family visited friends in Washington county during vacation.

—Quite a large consignment of furniture was received for the ladies' hall recently.

—W. N. Anderson,'90, visited friends(?) in town during vacation. McNary ditto.

—Mr. W. W. Campbell,'91, is teaching Latin and Music at Pawnee City, Nebraska.

—Miss M., to Sabbath school class: "Now, mind, children, this blind man couldn't see."

—The Misses Imbrie were recently the guests of the Misses McLaughry and Miss Bell.

—Mr. Ramsey,'91, who has been visiting here lately, has gone South to sell stereoscopic views.

—Miss Hattie McLaughry,'89, is governess in the home of Mrs. Neal Shaw, of Stewart Station, P. R. R.

—Mr. Sowash,'93, his sister and aunt, have moved into the Farrar house, now owned by Miss Carrie Hope.

—Mr. B.—"Oh, no! I didn't ask Miss M. for her company, I only asked her if she had an engagement.

—Mr. A. R. Robinson,'89, now a law student in Pittsburgh, spent a month of his vacation visiting friends here.

—Miss Woods, of New Castle, has left school on account of illness. We hope that she may soon recuperate.

—Miss Edwards, who had charge of the music department last year, has gone to Germany to complete her education.

—Mrs. Wilson and family, formerly of Eastbrook, have moved in the Best house, vacated by Mrs. Gordon and Miss Clingan.

—Rev. Thorne, whose son entered college this term, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Barnes, for a few days at the opening.

—Mrs. McKee, with her little daughter, Daisy, has joined her husband in India. Miss Ada,'91, is teaching in Sheffield, Pa.

—Mr. G. W. Bovard,'90, now a student of Princeton Theological Seminary, was recently married to Miss Ida Mehard, of this place.

—Miss Mary Jeffers, daughter of ex-President Jeffers, recently visited friends here while on her way to Bryn Mawr to attend school.

—The Chrestomath society is the proud possessor of a very fine Krakauer piano, an almost indespensable requisite in a literary hall.

—Our enterprising and genial druggist and stationer, Mr. J. B. Haley, recently presented the Chrestomath society with an elegant bound bible.

—Mr. G. W. McIntyre and Miss Sadie Day were recently united in the holy bonds of matrimony. "Here, Mac, set up the cigars."

—Owing to the increased number of new students in the music department Miss Mary Ferguson,'90, has been chosen as assistant teacher.

—A family by the name of Taggart are occupying the house of Mrs. Shafer, and Mrs. Shafer is keeping house for her son-in-law, Dr. J. M. Fulton.

—Prof. Thompson and wife, Miss Hannah, Miss McLaughry and the Misses Wilson and grandmother spent part of their vacation at Martha's Vineyard.

—Rev. Jackson, whose son is attending college, preached in the Second U. P. church and college chapel on Sabbath morning and evening, September 13th.

—We would advise young ladies and young gentlemen, from recent observation, not to stand too closely together during electrical disturbances at night.

—Owing to the unprecedented influx of lady students, the houses of Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Anderson have been brought into requisition as dormitories.

—Messrs. D. and S. now maintain possession of their beds at the point of a revolver.

—Miss McD. to Mr. R.—When does the five o'clock train arrive?

—A little premature: "D. P.," while attending the Young Peoples' Convention at Lackawannock, was taken for the reverend pastor of the Second U. P. church.

—Rev. I. T. Wright,'69, of Wattsville, O., preached in the Second U. P. church on Sabbath morning, the 20th inst., and in the college chapel in the evening.

—The peach and ice cream festival held in the Second U. P. church on Friday evening, the 18th ult., was a success, both financially and socially. Net proceeds $40.

—An interesting spectacle: Mr. McN., compelled by two women, amid the jeers and taunts of his fellows, to carry back a basket of peaches that he had stolen from them.

—Miss Franc Donaldson,'87, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Drennen, of the firm of Drennen & Hunter, Philadelphia; also Mrs. Miller, nee Miss Emma Drennen, of Kelton, Pa.

—A number of the young ladies and young gentlemen went target shooting on Saturday, the 26th inst. Through the kindness of Mr. Russell, and at the peril of his camera, two pictures were taken of the company. A very enjoyable time was reported.

—Miss McN., to the one waiting on the door: "Could I get Miss B. to make me an apron to use in the chemical laboratory?" The one at the door: "Miss B. is dead."

—We would advise "D. P." that hereafter, when implicating other young men in mischief during the "wee small hours of the night," he be careful not to reveal his own whereabouts.

—Rev. S. G. Huey,'88, was marrried to Miss Eva Donaldson,'88, on Thursday, Sept. 19. Upon returning from their wedding tour they were serenaded by the Junior Cornet Band.

—Prof. Graham, formerly professor of Chemistry here, visited his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, during vacation. Miss Maggie Campbell returned with him to Bloomington, Ill.

—Mr. Robert Veach,'95, of New Castle, has gone home on account of a serious disaffection of his eyes, resulting from his late illness. We hope that Rob. may speedily recover and return.

—Mr. James M. Robertson,'88, has lately brought from South Dakota and presented to the college an interesting collection of fossil fish from the cretaceous strata. They were found in a hill of pure chalk.

—One of the new students in the preparatory department seems to be in advance of this institution, since it is evident from his work on examination that he favors phonetic spelling. He spells adjective "agectiv."

—The annual reception of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held in the Adelphic literary hall on Tuesday evening, September 15th. It was one of the most pleasant social events that has been our good fortune to enjoy for some time.

—Prof. E. P. Thompson, formerly of Johns-Hopkins University, has taken charge of the

departments of chemistry and mathematics. In view of the work done by Prof. Thompson thus far he certainly merits the reputation that he has received elsewhere.

—The numerous alumni and friends of the college will regret to learn that the genial and classic Dr. Mehard has sold his property here, and that he and his family will move to North street, New Castle, Pa. Mr. Clark, of Butler, will occupy the house vacated by Dr. Mehard.

—Among th. large number of new students, several foot ball enthusiasts have entered this term. They seem to have infused others with the same spirit, and consequently there is talk of organizing a team. Challenges have been received from the University of Virginia and W. & J. college.

—Plumbers have been putting in new pipes and making repairs at the dormitory lately and we feel safe in saying that the water supply in this building is as good as that of any other building of its kind in Western Pennsylvania. The water is piped from a very strong spring above the building.

—New "mashes."—Miss McL. and Messrs. B., P., R., W. and W.; Miss C and Messrs. D., V., S., and McN. (2); Miss T. and Mr. E.; Miss W and Mr. V.; Miss McD. and Messrs. R. and D.; Miss P. and Mr. R.; Miss R. and Mr. McK.; Miss P. and Mr. S.; Miss McE. and Mr. H.; Miss G. and Mr. H. Sr.; Miss L. and Mr. G.; Prof. McG. and Miss R.; Miss R. and Messrs. Y. and Y.; Miss K. and Mr. D.; Miss R. and Mr. Y.; Miss S. and Mr. McN.; Miss R. and Chas. M.; Miss S. and Mr. R.

—The Westminster and Mercer nines crossed bats on the latter's ground on Sept. 17, the last day of the Mercer fair. The game was stopped by mutual consent at the end of the sixth inning. Score — —in favor of Westminster. We hope that it may not be our boys' misfortune again to play with such an ungentlemanly set of men. The Mercer boys, realizing from the beginning their inability to cope with Westminster, even with the umpire coaching on their side, resolved to use any other foul means. While Mr. Fulton was scoring a run, he was struck under the jaw by the pitcher of the Mercer nine, causing him to lacerate his tongue terribly. In justice to some of the Mercer nine, we would say that this trouble was caused mainly by three young men who are brothers.

—Westminster's prosperity is evident from the following large number of new students: Blanche Timmons, McConnell's Mills, Pa.; Lilian A. Fritz, Eldersridge, Pa.; Clara P. Nesbit, Utica, Pa.; Allie Kraeer, Sheffield, Pa.; Malcolm McNabb, Chicago, Ill.; Amanda M. Sowash, Claridge, Pa.; Herman G. Cheney, Franklinville, N. Y.; Robert Hamill, Indiana, Pa.; Carl Jackson, West Middlesex, Pa.; A. T. Littell, Craft avenue, Pittsburgh; Walter A. McKean, Mercer, Pa.; Robert Maxwell, East Greenwich, N. Y.; John L. Nesbit, Utica, Pa.; R. Elliott Owens, Ernest Stewart, Indiana, Pa.; B. V. Riddle, Clintonville, Pa.; R. M. Clark, Fay, Pa.; John S. Stewart, Struthers, O.; E. L. Ralston, McVille, Pa.; Minnie Cowden, New Wilmington, Pa.; E. Blanche Cooper, Knoxville, Ohio; J. J. McDowell, Neshannock Falls, Pa.; D. M. McLane, West Point, Ohio; W. M. Porter, New Wilmington, Pa.; R. L. Sutton, East Liverpool, Ohio; Blanche Swogger, Neshannock Falls, Pa.; Ella R. Gracey, Greason, Pa.; Marguerite Updegraff, West Fairfield, Pa.; Agnes Reed, Burgettstown, Pa.; Alfred B. Denison, Penza, Ohio; John Heslip, Tyrone county, Ireland; Lilian Alexander, Butler, Pa.; Lida Lake, Saltsburg, Pa.; Madge Stinson, Dalton, Ohio; Maggie Lake, Saltsburg, Pa.; Elizabeth Barnes, Ortha Weddell, New Wilmington, Pa.; Anna M. Dunn, Utica, Pa.; Margaret A. Nelson, Mumford, N. Y.; Floy Robertson, New Wilmington, Pa.; Jessie E. McLane, West Point, Ohio; Irene L. Hutchison, I. I. Dickson, Lowellville, Ohio; L. L. Swogger,

J. W. Hartwell, New Wilmington, Pa.; S. L. Stewart, Struthers, Ohio; A. A. Howell, Irwin, Pa.; R. E. Taggart, East Liverpool, O.; Lizzie Patterson, Webster's Mills, Pa.; Miss McDonald, New Lisbon, Ohio; Miss Eckert, Dalton, Ohio; Lilian Woods, Bright Smith, New Castle, Pa.; Gertrude Wilson, Maude Hodgen, Taylorstown, Pa.; Clyde Sharp, New Bedford, Pa.; Mary Shannon, Mercer, Pa.; A. W. Diven, Blairsville, Pa.; John Bigger, Barington, Pa.; Walter Denslow, Wellsville, Ohio; Miss Hume; J. C. Thorn, Yohogany, Pa.; C. E. Trainer, Vicksburg, Miss.; W. M. Rambo, Howard, Kansas; J. M. Langendorf, New Lisbon, Ohio; J. C. Sloss, J. H. Smith, Jr., New Wilmington, Pa.; R. V. Bagnall, West Middlesex, Pa.; S. E. Phillips, New Wilmington, Pa.; Margaret McLain, Oakdale Station, Pa.; Nellie Whitney, New Wilmington, Pa.; Etta Johnston, Butler, Pa.; S. G. Bailey, Candor, Pa.; W. D. Strangeway, Delhi, N. Y.; R. L. Russell, McConnell's Mills, Pa.; Archie McVean, York, N. Y.; J. A. Butler, New Castle, Pa.; J. W. Gealey, Plain Grove, Pa.; Mary E. Maxwell, Millersburg, Ohio; Estella Wood Crane, South Burgettstown, Pa.; Lizzie Wilson, New Wilmington, Pa.; Zella Mitchell, New Wilmington, Pa.; Herbert W. Telford, Wurtemburg, Pa.; Stanley J. Hill, Neshannock Falls, Pa.; Robt. B. McFarland, Oakdale Station, Pa.; Herbert C. Chambers, E. E. Sta., East Liverpool, O., James E. Walker, Walker's Mills, Pa.; G. W. M. McNaughton, Titusville, Pa.; Cora E. Pettit, West Middlesex, Pa.; James Patterson, West Newton, Pa.; Genevieve Smith, New Wilmington, Pa.; T. J. Armstrong, Leesburg, Pa.; Mattie Woodworth, New Castle, Pa.; Victoria Smith, Sharpsville, Pa.; Maggie Garvin, Kate Sweeney, Jane Dickson, New Castle, Pa. Perhaps some names may have been inadvertently omitted from this list, or because they were not yet enrolled, but it is probable that the number will not exceed one hundred.

Johnson says of Goldsmith: "Whether, indeed, we take Goldsmith as a poet, a comic writer or a historian, he stands first-class." True, he was not equally good in all three mentioned, for, as the *Scholastic* remarks, "His histories are compilations of no value, except for their charming style." Yet he has gained this comment from one who has a right to speak. How to become proficient in any one line of work is the most difficult point with most earnest students of to-day, and not how to attain to positions of prominence without one qualification for anything. The idea of making a specialty of certain branches is growing among students and bespeaks for the future workmen who are masters of their tools.

—The extreme popularity of some of the young ladies was very evident from the strategy employed by some of the young gentlemen at the Y. M. C. A. social to secure their company.

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THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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UNLESS we are misinformed, Westminster is soon to have a new conservatory exclusively for music. This will no doubt be very helpful to our already well equipped musical department and at the same time add greatly to our college. We believe in improvements, but do not believe in spending all the money that can be had, for any one thing to the neglect of a dozen or more others that are equally important. Without question our college building needs to be painted. In fact it is difficult to tell whether some parts of it ever were painted or not. The building is certainly substantial and it seems to us that it would pay to spend a little money to have it look more respectable and to keep it from becoming dilapidated. Then it needs to be improved as regards seating, heating and ventilating. We used to hear our parents talk of sitting on boards or rough benches placed around the sides of the room, but never for a moment dreamed that we would experience anything of the kind. And to have a college building, heated all through, with large stoves placed in the middle of the room, so that two or three students can hide behind them and annoy both professor and class, is certainly behind the times. With the present arrangement it is almost impossible to properly ventilate some of our rooms. So we would suggest that when the needs of the institution are being considered "you think on these things."

OUR college field-day this fall was the most successful day of the kind that we have ever had. The weather was all that could be desired and of it was made the best use possible. All necessary arrangements, such as measuring of distances, securing hurdles, vaulting poles, jumping stands, etc., were made previous to the time of beginning. A track for running and bicycling, also one for the dash and hurdle races had been made on what is known as the ball field, so that all the sports were held on these grounds and much

better satisfaction was given than heretofore. By two o'clock a large crowd was gathered and took pleasure in witnessing seventeen closely contested events. Although a strong class spirit prevailed yet the best order and good feeling was observed throughout and everything passed off quietly and satisfactory without a single accident. The boys extend their most heartfelt thanks to those who so generously gave prizes for the winners.

One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the social given by the Y. W. C. A. on the evening of the 15th inst. The social was held at the ladies' hall and those who arranged for the occasion certainly deserve great credit for the way in which everything was managed. Games of various kinds were provide which added greatly to the occasion. The refreshments were first-class and all seemed to do justice to the menu, which was a follows:

Women of Grit, Greased Staff,
Occupant of the Ark,
Woman's Weapon, Elevated Feline,
Skipper's Home, Lover's Choice,
Joy of Darwin's Ancestor, Porous Marine Substance,
Eastern Delicacy, Maid of Orleans,
Wedding Luxury,
Congealed Noise, Gentlemen's Favorite,
Spring's Offering, Everybody's Friend.

Perhaps some of the above will not be understood by all, but we will say that it contains nothing but what is wholesome and palatable.

We regret to make mention of the fact that we have a certain class of young men who are continually trying to be what they call smart, or to cause the most disturbance possible. Time and again our side walks have been marked with writings that are unbecoming to any gentleman. We don't hesitate in the least in saying that some of what has been done lately shows meanness, cowardliness and unmanliness on the part of those who did it. To go prowling around, in the still hours of the night, writing on the pavements mean, sarcastic, and ugly expressions, should certainly be below the dignity of any student of Westminster. Some of what has been done was, perhaps, through thoughtlessness, or with the idea that it was smart, but these do not excuse a person. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

In a few weeks the Junior oration season will be at hand, and again we will have the privilege of enjoying, for almost nothing, a series of excellent entertainments. As there is more or less expense connected with these entertainments, and as the previous classes have always been heavily taxed in order to defray these expenses, to avoid this the present Junior class has decided to charge an admittance fee of ten cents. Of course this is new and will be an experiment, but we can't see any reason why it shouldn't be a success. Anyone who really desires to hear these orations, for entertainment or instruction, can certainly afford to give the amount asked. We feel certain that the orations will be up to the average, and therefore can assure you that you will not regret the time and money spent on Friday evenings to hear these productions. So let us all turn out and fill the chapel and show to the class that we appreciate their efforts.

Why is it that we have so many professing Christians in college who refuse or entirely neglect to do any Christian work? If they would reflect but for a moment and consider the great need in the line of Christian effort, we believe they would become more active. If it is the duty of any to connect themselves with this work it is the duty of all. By taking part we give it the encouragement of our practical sympathy and support, but every Christian college student withholding his or her co-operation from the Christian associa-

tions in the college, weakens their general influence, their working force and their spiritual form. If students dislike any of the methods of the associations, this is no reason why they should remain outside; but let them become members and seek to reform the methods in a legitimate and helpful way. Don't get the idea into your head that you aren't good enough to take an active part. If you are good enough to be a Christian worker at home, you are certainly good enough to be one at college. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. extend a hearty welcome to all, and would be pleased to have every student unite with them in their Christian efforts. We would say, connect yourselves with these associations, be active workers and it will put you in the way of availing yourselves of the best means for building up a spiritual life.

THE twenty-fourth annual State convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held at Franklin, commencing Thursday, Oct. 8th, and closing the following Sabbath. The meetings were of the highest order. Excellent instructors were present and great enthusiasm was shown by the delegates, indicating a prosperous future for the association. The convention, as a body, was made up of earnest, energetic, Christian young men. During every session, almost, the hall was crowed to its utmost capacity, and a hearty good feeling prevailed. The proper spirit was manifested, and immediately on entering the hall there seemed to be a spiritual atmosphere to greet you. Dr. Riddle's talks on the Bible were full of life and instruction. At the very outset he took complete hold of his hearers and was able to keep it all through the convention. He showed that the Bible is the most human of all books and the most divine; that it is to be read with an understanding of its human-divine nature; that it is to be read with the knowledge that it contains in Jesus Christ, the living Word, as it is the written Word; that only when thus read, with a desire to see and accept all its truths, does the reading of the Bible impart the wisdom that is unto salvation. Different branches of the Y. M. C. A. work, such as association work in colleges, association work in cities, association work on railroads, were ably discussed, and when the convention adjourned it was with the feeling that all had been benefited.

THE first entertainment of the lecture course was a concert by the Chas. D. Kellogg company, given in the Second U. P. church, Oct. 27. The entertainment was of a high order, and the committee have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their opening night. Their interesting and varied program consisting of quartettes, duets and solos, was rendered with good effect. Encores were numerous, showing that the audience heartily appreciated the music. Mr. Chas. D. Kellogg, the famous bird warbler, and the Perry brothers, instrumental soloists, gave selections most of which were new to many of the New Wilmington people, and well received. The next entertainment will be a lecture by Dr. Joseph Cook, Nov. 9, in the college chapel. His subject will be, "Watchwords of Current Reform." Nothing need be said of Dr. Cook's ability as a lecturer, as everyone knows that he stands unrivalled on the American platform. The outlook for this year's lecture course is certainly promising and all should avail themselves of these grand opportunities. Yet we understand that some of the students are not patronizing the lecture course. They are making a sad mistake, as the lectures fill no unimportant place in the curriculum of a college student. No student, in justice to himself, can afford to slight this part of his education.

ETHICS AS A FACTOR IN ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

The laws of nature are supreme. In their most general signification they are immutable rules of action laid down by the Creator and which every dependent creature is bound to obey. They are the original idea of truth and good lodged in His mind from the eternal ages. Nothing is more solemn and mejestic than their eternity. They are not dependent for their perpetuity upon any human enactments which are only their supposed interpretations, but are supreme and mandatory under all circumstances, despite all social compacts, or forms of government, or human devices to the contrary.

Thus, when this universe was formed and matter was created, certain immutable principles coeternal with the divine will were impressed upon it from which it can never depart so long as their author is not dead, and upon which its existence depends.

If we advance from mere inorganic matter to animal and vegetable life, we shall find them governed by laws more numerous, it may be according to the complexity of the organism, but as fixed and invariable as those that govern the stars in the heavens.

These laws are discoverable in two ways: By the light of reason and by that benignant interposition of divine providence called revelation. If man's reason had remained unimpaired as it was in his first ancestor prior to his transgression, he would have needed no other guide than the former to determine the laws of his physical being; but since his reason is corrupt he never can realize his true being without the latter.

However, he is more than a physical being and differs from all other animate existence in that he possesses the qualities of sentiency and volition. It is not irrational to suppose that this is true. If the Creator has ordained that light shall move in straight lines, that all matter shall gravitate, that all life shall proceed from antecedent life, certainly it is not irrational to suppose that He has endowed man, created after his own image, with a will subject to his own absolute will, and that in some way he would make known His will to this intelligent subject. This revelation is the moral law. It is natural law in the highest and truest sense and is no less natural than the physical. Its precepts have their own sanction and are supreme, irrespective of human statutes, either in harmony with or opposed to them. They are a part of the established order of the universe since their exact counterpart is written all over the constitution of every human being. If it were possible to prove that the story of Sinai was a vast dramatic entertainment that would not in the least disprove the divine origin of those ten commands; because they are inseparably interwoven with the physical and metaphysical laws of man's being.

For this reason it is to the Decalogue that the final appeal must be made for the solution of all the great problems of economics and sociology, since it is the most comprehensive commentary on nature, and is not subject to the influences of the climate or any written law. Man's ethical nature is so intimately and vitally connected with his physical and mental natures that they cannot be conceived to exist apart. The economics can no more adequately discuss the phenomena of the economic order apart from it than can the physiologist explain the phenomena of animal locomotion by confining himself to the muscular and osseous systems without any reference to the nervous organization. The reciprocal influence of the physical and moral conditions is as real as that of the physical and mental. For this reason man's moral condition becomes an important factor in the production of wealth.

But more especially is this Decalogue the tribunal to which all the great problems concerning the distribution of wealth must be referred. At this court of justice must all the

disputes between capital and labor be settled, since it is the only true basis of equity.

The societary organization may be fitly compared to the planetary system. The one is the transcript of the other. The prevailing characteristic of both is variety in unity which is perfection in the latter. This is a natural consequence of the diverse tendencies of each. The all pervasive law of the physical universe is opposition. There is the centriptal force which attracts the earth to the sun, and the centrifugal which tends to drive it away. Even the dew drop shining under the morning sun is subject to attraction and repulsion. To the equal action of these opposing forces it is due that the celestial world is enabled to exhibit such wonderful harmony and such unceasing motion.

This system of laws that maintains harmony throughout the material universe is closely imitated in the social system The competitive system of capital and labor is its transcript; but to maintain that colossal balance in the latter which is so characteristic of the former, men must moralize it; because the bonds of society are purely ethical, ties which the cupidity of human nature is ever tending to destroy.

The private right of property is a natural right sustained by organized society and has its origin in the fact that each human being is a distinct individuality adapted to all the purposes of self government. This is even true of the lower order of animate existence, but perhaps in a more limited sense. The propensity to personal acquisition is a component of the constitution of all animals. Even the robin has a keen sense of proprietorship in the nest which is its sitting-room by day and its roost by night. But man differs from the robin in this respect: that he is more clearly a moral being and one of much greater complexity; hence his dependence upon and responsibility to his fellow creatures is correspondingly greater. For this reason the right of property is realized only in the societary organization and is necessarily conditioned by duties. Man as a social being can no more have an absolute right of property than can the moon have an absolute existence independent of the other satellites of the earth. Dependence is indelibly written in the constitution of his being. However, he is a unique personality of which his liberty of volition is the essense. Any legislative enactment that interferes with it, as is proposed by socialists, is as disastrous to the social organization as any interference with the centrifugal force by which the planets maintain their separate existence in planetary system would be. This is true of every animal that has in it even the element of personality and interference with it is followed by consequences and not by penalties. There are fish that have taken to spending their lives in subterranean lakes; and therefore having no need for organs of vision, nature has taken away their eyes, or at least their sight, because in her perfect economy she permits only those organs to exist in any organism which are necessary to the utilization of surrounding influences. Such is the consequence of one's neglecting to develop his personality. But there is a more fatal and deep rooted tendency in nature than this. It is what is known to scientists as parasitism, or that process by which form of life, both animal and vegetable, secure their food and shelter without any effort on their own part, but by stealing it from others. This habit is not only morally wrong in the lower order of animal life, if morality may be predicated of such, but is attended with the most disastrous results, since it is a direct violation of the creative law of evolution. Under the scientific gaze of the zoologist it is discovered that its victims have forfeited their position in the scale of being through the loss of those organs that have fallen into disuse and their consequent inability adapt themselves to their environments.

In accord with the principle of the univer-

sality law the pernicious effects of this parasitic habit are no less real in the realm of humanity. In consequence of such a course man must inevitably degenerate, because in all the realms of nature the less the complexity of the individual the lower is its position in the scale of being. Thus it is evident that the propensity to acquire property is benevolence, working by law, and that man can never be in such a position, either financially or socially, as to disregard its mandates with impunity, and that like every great and good gift of nature, it may be abused and therefore is subject to certain restrictions. Against this natural and lawful right to property is the clamor for the distribution of property among those who have not acquired it either by skill or industry. It is a communism that has no foundation in the constitution of nature and therefore none in the social order of mankind. It is parasitism in its most degrading form and is as inimical to the best interests of human society as it is to to the lower order of animate existence, because in both cases the producer and consumer are both wronged. Nature, in all her realms, in harmony with the universal law of the conservation of energy, demands equivalents.

Thus we conclude that the settlement of the great conflict between capital and labor does not lie within the province of civil enactment, not in socialism in letter since that would destroy one's moral entity or liberty of volition, and hence the propensity to acquire property, but in co-operation or socialism in spirit by means of the education of the individual to that point where he will recognize the sublime fact that there is an absolute standard of right and wrong governing the universe, and that true liberty is realized only in obedience to the moral law.

But the members of the social organization, like the planets of the planetary system, sustain a much more important relation than that which they bear to each other. Without the restraining influence of the sun, the lesser planets would rush in wildest confusion from the plains of their orbits and would jostle against each other. So it is with the planets of the social system. So far as mankind by a perversion of the free will refuse to recognize the absolute claims of the great common center of the social system, just to that extent does it suffer a resultant disorganization; because it is as truly theocentric as the planetary system is heliocentric. There is only one true center in each system. In both the physical and spiritual worlds there is but one perpendicular. This truth is established by reason and confirmed by all history. If the fatherhood of God be denied, its correlative, the denial of the brotherhood of man, necessarily follows with all its attendant political and social ruin. Amid the thunder and quakings of Sinai this truth for the first time in national history received utterance from the lips of the greatest statesman the world ever saw. He did not hesitate to declare what subsequent history has verified: That political and social ruin issues from religious apostasy. The history of Jerusalem, a city once the joy of the whole earth, is but a witness to the great possibilities that lay before her had she not disregarded the absolute claims of the great common center of the social system. She was subjected to not less than twenty-seven sieges, and upon her original site eleven cities have been built in succession, each conqueror leveling the debris and rearing thereon a new city of renown; so that no one has trodden the streets of an ancient Jerusalem since five hundred years prior to the christian era and no one will until the spade has gone down from one to two hundred feet through the ruins of temples and mosaic pavements, to the naked rock once trodden by the feet of Solomon and his princes. Such is the awful consequence of divine judgment upon nations.

But on the other hand it is none the less true objectively that political and social per-

manency is realized only in union with the universal. The individual who is a member of socety and whose soul, as it were, a vast receptacle for either good or evil influences, instinctively seeks an ideal; one to whom he may homage and in whose nature he may find a correspondence to his own nature and out of which correspondence loyality must spring and allegiance must flow. This reverence is among the noblest and most useful virtues of his nature, since its action is two fold, it ennobles him who reveres and honors him who is revered. However the beneficence of its reflexive influence upon the reverential mind is determined by the worthiness of its object; hence the individual and consequently society can realize their true existence only in unity with the universal, in communion with Him, who is the only perfect one the world ever saw.

When men shall have realized the fact that the solution of the whole problem of life is to be found in the two tables of the decalogue, and shall have acted upon it, then it will follow that the social organization will be gradually transformed into one great harmony until finally all people of all nations will be found marching to the gospel harmony of the universe under a banner whose stars and stripes will blend with the dawn of the millennium.

Jno. McB. Donaldson.

THE REVELATION OF CHILDHOOD IN LITERATURE.

Literature has given obedience to two directive forces. In early literature the ideal imaginings and uncertain allegory of mythology found a place. Embodying in these the deification of nature, literature gleaned new delights from the world of finite imagination. The legacy of Mythic life to literature, so rich in fanciful but certain beauty, is inefficient only as it lacks the tender power of the Christian ideal. Viewed in the light of present literary attainment, the teachings of Christ mark an epoch in literary idealism. Destined to sweep away the dreamy conceptions of an earlier time, they revealed the individual. Glorifying the natural life, they gave to literature a new power. Their illumination extended to all life, but singularly glorified child-life. Lifting it from among the shadows, they revealed its depths of nature, its pure and untainted motive.

The suggestion, lost to mythology, failed to appear in the kindred realms of art. Ruskin declares Greek art devoid of childlife. Its sculptors show no speaking figures of the childhood so glorified in modern art. Its artists borrow no beauty from the childworld. In gospel literature alone, does the Christ-illumined childlife appear in fullest sweetness. He who drew, from the lily of the field, a lesson of sweet trust, was first to illumine the childhood of which the purity and fragrance of the lily remain a fitting emblem. Thus exalted by divine notice the idea of childhood first lived to literature. But its recognition was not yet. The thoughts of men wandered upon cold heights of philosophy far from the lowlying fields where blossomed childhood's simple truth. Marcus Amelius wrote of ethics, Augustine of the Christian ideal, Plato, Petrarch, Dante opened new treasuries of thought. Human life their theme, immortality their hope, they yet failed to perceive the wide wisdom of the ethical and intuitive childworld. As the opening flower, losing its first waxy perfectness, scattered its perfume on the air and lost its white petals at the kiss of the roaming wind, so daily about philosopher and poet the sweet intuition and pure trust of childhood, unfolding to the world-touch met no fostering influence. As its early glory faded into manhood's "garnish day" it found no enduring memorial in the literature of the times. The idea was present but awaited formation and elevation at the hand of a master poet. Like the fragrant

English hawthorne it waited the pen of a Goldsmith to sing its praises and reveal its loveliness. Even Shakespeare's matchless imagery fell short and the few child-creations of his genius are unsatisfactorily and sparingly outlined. Gathering strength with the advancing prevalence of a higher education, the idea of childhood awaited its full recognition.

To the present century may be ascribed the recognition of the truth of childhood. Today childhood stands revealed, its divine glory a beckoning to the life beyond, a Jacob's ladder reaching through the dim atmosphere of moral sight even unto heaven, over which the angels come and go, its glorified vision a gleam of the after experience of immortal sight.

In the heart of Wordsworth the keynote was at last sounded. With sense attent and soul open to the faintest suggestive inspirations, there came to him the lngering music of the chord struck long ago, far down the centuries. Taking up the strain, hands long busy with the secrets of nature touched the unused keys, and rich, far-reaching melodies of childhood charmed a listening world. As before, nature was aid to the poet's inspiration. Seeing the pink-lined seashell of the beach, his poetic spirit took up the analogy, and linking it with the thought of childhood, painted the suggestive picture.

"I have seen
A curious child that dwelt apart
Upon a tract of inland land,
Applying to his ear the convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell.
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; for from within were heard
Sonorous cadences, whereby, to his belief, the Monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea."

Beginning with the great thoughts of Wordsworth, poetical effort has shown childhood, a broad ocean, deep and changeful, an April of sunshine and showers, a realm, richly populated with real or imagined creations and lingering or flitting thought, a time of swift unfoldings and untried flights, of fear and deep, unsullied joy, of glorified images and their dark reflections. The rich fruitage of this revelation is seen in the child-growth of modern life. Childhood exemplifies the simply natural in life. Nature seems a brooding mother-wing. Her depths of forest and free stretches of green are peopled with deep, imaginative joys, her breezes whisper secrets of the golden-hearted flowers. Free as the air, the child-spirit embodies a "natural piety." Hence deep instincts and vivid conceptions of truth are its sure inheritance.

Chilhood is pre-eminently the realm of the beautiful. Bright visions ofimagination throw their flash lights of illumination upon the eager child soul. Earth is "apparelled in celestial light," a glory and a dream." The warm beauty of life rather than Art is the legacy of the child life. Child-nature's chief beauty is its intuitive faith. Far from the dark home of doubt, the child spirit lives in the sunshine of a faith making all hopeful. A faith whose source is in the light and joy of a love revealed to the child soul as the love of creation and care. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Into this realm of child-like trust the world-worn spirit strives to enter. Our own Longfellow opens a glimpse into its free world of joy:

"Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of the Autumn
And the first fall of the snow."

The mysterious suggestion of the child soul concerning immortality are singularly impressive and their silent sway over the soul unbounded. Only as we believe these intuitions of the child called forth by the greatness of the soul and its Heavenly origin do we obtain the key to their mystery. Were man-

hood alone visited by these immortal suggestions, revelation would lack a confirming voice and life a sanctifying influence. The freshness, purity and beauty of the child dream of immortality forms the highest vision of our life. Added to childhood's earthbound glory, the soul illumination of Heaven completes its exaltation. Truly,

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
Nor yet, in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home."

The coming of the child upon the page of modern literature marked a new era in child existence. As upon the poet's page the child was ushered into a world of spring time flowers, so, from the the night of its ignorance, the child awoke to the morning of its better knowledge, and found a world adorned and rejoicing in its coming. Strong hands reach forth to welcome him, noble spirits henceforth surround him, to guide his tender feet far from the paths of sin and to preserve for him the purity of the soul new-made. Culture, power and nobility sit to-day at the feet of the little child and, listening to the words of childish wisdom, catch the inspiration of childhood's hope and rest in the fullness of childish faith. The legacy of child literature to life has been the simple revealing of the spirit possibilities, the Heavenly mindedness and the great teachings of the realm of childhood. A revealing demonstrating not alone the beauty but the strength of childhood, and the power of its pure ideals, to lift our life from nothingness into a glory of self sacrifice.

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor on the grass or glory in the flower,
We will grieve not; rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering
In the faith that looks through Death
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

DORA BARR.

PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC.

The annals of history come down to us recorded in blood, amid the scenes of conflicts and struggles between right and wrong. The panorama of the world's history has been one great battlefield ever since our first parents were driven, at the point of a flaming sword, from the garden of paradise. God s chosen people were tossed about on "a sea of troubles" for forty years because of sin. Tyranny and oppression, those deepest stains which mar the pages of history, have hurled into the darkness of chaos the greatest nations of the world. By corruption and despotism the great light of Grecian philosophy, architecture, and music was forever extinguished. Athens, that brightest luminary of all civilized nations, has disappeared from the galaxy of her supremacy. The Macedonian empire, once high in rank, and the whole of the then known world, fell at the feet of Alexander, the Emperor, but the germs of democratic progress and liberty were entombed in the very fundamental principles of her government, and ere she had attained to the height of her power, the angel of fate was already hovering over her vast domains, premeditating her destruction. Proud Rome, in her pristine splendor, ruled the world. All nations bowed in humble submission to her sovereign sway. Like a splendid ship clad in costly armor, she sailed unmolested upon the sea of fame. But with the use of despotic power her strength began to decline, and soon she was enveloped in the inevitable gloom attendant upon unrestricted autocracy. The noble ship faded as a phantom from the vast domain of her sovereignity, a prey to her own corrupted government.

Thou too, oh, Columbia, hast sailed on stormy seas. Our little craft, when scarce she yet had taken form, was tossed about and lashed by the waves of British tyranny. A band of pilgrims was left to colonize the most fertile territory in the world without any law

to protect the rights of persons and without a share of power in any branch of the government. But though weak and frail, she was not overcome by the surging billows of oppression. The noble sons of America, to whom liberty was dearer than life, came forward, willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of freedom. The bells rang loud and wild the joyous peals of liberty throughout the land. Independence was declared and their mellow notes became the knell of the ages of servitude and unequality and the heralding of those of equality and brotherhood. Kings sat still in awe and nations turned to watch the issue. There ensued one of the fiercest combats of history, but victory was finally won and the destiny of the new republic was decided. Instead of a frail craft, tossed about by every wind and wave, she came out of that encounter a strong and noble vessel, well equipped to wrestle with the slimes of oppression which soon beset her.

Ere long the dark night of slavery closed in upon her and she beheld man transformed into a brute. The cries of an oppressed people for deliverance from a bondage more terrible than death came up before our national shrine and there was "no eye to pity and no arm to save." The sacred rights of home were defiled, and negroes possessed none of the rights of human beings. Such cruelty and injustice could not long exist in a land where the people had proclaimed with one voice that all men are free and equal, that the right to liberty is inalienable, and that resistance to tyrants is obedience to the law of God. The only remedy was the death of human slavery, and this was soon resolved upon. The nation was hurled into the vortex of civil strife and ere long the streams ran red and the soil was drenched with the blood of the slain. Again right conquered and peace was proclaimed. A new union was established, one of liberty and progress—a union in which the Declaration of Independence would not be treason and where the national emblem was liberty.

But an era of perfect quiet and safety can not exist in such an era as this. Despotism, like an enshrouding mist, envelopes the form of freedom. The storm clouds have already begun to appear on our political horizon. The dark and threatening cloud is the conflict between capital and labor. This conflict becomes more terrible each day of its existence, and if unrestrained, it will soon tear asunder the first principles of our constitution and destroy the peace and unity of our government. Capitalists are increasing their wealth daily, while the resources of the laboring man are steadily diminishing. The groans of oppressed labor are coming up from our mines, our work shops and our factories, speaking against our present social and economic systems. Capital is demanding constant and unremitting toil in order that her coffers may be filled while the workman has insufficient time for rest and recreation and his means of support are in many cases inadequate for subsistence. The flood gates have been thrown open to the immigration of foreign labor, which is pouring in by the thousands, and the effects are plainly seen in our cities and in our politics. Contracts for foreign labor are filling our streets with paupers and our high offices with unprincipled politicians. The effects of competition are ever tending to degrade the condition of the laborer and to reduce his already scanty fare. The clouds become darker every day and something must be done to meet the crisis. There must be co-operation between these two great forces. The first aim of this government should be to elevate the standard of the human race and not to degrade it. This object will certainly be defeated unless some remedy is furnished for existing evils. Forcible division of property, socialism and communism do not furnish this relief. Capital is as essential to the success of labor as is labor to the existence of capital. The relief sought is equality and justice.

Another great sin which threatens our national existence is the liquor traffic. It is the greatest question with which the American people has had to deal. Slavery was a mere trifle in comparison to this question, and upon its solution depends largely that of the labor problem. Strong drink is the greatest enemy of the laboring man—the saloon, and not capital, has crushed him to the lowest depths of despair and destroyed his best interests. The business which makes madmen, idiots, murderers, paupers, blasts the returns of honest industry and the happiness of home and destroys the prosperty of the nation is morally and politically wrong. True, it brings in large revenues to the public treasury, but to maintain this revenue requires not only the support of a vast army of judges, attorneys and detectives and countless alms houses, penitentiaries and insane asylums, but what is infinitely more, the slaughter of sixty thousand men every year, and in a land of Christian enlightenment like we now boast, life should be of more value than trade, and happiness more than revenue. The time has come when we, as a nation, must act. The disgraceful scenes reported in our newspapers every day and the groans and tears of myriads of mothers and children all over our land are only hastening on the crisis and all our traditions of liberty, all our sense of justice and right will eventually rise up in vehement protest.

Another storm cloud appears in the west, the voice of the red man asking for retributive justice. He, who, in his simplicity, swore by the constancy of the sun, who rules by day, and by the moon, who ever keeps his mighty vigil overhead, and by the clear streams which flow beneath their radiant light, that he would remain ever true to his pale faced brother, is now crying out with angry threatenings in the face of our christian civilization asking back the primitive wigwams and happy hunting grounds of his forefathers. And why this complaint? His light canoe is no longer seen flitting over the streams at day break, his dusky form is no longer visible at the water falls. Civilization has pre-empted his hunting grounds. In this there could be no cause of regret had it not been added to the weight of many series of years of broken faith and injustice. We have robbed him of his lands and driven him from his favorite haunts and our policy and practices have ever tendered to perpetuate barbarism. We have not heeded his earnest appeal for the knowledge of the white man's God and yet we marvel at his unwillingness to accept christian civilization.

The great mass of Indian children are growing up in ignorance, superstition and barbarism, making little progress and with little hope of improvement. We have treated them as a foreign element and not as the rightful possessors of the soil. Is it any wonder then that they have become a dangerous and expensive nuisance? What a spectacle is here for the world to behold! This great nation unable to control the ignorant and helpless people who have wasted away before its breath. Let us then change our policy of injustice and wrong, warfare and extermination for one of honesty and fair dealing. Let us employ practical measures for civilization, education and christianization and our red brother may yet become a blessing to us. Let us rescue them from extermination and they may yet be an honor to the nation—the last remnant of an ancient race saved and lifted up to the higher sphere of christian life.

Truly the outlook is dark and the weight of sin and oppression which o'ershadows us threatens to sink our noble ship into the unfathomable depths of political ruin, but she shall not go down without a warning, for have we not recorded the fall of the ancient nations of the East? The same evils are destroying us which caused to sink the most magnificent political structures of antiquity. In all ages

of the world, history has repeated itself and it will repeat itself again. But let us not despair, right will yet conquer. The propositions that all men are free and equal and that slavery is wrong were bitterly opposed and those who advocated them were looked upon in their time as agitators and dreamers, but they were equal to the emergency and society and civilization are better and the government reaches nearer its ideal for having been purged of those tyrannies and oppressions.

But the evils which are threatening our destruction to-day are even greater than those and shall we not meet them with the same firmness of purpose and strength of resolution which overcame the former difficulties? Is liberty less dear to the sons of America to-day than it was in the old colonial times? We are standing to-day upon the eve of a great revolution upon whose issue hangs the fate of our Republic. What shall the outcome be? Shall this, the greatest nation to which liberty has ever given birth fall a victim to corruption and demagogism? Shall we allow our firm foundation of liberty and truth to crumble away without an effort to save it? Let us be up and doing while hope remains. Let us rise up and with our prayers, our votes, our might and valor crush out of existence the accursed traffic which is draining out our very heart's blood and robbing the State of loyal citizens.

Let us, throwing aside all political prejudices, combine as one man for its overthrow. Let us unite our forces against grasping trusts and avaricious monopolies which are destroying the life and prosperity of the honest workman. We must have laws founded upon the relation which should exist between employer and employed, and which will not only elevate and benefit the laboring man, but be approved and supported by all classes, and which will not permit an ignorant and unprincipled foreign element to devour the substance of the native workman. Let us withstand the hordes of political demagogues who are filling our high places with corruption and are tearing down the national ensign of liberty and progress which is the chief glory of our republic. Let every true hearted American help to speed the day when the rights of home shall be sacred and the teachings of the gospel shall be universal throughout the land, and we shall soon enter into the pure light of Christian civilization.

June 22, 1891. MAY MARGARET STEWART.

The following letter was received by a friend from the undersigned, who has been obliged to abandon his college work on account of failing health. As it will doubtless be read with interest by the writer's many friends both in the college and among the alumni, his consent has been secured to have it published in this issue.

DENVER, COLO., 158 BYERS ST., }
September 14, 1891. }

Dear Houston:

To-night in fancy o'er and o'er
I have lived again the days of yore;
The grand old days when before us lay,
The "little speeches" the Juniors say.
The zephyrs whispered of sweet content,
As the welcome visons came and went.
Onee more I stood in the well known place,
On every side a familiar face.
The college, too, with its battered doors,
Its dingy windows and foot-worn floors,
Here the chapel and wide, steep stair,
With new fledged Freshman standing there,
Here a Senior and there a "Kuhn,"
Weary of waiting the hour of noon.
The Doctor is present with looks so wise
Or feigns amazement in upturned eyes.
At the careless pranks of the college crook,
Who loves his fun, but hates his books.
'Gainst the stair post leans a convicted Soph.
Of last year's doings has learned to scoff.
Beyond the door where he bends his gaze,
A tutor teaches, his sweet-heart stays.
A nervous hand holds a watch in vie v,
While he wishes sincerely the hour was through.
O'er the well-worn threshold at last she comes,
One look—to meet her he almost runs,

Her books 'neath his arm he soon bestows,
Then they plan for picnics, rides or rows,
Thus on they go over the stone bridge rill
To the great brick palace upon the hill.
He feels a man or looks surprise
As he reads her pride in those tell-tale eyes.
God grant them pleasure, but give them health,
There's no better, purer, lasting wealth.
But here comes old "Baldy," we boys would say,
No matter how old he couldn't get gray.
The procession not ended, Aunt Peggy is next,
She never could make us stick close to the text;
McGranahan, Swan and Prof. Thompson, too,
In naming the "old" we think of the "new."
Again we go to the new club room,
The Old Fraternities latest boom.
Once more we sit twenty-four in all,
The fellows we were before this fall.
We are scarcely placed till the work begins;
We eat and eat nor think of the sins
Our suffering stomach's will call to mind
When poor digestion shall cease to grind.
Some of the fellows are glad and gay,
And others of wisdom too learned to say
A single word in the common fun,
Except now and then a borrowed pun.
Joe and Charley and Reuben, too,
Good, true friendship through and through.
'Tis a Friday night we again enjoy,
Filled full of pleasure, but no alloy.
At my right hand a well tried friend,
Whose friendship, God grant, may never end;
Not old, but yet from his noble head
The protecting locks are almost shed.
Six, one, he stands in his stocking feet;
A preacher he'll be, strong, tall and neat.
But the bell has rung, at the opened door
Old Porter is bowing and scraping the floor,
With feet rheumatic that will not go
But a step or two in a minute or so.
In the roomy parlor we are at last
The moments flying by far too fast.
The great piano seems gloomy and grand,
A knocking, we rise and stand
To greet the girls we have come to see,
Until half-past nine has come to be
A thing of the past. We talk and plan
To have the very best time we can
Or more in earnest beside me drew
In couples to pass an hour or two
By telling each other what we would do
When college work was all gone through.

What pleasure, what fun, what silent joy
In teasing the ladies for being coy,
When all at once on our sense fell
The clanging notes of "Old Porter's" bell,
Once more good-nights are sadly said,
Once more we part with hearts like lead.
Without the door the wild, weird night
Defys the moon-beams softening light.
But hastening on, to each other fast
We cling till a chilling blast
From my tightening clasp I felt it take
May dear friend Gerald. Then I awoke
To find myself in the West still,
And hard it was not to take it ill.
But the old house cat at my window sill
Was making the echoes with a royal will.
So hearing thus such a rude salute
I could not long be silent or mute
The present a duty at once involved,
The old cat problem was very soon solved.
Yet the days of old to my memory clung,
The days when we read what the muses sung.
Then from my heart went up the prayer,
God grant us once more to meet back there
The friends so well we had learned to know;
And if it be ours back East to go,
The thoughts will be mingled if again we meet
For those remembered, with those we greet.

For—

Laid away in my heart the desire still lives
To see my old friends in the time God gives.
"Oh, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And hereafter the angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

W. A. LEEPER.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88, was in town visiting recently.

—Dr. W. S. Owens, '66, is acting for the time being as director of the Indiana school.

—Dr. J. M Fulton, '72, is in as good health as usual and is prosecuting his labor among the freedmen with reasonable success.

—Rev. E. N. McElree, '59, conducted the communion services in the Second U. P. church, New Wilmington, the second Sabbath of October. An informal meeting of the

congregation showed an almost unanimous vote in favor of Rev. McElree as pastor.

—Mr. H. P. Crawford, '91, is in Philadelphia attending the lectures. We wish our friend success and hope he may not forget his alma mater and his many friends who are left behind.

—Rev. J. B. Borland, '64, and wife, '64, were in town visiting their daughter, who is in attendance at school. Mr. Borland, according to Dr. Ferguson, is one of the giants who were in those days.

—Rev. J. C. Taggart, '66, was at the college visiting his alma mater the same morning Rev. Borland was. Their words of encouragement and enjoyment were appreciated very highly by the students and faculty.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, was called upon for a speech the same morning Revs. B. and T. cheered us, but said he would reserve his speech until some of his same corporal structure, or nearly so, were present. So he gave the platform to the giants. Rev. J. A. seems to be prospering very nicely at New Athens.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, is having fine success in his labors at Greensburg, Pa. They think Mr. Boyd is just the man. We wonder if he goes out to deliver any more temperance lectures. If he talks against temperance they will be sure to believe him, but it is rather doubtful if he speaks in its favor, for we might say he is one of the giants.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Lytle is crayoning a pastoral scene.

—Miss McDonald has finished painting a beautiful panel. The design is hollyhocks.

—Mr. Russell is enlarging a picture of a lion's head, a study which requires great care.

—Miss Maud Hodgens divides her time between crayon and oil. At present she is at work upon an ocean scene in crayon, and a stream of water, at the edge of which lie beautiful water lilies, in oil.

—Miss Thompson, Miss Hodgens' most advanced pupil, continues her studies in crayon.

—Miss Stewart is doing a study in still life in oil, which consists of several ears of yellow corn, with the dried husks partly torn away.

—Miss Annetta Little is crayoning a representation of a storm. The most noticeable feature is the threatening aspect of the clouds.

—Miss Chapin has finished a beautiful grape vine and bunch of grapes in oil. It is a most difficult study but has been well executed by Miss Chapin.

—Miss Hodgens opened her department of college work with an encouraging attendance of pupils. With a few exceptions her pupils are well advanced.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Our college showed an attendance of 284 last year.

—The cry of Geneva to the boys is, "Get ready for foot ball."

—The athletic spirit at Monmouth is still sitting astride its high horse.

—Princeton has sixty-three professors, seven more than last year.—*Free Lance.*

—Brown University laments the death of her beloved Prof. J. S. Lincoln, aged 74.

—Eton College play grounds are being flooded, caused by the rise of the Thames at Windsor.

—The University of Pennsylvania began its year with 1850 students, 684 of whom are in the Freshman class.

—Rev Hiram Buck has given $50,000 to the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Ill., according to the U. P.

—The inter-collegiate contest, in which Monmouth participated, is over. Illinois car-

ried off the banner in the oratorical phase of the contest. Monmouth came in about third.

—Wooster faculty is putting quite a damper on athletics. Quite severe, don't you think? What do you think of it, boys?

—The late P. T. Barnum has left $40,000 to Tuft college to found a Barnum Museum of Natural History.—*The Free Lance.*

—Foot ball seems to be the rage everywhere. It is prohibited in every form by the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

—Tarkio college has over 130 students enrolled. The western colleges seem to be alive and growing. I wonder if their students or any ones else chalks their walks.

—Geneva gives athletics a grand puff, as doing them a great deal of good. Yes, it is good for exercise, but not so good as a business to engage in to the neglect of mental training.

—The faculty of Wooster has resolved that hereafter no participation in intercollegiate athletic games and contests by students of the University of Wooster shall be permitted.

—Foot ball seems to be taking the lead of other college sports. Westminster is catching the spirit. But it don't seem to have much of a hold on Westminster's conservative spirit.

—Pipes will be the fashion in the Brownson gym. this year. If you want to be "in it" you must discard your cigarette. It would be a fine thing in Westminster if both were discarded.

—Rev. Alex. Young, D. D., LL. D., recently sent a check of $3,000 for the endowment fund of Cooper's memorial college, Sterling, Kansas. This college is now the property of the U. P. church for sure.

—Rev. Hutchman, a graduate of Monmouth, was here with Prof. McGranahan, and led chapel services on the morning of October 15th. Rev. Hutchman was assisting Prof. McGranahan in carrying on a season of revival meetings at Shenango.

—In Sherman, Texas, are two female seminaries, one of which has Mrs. Kidd as principal. Her subjects have received the name of "Kids" by those of the other seminary. Did you ever see any one who could get ahead of a company of young ladies?

—At the U. P. Snyod held lately this statement was made, that the mortgages, securities and scholarship notes amount to $126,376.58, with an additional contribution of $20,355.16. Resolutions were adopted condemning Sunday newspapers and asking the World's Fair at Chicago to be closed on Sundays.

—The recent revolutionary behavior of the students of the University of Keip has led to the arrest of 500 of them by the Russian authorities and to the closing of the schools. According to the prenologist's story and the recent outbreaks among the students in different parts of the world almost convinces us that his saying is true, that the world is and will be growing worse until 1914. How much longer this state of affairs may continue we are unable to give any satisfactory information.

—The boys of Wooster are grieving over the fatal blow given to athletics in their school by the faculty. The reasons for the faculty's action are stated thus: 1. That some of the boys who were in the base ball team violated certain regulations made by the faculty in regard to them. 2. That the boys hired by the young men of our college to play ball will not attend to their duties as students. The students are roasting the faculty, good or bad. Which do you say? At the students' mass meeting they said: "We want inter-collegiate athletics, and we want 'em bad". From their actions it would be hard to tell whether the students or the faculty run Wooster, but presume the faculty will still hold forth.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Miss Lucy Stitt is visiting Miss Alice Semple.

—The Junior orations will commence on the 13th of November.

—Rev. Taggart, of East Liverpool, Ohio, visited his son on the 13th inst.

—Miss Daisy Morris, of Meadville, visited friends in town a few weeks ago.

—Prof. Mitchell attended a meeting of the alumni in Pittsburgh a week ago.

—Messrs. J. M. & W. M. Robertson.'88, were called home by their mother's illness.

—Dr. Mehard and family moved to their new home in New Castle a few weeks ago.

—A. L. Russell,'92, visited at his home and attended the Burgettstown Fair on Oct. 8th.

—Frazier,'96, who has not been in school before this term, returned about a week ago.

—Mr. McN. at dinner one day—"How many letters are there in the alphabet?" Collapse.

—Rev. Robb, of Jamestown, Pa., preached in the Second U. P. church on October 4 and 11.

—Rev. J. L. Robertson,'64, of Berlin Falls, has been called home by the serious illness of his wife.

—President Ferguson attended the meeting of Synod at Pittsburgh during the latter part of September.

—Miss Jean Robertson has been unable to attend school on account of the serious illness of her mother.

—Dr. F. (in mental science)—"Is winking important, Mr. R?" Mr. R.—"Sometimes." General collapse.

—Miss Mary Reed,'90, left for Henderson, N. C., where she has been elected to teach in the freedmen's school.

—Miss Nesbit met with what might have been a very serious injury. She was going across the hall in the ladies' dormitory, when a splinter ran into her foot. A doctor was called in and was obliged to cut it out.

—Mrs. McFarland, of Oakdale Sta., P. H. R. R., visited her son for a few days at the beginning of the month.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson attended the S. S. convention at Bethlehem, Pa., during the latter part of last month.

—Miss M.—"Mr. W., how did Edward IV obtain money for carrying out his schemes?" Mr. W.—"By kissing the women."

—We would advise Mr. R. to get a pair of glasses that would increase the range of his vision, since he seems to see only one person in a company lately.

—The Philomath society has purchased a very fine trombone from the Junior Cornet Band and also a new silver cornet from J. F. Stratton & Co., New York.

—A Sophomore tried his hand at translating this sentence: "Mea mater est mala sus," at sight, and this is the result: "My mother is a hog for apples."

—Mr. T. M. McKinney, of Spokane Falls, Montana, paid his numerous friends here a visit recently. The Adelphis society tendered him a reception during his stay.

—J. A. McCracken,'89, now a law student at Mercer, Pa., and W. L. Hay, M. D., of Pardoe, Pa., made the college a short visit recently.

—W. H. King, a member of this staff, was recently called home on account of the death of his mother. His school mates and friends extend their sympathy.

—A temperance lecture was given in the college chapel on Friday evening, October 9, by Miss Anna Baxter, of Michigan. Miss Baxter is certainly one of the best lady orators on the temperance platform.

—Miss Pearle Collins, of Xenia, O., was married Thursday evening, Oct. 1, at the

home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Collins, of Xenia, O., to Mr. T. Dales Kyle, of the same place. Her friends of her school days extend congratulations.

—The ball field has been rented by the athletic association for a term of two years, with an option of renting it for two years more on the same terms. A new race track has been made and the "diamond" has been scraped, making one of the best ball fields in this section of country.

—Prof. M. to Miss T., who has made a mistake in the comparison of a Greek adjective: "If that were an examination I would take off a fourth on account of that mistake." Miss T.—"I don't see how you could do that, I would take off only a third." Prof. M.—"Very well, Miss T., I shall do so hereafter, if you so desire."

—We are again indebted to Wm. J. Sawyer, Esq., of Allegheny, for valuable additions to the museum. They were secured by him when with an eye open for natural curiosities he visited Southern California. They include a centipede, a tarantula, a horned toad, a trap-door spider and his curious dwelling place. He also sends to the library a copy of the Annual Report of the State Board of Public Charities. Thanks.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, visited his mother recently.

—F. H. McClymonds, '90, paid his "alma mater" a flying visit on the 24th.

—Rev. J. B. Boreland and wife, of Buttercup, Pa., paid their daughter, Miss Lizzie, a short visit on the 13th.

—Why was Mr. R. absent from the studio just as many days as Miss McD.? Possibly they had planned a "stampede."

—Miss Franc Donaldson, '87, who has been visiting relatives in Philadelphia, Steelton and Pittsburgh, has returned home.

—Prof. McGranahan and Prof. Mitchell attended the grand rally of United Presbyterian Young People of Western Pa. and Eastern Ohio, held in the First United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, on Oct. 26 and 27, 1891.

—Rev. E. W. McElree, of Beaver Falls, conducted the communion services in the Second U. P. church on Sabbath, the 18th.

—A stringed orchestra has been formed in the Philomath society. The instruments consist of two guitars, two mandolins and an autoharp.

—Rob. Veach, '95, who is out of school on account of ill health, visited his many friends and accompanied the "chestnutting" party on the 12th.

—Mr. M., giving the names of the royal families in English history: "The Plantagenets, the Stuarts,—Oh, no! the Tudors, etc." Significant glances.

—Dr. F. to Mr. R. in psychology: "Is the winking of the eye voluntary or involuntary?" Mr. R.: "It is voluntary." "Dr. F.: "Evidently Mr. R. was at the social last evening.

—Rev. Shaw, of Davenport, Ohio, a former student in the college, conducted the devotional exercises in the chapel on Saturday morning, the 17th, and also addressed the students in a very happy manner.

—Miss W. to notation class, endeavoring to sing the different notes of the scale as she named them: "La, mi." Miss W. (noticing that the class faltered a little on "mi:" "Now I knew that you would get stuck on mi" (me). The usual merriment.

—Strange are the obstacles with which an amateur photographer frequently meets. One day recently, when taking the picture of a company that had gone target shooting, Mr. R. was compelled to ask Mr. M. to close his mouth so that he could focus it.

—The persons who "faked" the bananas from the ladies of the hall, knowing the pleas-

ant anticipations that they must have had of eating them, and, at the same time, of reflecting upon the pleasures of the chestnutting expedition, are surely "mean enough to steal corn from a blind pig."

—At a recent meeting of the Synod of Pittsburgh, Rev. R. M. Russell, of the Sixth church, Pittsburgh, was elected a member of the board of trustees, also Rev. A. S. Aiken, of Big Springs Presbytery. Rev. Russell takes the place of Dr. R. B. Ewing, and Rev. Aiken the place of Rev. J. M. Adair.

—Miss C. and Miss McL. to Mr. R., who had hastily walked up to them after night, thinking that one of them was a young lady whom he desired to see: "Mr. R., you are certainly mistaken." Mr. R.: "Are you going to freeze me in that way?" Then he walked away like a cat in a strange garret.

—The first music recital of the season was given in the conservatory hall on Friday evening, the 13th. The entertainment was not only enjoyable on account of the able manner in which the selections were rendered, but also because of the lively interest which seems to pervade that department under the efficient management of Prof. Austin and Miss Whissen.

—Prof. Wallace, a phrenologist of New Castle, has had his headquarters at the Wilmington House during the past week. In this brief period quite a large number of "knots" have been felt, and if the professor is the exponent of a true science and means what he says, we think that it is about time that we all flee from the town and "remember Lot's wife."

—The lecture course opened Tuesday evening, the 27th, by the Kellogg Concert Company of New York. All who attended express themselves as delighted with the entertainment. The bird warbling and whistling of Mr. Chas. D. Kellogg was heartily encored. The next entertainment of the course will be a lecture by Dr. Joseph Cook on Monday evening, Nov. 9. His subject, "Watchwords of Current Reform."

—On a recent Sabbath Mr. R., who was teaching a class in the auditorium of the Second U. P. church, was necessitated to go into the lecture room for some purpose. Upon his return he stepped up to his post without looking around, and was about to put a question to one of the "perverse generation," when, lo! the wicked had fled." Mr. R.'s air of triumph over the "powers of darkness" (on chicken roosts) can better be imagined than described.

—Recently, two young ladies who were slightly indisposed, and who had heard that two young men were somewhat solicitous about their condition, fixed up "dummies" and placed them on pillows in their windows for the purpose of scaring the young men. Certainly if they had reflected for a moment upon the possible consequences, they would not have done such a thing. It was not only cruel, but there was also danger of causing the young men to swoon on the street where there were no loving hands to support them.

—Two very important meetings of the Alumni Endowment Committee have been held in Pittsburgh during the past week. The committee has taken steps by which it is hoped that the Alumni chair of Westminster will be fully endowed by the time of the next meeting of the association, in June, 1892. The circular plan of communication has been followed in the past. Now a personal canvass of the alumni and friends of the college is to be made by competent persons. The alumni are particularly delighted at the present prosperity of their alma mater and are eager to further her prosperity.

—Twelve couples secured a four horse hay wagon and went chestnutting on Monday, the 12th. After taking dinner and spending some time at Neshannock Falls, they proceeded to

Fisher's grove for the purpose of gathering chestnuts. Only a few chestnuts were secured as they were quite scarce, but the company was fully recompensed for the trouble by the the cider drunk through tne kindness of Mr. Fisher. Although upon arriving home they all looked quite "seedy," to say the least, yet everyone expressed himself as delighted with the day's outing.

—Recently Messrs. R. and R. purchased some cider, and also "appropriated" some that their friend, Mr. McN., had bought. Mr. McN., thinking that he would teach the boys a lesson, went and took both jugs from Messrs. R. and R. and put them (as he supposed) where they would be safe. However, he was not quite cunning enough for the wily boys. They waited until Mr. McN. was absent and then gained access to the cider and poured it into other jugs, filling the empty jugs with water. Mr. McN., returning, thought that he would show his generosity by treating Mrs. P. His expression, when he poured the water out, can better be imagined than described.

—The athletic association held its semi-annual field day contest on Saturday, October 3. Considering the fact that a new race track that had not become solid was used, the records made in most cases, were fully up to the most sanguine expectations. The 100 yard dash was won by J. C. Hanley, time, 10 1-5 sec.; one-half mile race by W. A. Dunn, time, 2:48; 220 yards dash by J. C. Hanley, time, 23 4-5 sec.; bicycle race by Walter McKean, time, 4:24¼, hurdle race by J. C. Hanley, time, 17 4-5; one mile race by P. H. Gordon, time, 5:42 4-5; 440 yards dash by J. C. Hanley, time 58 sec.; high kick by A. M. Wilson, height, 8 ft. 6; standing broad jump by T. M. Gealy, distance 9 ft. 7 in.; running hop-step-and-jump by A. M. Wilson, distance, 39 ft. 6 in; standing high jump by W. B. Anderson, height, 4 ft. 4 in.; running high jump by A. M. Wilson, height, 5 ft.; pole vault by J. Y. McKinney, height, 8 ft.; throwing base ball by W. A. Jackson, distance, 104 yds. 1 ft. 2 in.; putting 16 lbs shot by J. G. Houston, distance 27 ft.; hammer throw by W. A. Jackson, distance 65 ft. The running broad jump, which was omitted from the program, was equalized between A. M. Wilson and J. C. Hanley, distance, 18 ft. 3 3-8 in. As will be readily seen, J. C. Hanley won the sweepstakes. The Sophomores won 75 points, the 3rd. Perps. 27, the Seniors 20, the Juniors 17 and the Freshmen 5.

—At a recent meeting of the faculty, a request was sent to the Junior class asking that an admission fee be charged to Junior orations. The class complied with the request by fixing the admission fee at ten cents. Since that time a good deal of grumbling has been heard, as was anticipated by the class, but surely this action is just to every one, unless it is to the Seniors, who furnished free entertainment last year. The audacity to ask the Junior class every year to prepare orations with untold vexation of mind, and to furnish good music free of charge upon delivering them, is excelled only by that of the man who, being convicted of killing his father and mother, claimed executive clemency because he was an orphan. The only ground upon which the refusing of the Juniors to pay $5 each for the privilege of delivering orations can be justified is, that it is imposed as a fine for disturbing the peace of departed heroes.

—Recently Mr. M. and Mr. R., in company with some other gentlemen and also some ladies, went to the country for some cider. Upon their return Mr. M. and Mr. R. left their cider in the hall of the club house while they ate supper. Mr. S. and Mr. B., who were watching the procedure, immediately appropriated the cider to their own use. Mr. M. and Mr. R., discovering the theft, suspected Messrs. S. and B., and immediately proceeded to their rooms for the purpose of taking everything they could get. They suc-

ceeded in getting all of Mr. S.'s clothes except those that he was wearing, but did not get anything from Mr. B. Mr. S. awaited his opportunity, took Mr. R.'s clothes and wore them—something that Mr R. could not do with Mr. S.'s. Mr. R., without anything to drink or wear, acted very much like a very black negro in a very dark cellar hunting for a very black cat that isn't there. Moral: Touch not, taste not, handle not.

—The reception and banquet given by the Adelphic Literary Society to Mr. T. M. McKinney,'89, Spokane, Wash., on Friday evening, Oct. 30, was in every way a creditable affair. The reception was held in the Adelphic Society hall and the banquet was served in the mathematics room of the college. Over thirty couples enjoyed the entertainment and festivities of the evening. At the close of the numerous courses around the festive board, various responses were given to toasts as proposed by the master of ceremonies. In response to the toast to the guest of the evening, Mr. McKinney expressed in eloquent and appropriate language his high appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by his beloved society. He expressed great hope in the continued success of the society, and called attention to the fact that the society was formed not merely to strive for laurels on contest or field day, but her first and main purpose was honest, proficient work within her halls, a purpose from which, he was glad, she had never swerved. He spoke of partisanism, as one of the essentials of this age, but he would make a great distinction in the kind of partisanism. There is a broad manly partisanism, a narrow manly partisanism, and a low, mean partisanism. The former he said was a mark of true manliness; the second is better than none, but the third is too low to be indulged in by true gentlemen. He spoke of his classmates as the old guards, and with stirring words, related the numerous ways in which they were wont to guard the honor and integrity of the old society. His tribute to Mr. Donald, his only classmate whom death has summoned home, was touching, eloquent and appropriate. Throughout the response the speaker manifested the same zeal and enthusiasm for his society and his college for which he was especially noted while a student in the college. In response to the toast to the society, Mr. W. H. King's remarks were thoughtful, appropriate and to the point. Mr. John Gealey's response to the toast to the new members, was given in a pleasing manner and contained several amusing and pointed hits. The toast to the ladies of the evening and to the banquet was responded to by Mr. M. W. Keith in verse, and gave evidence of the speaker's ability to interest and entertain as well as edify an evening party. Mr. W. J. Grimes acted as master of ceremonies. After over two hours at the table the banquet was broken up.

EXCHANGES.

The *Wesleyan Echo* contains a very readable and instructive article on "The Scientific Side of Australia." Attention is drawn to the wide difference of fauna and flora on two groups of islands divided only by a deep belt of sea. This gives rise to the question, what causes the great variety. Different theories are given, taking the student back to the the study of life during the closing days of the so-called "secondary age."

The attentive reader of Dickens can not but notice his wonderful insight into human nature and the ease and correctness with which he deals with different characters. The *Review*, in an article on the life of this author says: "There are many schools of novel writing, but the one most calculated to harm and better the masses of people is that which treats of the common incidents, the pathos and happiness of every day existence. In this field

Charles Dickens stands without a rival. He is pre-eminently a novelist of domestic life. No other author ever threw about common, prosaic scenes, such a grotesque veil of imagery, or described the sorrows of the poor with such tender sympathy, such quick appreciation. When we read his works we feel that the author is our friend and companion. We laugh with him over the funny speeches of 'Captain Cuttle' and 'Sam Weller,' and our minds grow sorrowful in unison with his when we read of the death of darling 'Little Nell,' or the pitiful life of lonely, childish 'Smike.'"

We feel like attempting the criticism of an exchange in respect to the "nonsensical matter and personal jokes" that find their way into our college papers. They will not be understood by one-third of the students and by the alumni not at all. The college paper is not published as a record of uninteresting happenings but rather has as its aim the educating of its readers and the welfare of the institution with which it is connected.

Since the last issue two new exchanges, the *Hiram Advance* and *Dennison Collegian*, have been received. The *Advance* has as its frontispiece a steel cut of Hiram college, a beautiful building of three stories and prettily situated in a shady grove. The HOLCAD is glad to be thus connected with the institution with which the memory of our honored martyr President, Jas. A. Garfield, is so closely associated. The *Collegian* promises to be a valuable addition to the list.

The one thing most essential in the makeup of a scholar, of a man of affairs, is the breadth of view that gives thoroughness and intelligent use of his information. Without sure understanding of the relations and proportions of a subject, of the way in which his own small fraction of knowledge fits in with the vast store of the world's knowledge, the worker will be useless in the world of to-day. This breadth and intelligence of view is just what is given by contact with many minds. Knowing what others are doing and have done, you see what is cut out for you to do, what plan you shall adopt for doing it, and thus you become original—not perhaps in the sense of doing what no one else can do, but in doing work so thoroughly and well that a peculiar individual trade mark is put upon it, it is alive and has power over other minds because it comes clearly and sincerely from your own.

—The following is from a private letter by Mazzini, published for the first time, in the November *Century:* "I crossed the St. Gothard; there was danger, but the scene is sublime, godlike. No one knows what poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the route, on the plateau, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible on the Alps."

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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BE WISE.

If you want to make sure of a lady's company for Junior orations next year, engage her now, and that for the entire course, as there is no telling "what a day may bring forth."

RESULT OF THANKSGIVING VACATION.

Perhaps we owe our readers an apology for the late date of this issue. The most of our staff were at home during thanksgiving vacation eating turkey, and eating turkey and writing up a paper were never meant to be done at the same time.

DR. COOK'S LECTURE.

On the evening of Nov. 9th, the people of New Wilmington had the pleasure of listening to the famous lecturer and profound thinker, Dr. Joseph Cook. Dr. Cook is one of the most widely traveled and widely known men in America. He has a master mind and but few if any superiors. The subject of the lecture which he gave to us was "Watchwords of Current Reform." He talked for almost two hours and yet the audience was not tired. He showed that both the Republican and Democratic parties are largely controlled by the whisky vote. He favors compulsory education, compulsory suffrage, a sifting of immigration, and says the negro is here to stay.

COMING WORK.

While the approach of winter has hindered or stopped our athletic sports, we must not shut ourselves up in our rooms, and like many living creatures, lie dormant until next spring. After a few months of active exercise we are better able to get to work. There is a tendency among students to follow this plan, to work hard in spring and fall, and in winter to live on what they have accumulated. Some, indeed, must have slim living. But it appears to us that this is but a beautiful opening into a more pleasant line of work. 'Tis true that the snow drifts of work will often times retard our progress, that often chilling winds of disappointment will blow strong in our face, while flakes of beautiful ideas and images will fill the mental atmosphere around us. We ought to enjoy rather than retreat from this, and only see dimly through the dusty win-

dow of our intellects, dimmed by lack of care in performing our work, by cobwebs of ignorance and conceitedness. This is the time to clear the mind of wrong ideas and inactivity by the beautiful and pure snow flakes of truth and high ideals. This work is only begun by the efforts of the Junior Class. As time moves on apace we recall to mind that there is to be an Intercollegiate Contest at Allegheny next spring, and preparatory to this a preliminary contest to determine who shall represent the college. The Philomath and Adelphic Societies will hold their annual contest in June. This means work. We need good, true men to do this work. Let us choose them on no other ground than that they show themselves the most capable of doing the work before us. Then when we have chosen these men to represent us, let us aid and encourage them, knowing this; that they are doing our work.

THANKSGIVING.

As usual the people of New Wilmington very fittingly observed Thanksgving. Union services were held in the Methodist church, and we are glad to say the house was crowded, thus showing that our people appreciate the day set apart for national thanksgiving. The exercises were varied, also interesting and instructive throughout. Talks were given by Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Mealy, Rev. McVey, Rev. Dunlap and Prof. McClellan. Many are the blessings, both temporal and spiritual, for which we should be thankful, and not only when we are reminded on Thanksgiving day of the countless blessings and privileges we enjoy, should our hearts go out to Him in praise for his goodness, but every day of our lives we should render to Him the praise which is due His name.

"GHOSTS" BY REV. KHOENE.

Did you see the "Ghost?" An answer to this question will tell whether you heard the second lecture of the course, given by Rev. Khoene, on November 24. When this subject was announced there was much diversity of opinion as to what "ghosts" were, but we think the lecturer solved this problem well. His lecture, as he said, was written to resist the tendency of the age toward materialism. He showed himself well able to prove his statements, not dealing with visible, material things, but rather with invisible, real, ideal things. Great masses of history were crowded into single sentences or paragraphs. Indeed, the whole of his lecture showed a great accumulation of historical facts. Sometimes he was eloquent, then pathetic, but at all times showed the earnestness of a true orator. His power of description is fine. The answer to the question, why was it necessary that America was discovered just when and as it was, was beautifully illustrated and well planned. There must be something higher and more noble than matter.

DOES THIS STRIKE YOU?

Although our literary societies may be said to be doing fair work, yet they might be doing better. Whenever a special program is prepared there is always something worth hearing, but very often the regular meetings are, to say the least, slim. Of course we don't expect to have first class meetings all the time, but then we should not have meetings, week after week, that are comparatively failures. A student should have more respect, both for himself and for his society, than to pay fine after fine for nonperformance. Some seem to think that as long as they pay their fines, they should not be criticised or asked to perform. In a way this may look all right, but suppose we would all prefer to pay a fine rather than perform, you can easily see that soon we would have no society. All are anxious to boast of their loyalty to their respective societies, yet we fail to see wherein a member can be loyal to his society and per-

form but once or twice in two or three years. If we really were as deeply interested, as we would have others believe we are, there would soon be a great change. To be a consistent member of society is to have her interests, as a society, at heart. Each individual member should feel that he is responsible for what is being done. A few should not be required to do all the performing, or the managing, but all should take part. Of course, if a few do all the work they receive some advantages that otherwise they would not have. They get the experience which is valuable, but then those who very often most need the experience are deprived of it, simply because they don't want to be bothered. They say we don't have time to prepare a performance for society. We have too many other things to occupy our time. We must "sport," we want to be popular. A certain kind of popularity is very good but the kind of popularity that comes from sporting, one is better without. We would suggest less sporting and more society work. By this we don't mean that you should not be social. One's social qualities should be cultivated, and no one's education is complete until these qualities have been developed. Learned men have been set down as complete failures, just because they did not have the power of making themselves agreeable, of telling in a pleasing way what they knew. And where can one expect to have a better opportunity of learning to express himself in a clear, precise and attractive way, than in a good literary society? Here is the place to overcome embarrassment, and to acquire the ability to put in practice what you know. Let us then, each one, make more of our societies than we do, let us appreciate the advantages that they afford, so that in after years we may look back on our society work in college, not with regret but with delight.

JUNIOR ORATIONS.

Are you attending the Junior orations? If not, why not? You are sure to hear something good. Even if you do not wish to listen to the performances of the class, come to hear the music. The class is to be commended for securing the Juniatta Orchestra for the entertainments. We would not attempt any criticism unless it be favorable, for the performances up to this time have been of a high order, and we are sure the best ones have not all been given. We wait expectantly. The class indeed appears to be as their motto shows, "*ad quodcumque paratus.*" The following are the programs which have been given:

Nov. 12, 1891. College Chapel. 1 P. M.
Music.
Aims and Obstacles...Fannie Beggs, New Bedford, Pa.
A New Era.....J. S. Cotton, Pulaski, Pa.
Music.
Hold In Equilibrium.....D. W. Berry, Eighty-Four, Pa.
Music.
Women Warriors.....Agnes Dickson, Midway, Pa.
Falling Kings.....Mont M. Brown, New Wilmington
Music.

Nov. 19, 1891. College Chapel. 1 P. M.
A Restless World.....Kate Adams, Millersburg, O.
Loyalty to Principle the Basis of Reform.....
.....J. G. Houston, Lowellville, O.
Music.
Moral Architecture.....Rebecca Junk, Flatwood, Pa.
Social Electro Dynamics.....
.....J. M. Donaldson, Jr., North Star, Pa.
Music.
The Mission of the Student.....
.....Janet McNitt, Reedsville, Pa.
The Problem of To-day...J. W. Gealey, Plaingrove, Pa.
Music.

TRUTH THE CONQUEROR.

Seventeen thousand feet above the sea level rises one of the most truly historical mountains of the world. At its base dwelt the Armenians who had learned to look upon it as something supernatural. Its great height dizzied them and the imposing appearance of its summit, as it overhangs the valley beneath, filled them with a sense of reverence and awe. Thus the mountain came to be regarded as sacred to their gods, and for man to set foot upon its soil was deemed an act of base sacrilege, punishable with immediate death. Incited by curiosity an Englishman undertook a trip up the mountain side and unharmed reached the summit where centuries before had rested the ark of safety. Observers related the fact to the superstitious villagers, but they preferred rather to hold to their empty myth than to accept an honest testimony when opposed to their beliefs. Thus the ancient world, misled by superstition, refused to look upon the truth even when brought directly within their view. The same spirit of aversion to new truth characterized the people of Europe at a later date when the first ocean steamer was about to leave their shores. According to accurate demonstration the vessel would be lost in mid ocean, and it was in the face of the strongest disapproval that the voyage was undertaken and successfully completed.

The introduction of the steam engine met with equal opposition. But this complicated piece of machinery, when placed upon the track, became all action and more than fulfilled the highest expectations of its inventor.

Prejudice against change even of a reformatory character exists no less to-day. But thought is developing. Overpowering evidence of underlying principles has impressed itself upon the minds of men thoroughly awakened to the fact that all of nature is not seen upon the surface. Every step into the before unknown, shedding light upon the unexplored mines of truth, urges the student on to make the treasures there contained his own. No intensely earnest endeavor for truth is ever entirely lost, but to the store of knowledge, chiefly intuitive, facts are added proven by actual experiment. These are the links binding together nature and nature's God.

In the great workshop of science problems have been evolved engaging the deepest thought of every age. No Alexanders will master all the mysteries of science and weep for new fields to conquer. This field is bounded only by infinity itself.

Time has wrought a revolution. The divinities and the beliefs of the ancients have been reduced to myths; the narrow spirit of the succeeding age has been broadened. Reflection and criticism replaced the period of mental inactivity. The history of later years has been marked by an increasing interest in the growth and diffusion of knowledge. The atmosphere of thought has been gradually purified; a noble spirit of independent opinion created, and the gateway opened wide to the incoming forces. List the measured tread as they unfalteringly approach and read written on their ensigns in indelible characters: PROGRESS! the watchword of the hosts of Truth. No agency has been more active in the struggle for truth than science. But ever since the dawn of scientific investigation there have been those opposed to every new theory. Prejudice occupied the throne of Reason and it was only by repeated attacks that her dynasty was thrown down and right restored. No right principle is ever established immediately, but must first, by its own power of endurance, prove itself worthy to live. This staying power belongs to truth, and this alone could have withstood the opposition of false teachers. As the diamond increases in value in proportion to the amount of labor expended upon it,

so the sense of right deepens through the keenness of debate and the clashing of sword and bayonet.

There are no new truths. Investigators study the effects of certain agencies and follow from these effects down a long line of connected phenomena until they reach the law governing them. How much the world is indebted to the inventor, to the discoverer, who has sounded anew the deep of science and given form to truths before unknown. Thus the faculties of man have been developed, and his life broadened by the efforts of a few.

There have been representative men in every new department of learning to whom the keys of knowledge have been given to open to man the doors before closed. These doors move heavily upon their creaking hinges; the rust of disuse has gathered upon them while stiff prejudice and stubborn unbelief blocks the way. The master mind of the sixteenth century laid hold of the law of gravitation and by its discovery made immortal the name of Newton. The great principle that controls the movements of the spheres and maintains order in the universe was thus brought within human range. Herschel turned the key in another of these gates. It had not been so long time closed and opened more readily. Before his wondering gaze pass the celestial bodies revealing beauty in their order. It is not a new chamber of nature's palace into which we have entered. From the beginning day unto day has displayed the Creator's power, and night unto night declareth the deep things of God. But its attractions have lured man farther in his investigations. He has turned a more critical gaze upon the starry universe and made bold to scrutinize its harmonic arrangement. All due honor to the leaders who have thus widened the intellectual horizon of man and afforded a glimpse into the possibilities of the future. But science of itself is inadequate to complete the great work of revelation. Marvelous as are the facts of the scientific world, these are but the branching lines from the one great center—TRUTH. From that ancient hall of justice down through the centuries have been echoed and re-echoed those words of the Roman ruler: "What is truth?" The work of succeeding ages has been to answer that question. The scientist has not been alone in his search for knowledge. Man has within his nature a desire which cannot be satisfied with a knowledge of the material universe. It reaches out beyond these bounds and lays hold of the supernatural. Man has a conscience; he has aspirations ungratified; he must have a religion. The corruptions of religion have paved the way for conflicts. These began as soon as the pure light of religious truth dawned upon the world. The same hindrance that withstood scientific learning impeded the progress of religious teaching. Superstition, prejudice, stubborn unbelief stood as a bulwark, impervious to all the shafts hurled against it. But the reformation undermined this formidable wall on the ruins of which the form of the true religion was established. Protestantism was ushered in, bringing light where before darkness had reigned; joy where had been sorrow; order instead of confusion. Intellectual development and moral development tend so much in the same direction they are becoming united in one. This union is securing a strength which in time will overpower the existing forms of error. The cultured mind and the enlightened conscience are becoming the active agents in the advance. These determine the best interests of a people and the subsequent good of the nation.

The freeing of the slave marks an epoch in the history of our national intelligence and morality. But this is only a signboard along the great highway of truth. Justice raised her prostrate form declaring freedom and equal rights to the negro. The abolition of slavery, however, was but preparatory to a greater, grander work. It is the extirpation of that greatest enemy of progress, whose growing

power is felt wherever man is found. Blighting the body and casting a shadow of eternal woe upon the soul, intemperance has arrayed itself as the leader among the foes of right. Shall truth now give way and thus end the onward march to victory? It cannot be. To believe this is to disbelieve all else. In the dark hour when the ranks of right seem to be breaking before the attacks of the enemy, there is still that same sure hope of victory; for the God of battles will fight and his name shall triumph.

A light is breaking in the east. As its rays become visible along the horizon they seem the reflection of some great orb. The light brightens, and as the boundary line of our vision is crossed, lo! a star, surpassing in beauty and grandeur all its fellows. As its full, soft light falls upon the wondering world, sweet strains of music are heard as if chanted by an angel choir, and there is wafted downward on the balmy air that magnificent anthem, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The tones die away. The star advances in its course. Clearer shine its beams as it nears its zenith beyond which it cannot pass. Herald of the child of Bethlehem; guide to the seeker of knowledge, foe to the enemy of right; truth comes forth from her chamber crowned and clad in the garb of a victor. O, glorious Truth! lead on thy forces. At thy approach the golden gate shall open wide and the streets of the New Jerusalem be made resound with the songs of eternal triumph. HANNA E. PEEBLES.

THE IDEAL: ITS POWER.

The processes of creation were progressive. The stages of this progress are marked and distinct. From the lowest plane of material existence to the highest sphere of spiritual forces, each order of it respects the greatness of the author, and is invested with exquisite order and beauty. All sublimities of nature existed without an eye to appreciate or a heart to contemplate until the advent of man.

Man with his weakness and frailty and his lofty spiritual nature and destiny is the crowning work of God. Wonderful as is the body structure of man with its intricate and beautiful mechanism, it is but the tent of an invisible tenant, the spirit, whose service it does.

The mind is the seat of the intellectual faculties, in the silent recesses of the brow it holds its court; here ever-active reflection is employed; here reason conducts its processes; here memory lays up its treasures; imagination spreads her airy wings, and genius creates her many wonders.

By means of impressions received from the external world through the senses, the indwelling spirit of man has been placed in communication with external objects. The reasoning power necessary for the elaboration of these impressions into a consistent structure is the main agency of progress in human pursuit. The mind is constantly taking impressions and by exercising upon them its reasoning powers, deduces its ideas and theories. To shape a theory in any sense is to depict an ideal.

There is design shown in everything created. In nature, history, everywhere is found not a chaotic succession of events, but a systematic, progressive order. So also in human affairs there is a definite plan.

We are given self-consciousness and self-determination. By the faculty of conscience we intuitively feel the difference between right and wrong.

Reason supplies a sense of the perfect and a sense of duty. The human soul has its choice of innocence or evil ever close at hand.

Purpose is inseparably connected with self-determination. Every action should be toward a certain end. There is a highest good toward which every act should tend. Without concentration of purpose our minds stand dumb before the vision of great possi-

bilities, and our course ends in defeat. Intelligent purpose is indespensable to success. People who aimlessly drift with the tide are driven with resistless sweep into a shoreless sea.

The conception of perfection is the essence of moral obligation. Apart from moral obligation there remains no law to control life, no standard of right. Man individual, man social, has limitations, but these do not tend to the suppression of his freedom or restrict his scope in the exercise of moral principle, or sense of obligation. The idea of perfection is not analogous with man's mere aspiration to rise above his present condition. To form ideals is a natural tendency of the soul, but these ideals can only be realized by a being with natural desires for perfection. No ideal however perfect can elevate our characters without our consent and assistance. We cannot conceive of man contemplating these lofty excellencies like glorious stars, shedding their pure radiance upon him from the skies, while he pursues his way without any intense yearning or striving after something beyond

It is man's inherent nature to feel an ever restless craving, a constant reaching toward vast and shadowy summits that are always before us. There is no feeling more universal, more idestructible, more truly human than this dissatisfaction. It is felt even in the purest earthly joys. Our horizon seems to rock and rise at its rim and climb the crystal wall of the skies and again to sink to ocean's depths. It has in reality remained unchanged but we ourselves rock and rise to sink again. Oneness of aim and zeal for present duty yield the highest contentment. It is happiness to see our labor well begun. There is a spiritual essence in man capable of progressive development. We have the same hopes, fears, aspirations, and endeavor for the self-same ends, and are each artists of an architectural ideal built by our imagination out of the material of impressions gathered from our associations. The power to construct ideals is one of the grandest capabilities and it is our duty to form for ourselves the noblest moral ideal. An ideal which scarcely seems to belong to the actual world, but is rather a type of the imagination, where there are glimpses, sketches, and halfdeveloped hints of a grander and more beautiful life than we can anywhere find in reality.

The aspiration after an ideal is the resultant of our thirst for happiness, truth and purity, and is the law of a noble life. With the satisfaction of physical wants, intellectual, esthetic, and ethical wants have arisen. These are strengthened by their existence as is shown in the ethical cast of the Hebrew mind, the sculptural talents of the Italians, and the musical genius of the Germans. So the possession of an ideal strengthens character.

Heredity and environment play unceasingly on our lives. By placing ourselves in contact with pure influences they react on us. Our ideals have a powerful reflexive effect on our characters; hence ideals should be formed by studying the purest and noblest characters, and imagination should not be permitted to dwell upon any form of evil. Says Dr. McCosh, "According to the cherished imagination, so will be the prevailing sentiment." There is an illusive ideal which seems beautiful to the human eye, which appeals strongly to the human heart, against which we must guard. This ideal, represented to us in all its brilliancy, attracts us perhaps from its very lack of moral severity. The perusing of unwholesome literature, leading to the formation of false ideas of life, represents one of the most demoralizing influences of the present age. "Depraved human nature worships brilliancy without goodness, rather than brilliancy with goodness." From association with glittering delusions our imagination creates an ideal picture illumined by more brilliantly tinted colors than any artist's brush has ever known. Let the can-

vass glow as it may, its depth is inadequate, and if our preceptive faculty is not perverted by wrongly developed tendencies, it will penetrate the canvass like a steel probe and disclose but a crust of paint over an emptiness. The superstructure of life should be reared in harmonious and enduring proportions on a solid foundation. Correct ideas soften and sweeten our lives. The contemplation of elevated ideals moulds the character into sweetness in subjective condition, and leads the soul to its coronation on the throne of power in every circle of its association and companionship.

Early intellectual Greeks attained culture but their ideal of manhood was faulty. Christ brought a new ideal of man into the world, and not only the ideal but also a sufficient force for the realization of that ideal. It is by natural and appropriate development that man may become gradually better. By mental energy, moral effort, evolution of character is effected. "There will always be a wide interval between practical and ideal excellence," but man is able to attain a certain perfection, which aids the progress of civilization.

All cannot possess either the genius of a Macaulay, the eloquence of a Webster, the grace of a Chesterfield, or the wealth of a Crœsus, with which to win favor ; but we are able to possess a high moral excellence, an unvariable devotion to duty, and an unwavering faith in the rectitude of our purposes. To stand among men as a majestic mountain, with its proud head in the clouds, wrapt in snow, an object of wonder and amazement to all beholders, is no more glorious than to resemble the fruitful valley, refreshed with cooling streams, and on whose bosom abounds the comforts and blessings of men.

History informs us that when Xerxes stood in the presence of an immense host of men he wept at the thought that within so few years all that immense mass of human beings would be mouldering in the earth. He probably felt that all life consisted in temporal surroundings and realized their uncertainty and utter feebleness.

Perfect character is not developed in this life. An evolution so magnificent would require a longer time. Custom and experience have assigned prices to most treasures of the world, but no effort of mind has been able to determine the worth of a great character. Great gifts are necessary conditions of great character, but the possession of the former does not always guarantee the possession of the latter, because character, in opposition to endowments, represents the fashioning of the latter into distinctive forms. They stand related as the marble block to the perfect statue hewn from it. God gives the one; man, by his thought and actions, creates the other. As the statue is the concretion of artistic thought, so a great character must be formed by the development of natural powers, by intelligent effort, implying purpose, with striving toward a great ideal, and be developed in harmony with it. "The apt parable used by the great Teacher to illustrate the historical development of the Christian system, with equal force teaches the order of human growth. 'First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear' —inception, development, maturity." Then may our ideals after which our characters are fashioned combine the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, the holiest aspirations, and the rarest artistic skill, and when our work is finished and we are calmly waiting for the curtain which divides time from eternity to be drawn aside, may we be able to gather up the broken links of the past and by a faith that has never faltered or grown dim, reunite them in that high world beyond the sun and beyond the stars.

MARY V. CLINGAN.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1864.

Rev. Adam G. King graduated at Monmouth Theological Seminary, March 21, 1867, and was engaged as pastor at West Delhi, N. Y., over twenty years—from June 18, 1868, to June 24, 1888—and since July 1, 1888, he has been engaged at Galt, Ontario. Mr. King was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Monmouth, at South Henderson, April 4, 1866. Ordained as a minister and installed as pastor of West Delhi, June 18, 1868. He received the title of A. M. June, 1891. Mr. King was married December 10, 1868, to Miss Elizabeth K. George. Five is the number of children which adorn their home in Galt.

Rev. J. M. Henderson graduated at Monmouth Theological Seminary, April, 1868, after attending two terms at Monmouth and one term at Xenia Theological Seminary. He was engaged in the Third U. P. church, Monmouth, four years and six months; Elmira, Ill., eleven years, and at Traer, Iowa, since November, 1886. Mr. Henderson was in the army from August, 1864, until September, 1865. Was assistant financial agent of Monmouth College a few months in 1872 and 1873. Mr. Henderson was married to Miss Lizzie A. Campbell Nov. 5, 1868, at Monmouth, Ill. The number of children is five.

Rev. John Junkin Francis, of the class of '65, is a Presbyterian minister, and was educated at the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., where he graduated in April, 1869. He was engaged as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Freeport from 1869 to 1879. He was at Birmingham, Pa., Presbyterian church during the years between 1879 and 1885, and the Central Presbyterian church, Cincinnati, Ohio, from 1885 until the present time, 1891. Mr. Francis was clerk of Kittanning Presbytery from 1872 to 1879; professor of Moral Science and Evidences of Christianity in the "Mountain Seminary" one year; lecturerer extraordinary on English Literature in Hanover College, Indiana, since 1888 to the present time; trustee of Oxford College, Ohio, and Scotia Seminary, Concord, North Carolina. Mr. Francis was married at Beaver, Pa., Oct. 26, 1869, to Miss Louise C. Cummins. They are parents of one son and one daughter. He is the son of Senator Francis, who resided in New Wilmington. They were living in Wilmington at the time of Rev. J. J.'s birth, and he lived here until he entered the ministry. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Western University of Pennsylvania in 1887. Mr. Francis is one of the honored few who have the opportunity of delivering the alumni orations at commencement. Not only did he deliver the alumni oration in 1871, but a double honor was thrust upon him, and in 1885 he delivered the poem which was published in the HOLCAD. Such a history as has been reported by Mr. Francis, D. D., is worthy of record, and we only regret that we cannot do it justice. Mr. Francis sends his best wishes, and hopes for Westminster's prosperity. We return our thanks in the name of Westminster, and wish him still more success and prosperity in his chosen profession, and hope he may honor Westminster by coming often to visit her and the place of his childhood.

1865.

Mr. James Watt was educated at the university of Albany, N. Y., for his chosen profession, the law. He graduated in April, 1866, and has been engaged ever since in Kenton, Ohio, dictating the law to the masses. He was cashier of a bank in Kenton, Ohio, for five years. Mr. Watt was married June 18, 1873, to Miss Ida M. Chapman. The number of their children is two. Westminster is glad to confess that she educates a vast number of ministers, but we are also glad to say an attorney at law quite frequently adds to her fame and renown.

May all the alumni remember that

Westminster's true sons and daughters are struggling hard to establish a chair in the near future. Come to their aid, and you may rest assured that your efforts will be well repaid. Westminster is climbing the ladder of prosperity, and soon will be numbered among the giant institutions. All she needs is money, and we will have it. If the alumni, or any of them, want to honor Westminster, they can do it in no better way than by financially supporting her and giving her a "boom."

COLLEGE WORLD.

—There is a new literary society among the ladies at Grove City.

—"Green, but Growing," is the motto of the Freshman class of Grove City.

—Monmouth reports that the Junior class is the only class not represented by a foot ball eleven.

—Literary student to bookseller—"I want a Chaucer." Bookseller—"We don't keep tobacco, sir."—*The Annex.*

—An examination in gymnastics is now required of undergraduates of Johns Hopkins before a degree is conferred.

—The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have abolished examinations except where the class standing is below 85 per cent.

—The Westminster boys are practicing the old time-honored, renowned game of "hare and hounds," which is a game testing the endurance and wind thoroughly.

—There is considerable excitement at the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, Tenn., over the hazing by the students of young Allen, a ministerial student who was suspected of being a spy on them.—*Times.*

—There is a poem in the *Simpsonian*, Indianalo, Ind., entitled, "Introspection," written by Miss Hattie Berry,'93, which is worthy of notice by us all. It describes "Self" as a book that "By others is read, by itself seldom known."

—In the *Hesperus* of Denver University is a song published entitled "Hurrah for Denver U," which certainly shows the enterprise of a Western college city. Come, Westminster, let us have a good college song and show Denver our musical talent.

—Washburn College is up to the times in ball, music and literary pursuits from the news we get through the *Argo.* Western colleges can talk as well as work, and often times they are more enthusiastic than Eastern. Foot ball seems still to be the rage in Illinois colleges and there is an extended account of a practice game which took place recently, but it does not give any account of its games with any other colleges.

—The *Annex* of Monmouth states that the present Senior class neglect the social more than the intellectual. They have not held a class social since the middle of last term. That would be something new for classes of Westminster. Y. M. and W. C. A. socials are the only kind we have in Westminster except the private socials held at the Ladies' Hall on Friday eve, and that is sometimes broken in upon by a musical recital.

—In an article of *The College Rambler* it is stated that "in a college town unless the college itself furnishes entertainment the average student finds few means of recreations." May this not be true in New Wilmington? Unless the students of the college do something for their own entertainment there is very little afforded by any one else. Now is it right for the citizens of a college town to sit back and not only not do anything to assist the students to good, healthful recreation but criticise every movement that is made by the student. Citizens, come forward and do something to aid the only enterprise you have in your town. Don't let the students lead the way, but lead them on to higher and nobler recreation.

—Why could not Westminster and those colleges connected with her in the Intercollegiate Association form a college lecture bureau. By acting in unison this way, better lecturers could be secured for much less money than when acting separately. The traveling expenses would not be so great, so that the first-class lecturers could afford to come to all the places near about the same time, and thereby we could secure lecturers who would not come for just one appointment. This could be arranged and constitutions and by-laws formed and placed under the management of the officers of the Oratorical Associations. This is a hint at a plan for securing the best for the least.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—"George Washington B-bean."

—Miss Carrie Byers, '90, is teaching in Wampum.

—Rev. D. M. Thorn, '64, visited his son a few weeks ago.

—Prof. Austin will sing in Erie and Pittsburg during vacation.

—Mr. McN. and Miss C. have made Cumming's big tree truly romantic.

—Prof. Sherwood will give a concert here on the 9th, assisted by Prof. Austin.

—Miss Ollie Porter, '87, has returned to college to take a post graduate course.

—D. P. Smith of the Senior class will not be in college for the remainder of this term.

—Miss Susie Foster, '91, has been elected teacher in the public school at Ellwood City.

—Rev. Dr. Dick and family recently moved into the house lately vacated by Mr. W. A. Clark.

—Miss J., looking at the eclipse of the moon: "Why that can't be the shadow of the sun."

—We hope that Mr. McW.'s spelling *angel*, "angle," will not hinder his being one of their number at some time. He will doubtless always spell his own name correctly.

—W. M. Anderson, '90, and H. C. Swearingen, 91, spent the Thanksgiving vacation in town.

—Miss McL., admiring Mr. R.'s crayon picture of a lion—"That's quite a large dog, Mr. R."

—"Mr. F., please bring that chorus book over from the 'annex,' I would like to practice a little."

—Mr. W., whose arm had been thrown off joint in playing foot ball, "Oh! I have a date for to-night."

—Mr. A. A. Graham, '91, now of Allegheny Theological Seminary, visited friends here recently.

—Mr. John Dunn, '88, spent Sabbath, Nov. 29th, with friends(?) in town. D. S. L. McNary, '90, likewise.

—W. R. Mehard, '80, of Dunlap, Ia., has secured a position as book-keeper in the new bank in New Castle.

—Quite a number of the students spent Thanksgiving vacation at home; but most of them have returned.

—Miss C. to Miss C., who is dressing her hair: "Are you done?" Miss C: "No, I am not done, but I am Dunn's girl."

—The Chrestomath society not being altogether pleased with the Krakauer piano after a trial, exchanged it for a Hardman.

—Miss D. to Mr. R., who had bantered her to bite a piece off a stick of taffy which he held in his teeth: "Oh, you won't do it fair."

—Miss B., upon hearing the answer to the conundrum, "In what kind of a ship do all lovers sail?" "Courtship is what I'm in."

—Prof. Mitchell has been in the eastern part of this State for the last week stirring up the alumni there in the interest of the college.

—The Second U. P. church, at a recent congregational meeting, extended a unanimous

call to Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, of Beaver Falls.

—Mr. R. in English literature to Miss McL.: "Were any of the angels referred to in the 'Paradise Lost' killed by the fall?" Collapse.

—Mr. William Fulton, of the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary, paid his cousin, Will H., '94, and the college a short visit recently.

—Mrs. J. L. Robertson died at her home on the 6th of Nov. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the students and the entire community.

—F. L. Juilerat, '91, who is in New Orleans doing missionary work, reports himself as highly delighted with his work and all its surroundings.

—J. M. Robertson, '88, who was called home from Princeton by his mother's illness, has since been very ill himself but is now slowly recovering.

—Miss Hattie McLaughry, '89, who is filling a position as private teacher in the family of Mrs. Shaw, of Stewart Station, was at home at Thanksgiving.

—It was certainly very considerate in Messrs. D. and McN. while calling on their lady friends to permit them to go and take a nap preparatory to another audience.

—Rev. W. M. Barr, '88, a student of the third year in the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary, preached two very pleasing sermons here on Sabbath, November 29th.

—We thought the time of great floods had passed, for we have seen the "bow" in the west. But there are a few who do not think so, it seems, for they still stick to the "ark." Be sure where the ark stops. Ask J. Y. or W. J.

—Why did Mr. G. go asleep in Anglo Saxon? Was it because that study possesses so little interest for the student, or was it because of the peculiar interest that Mr. G. had taken in something else on the previous evening?

—Mr. Huber Ferguson, '91, who has been teaching in the West Sunbury Academy, has given up his position and returned home on account of a disaffection of his eyes. Mr. W. L. Scott, '91, will fill the position vacated by Mr. Ferguson.

—Prof. M. should have Dr. F. posted to not tell faculty secrets. Recently the Doctor "let the cat out of the wallet" by telling some of the students that Prof. M. intended to go on a business trip soon, and that he would be away for some time.

—The recital given by the music pupils at the hall on the 20th was a credit to them and their teachers. These recitals are intended to be educational as well as entertaining and the appreciation of good music among the students is certainly increasing.

—The free piano and voice recital given by Prof. Austin and Miss Whissen, in the college chapel on Monday evening, November 2d, was a very enjoyable entertainment. Miss Whissen's violin solo and Prof. Austin's vocal solos elicited prolonged applause.

—We shall be considerate in the case of the young Freshman who spelled the eminent thinker's name "Bunion." He may have been perusing some chiropodist's advertisement recently in the hope of obtaining some relief for the ills of his pedal extremities.

—Recently the young ladies at the "annex" played a practical joke on Miss T. by taking the slats out of her bed. Doubtless Miss T.'s thoughts after retiring were confined to something else than the beauties of Cicero's "De Senectute" or Beethoven's fifth symphony.

—The charging of a small admission fee to Junior orations has satisfied the expectation of the most sanguine. While the receipts have been small, the main purpose of the scheme has been accomplished—that of excluding an element that always creates disturbance. No

one begrudges the small boy his fun, because he was young himself at one time, but there is both a proper and improper place for all sport.

—Miss Baxter, who lectured here recently, solicited subscriptions for the *Voice*. Dr. F., thinking that she had said it was a paper for the boys, subscribed for two copies. Huber hasn't been seen on the streets much lately. Doubtless he spends his spare moments perusing the new papers.

—Rev. Koehne, of Pittsburgh, lectured in the college chapel on Tuesday evening, Nov. 24th. His subject, "Ghosts." The lecture contains many beautiful thoughts, and is quite ethereal in places: but it might be abridged slightly without serious injury.

—Mr. R. and a young lady stood on the bridge at twilight, when the clock was striking the hour." Looking over toward 'Squire S.'s, Mr. R. mistook two coal house doors for men, and being startled he said, "Come on, there are two men looking at us." Why this "thusness?"

—Rev. Wishart, a student of the third year in the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary, preached two very instructive and entertaining sermons on Sabbath, Nov. 22; one in the morning in the Second U. P. church, and the other in the evening in the college chapel.

—The members of the P. L. S. expect to conduct a Mott trial some time in the near future, for which invitations will be issued. Recently Mr. R. informed Miss C. of the intended trial, and she promptly said, "All right; I'll go." The management extend their sincere thanks for her hearty approval of the project, since it will give them increased prestige.

—Dr. F., talking to the senior class upon the freshness of memory: "You know what happened in chapel this morning, and you know what happened yesterday morning." Of course he did not know himself what had happened, because he had been absent. Imagine his feelings when he learned that the leader of the singing had failed both mornings.

—Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, gave the first lecture of the course in the college chapel on Monday evening, November 9th. His subject was "Watchwords of Current Reform." While the discourse was highly interesting, and contained much subtle reasoning, which is so characteristic of the great thinker, yet it was slightly sophistical in many instances. His remedy for certain social ills seemed rather impracticable.

—The Philomath Literary Society, through the kindness of Mr. Russell, have purchased some fine lighting apparatus for their hall from the wholesale firm of Craighead & Kintz Co., Ballardvale, Mass. It consists of a ruby hall lamp, finished in Turkish style; a double tabled Mexican onyx piano lamp, with a lace shade, and a chandelier finished in ebony and gold, with eighteen electric burners and cut glass globes.

—A young gentleman to Mr. T.,'91, in the criminal court room at Pittsburgh—"Who is that man sitting over there near that table?" Mr. T.—"That is the defendant in this case." Young gentleman—"Oh! I think that you are mistaken." Mr. T.—"I'm very sure that I'm not." Attorney Robb, who has been called to settle the dispute—"That is Attorney Nevin." Attorney Nevin receives congratulations from the different members of the bar.

EXCHANGES.

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, can hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;
All things give way before it, soon or late.

The *Aurora* comes from the Sunny South, bringing with it a pleasant greeting. At the head of its editorial staff appear the names of Profs. Will J. Shields and Melissa M. Mc-

Bride, both of whom have many friends here, who unite with the HOLCAD in wishing them signal success in their good work.

The negro and Japanese are now to be found among the front ranks of college students, the one having been class orator at Harvard last year, the other acting in the same capacity this year.

"Non paratus, prepie dixit" and companions, have been doing noble work in the field of the college paper and deserve to be relieved from their responsible position of "occupying space." Were we not afraid of being accused of using slang, we would say emphatically, "Give them a rest."

How fondly some students seem to cling to the antiquated idea that one cannot rise above his surroundings. If fortune does not lavish upon him her most benign smiles, he fancies, if indeed he gives the matter a moment's thought, that were there ever a tide in his affairs, he has failed to improve the golden opportunity now gone forever. Such an one yields himself the willing slave of circumstances and is contented to be but a clog to the machinery of the little sphere in which he is found. The student of to-day, with the increased facilities for learning, should fix for himself a high standard of mental and moral culture, and impelled by noble aspirations, to make his life the most possible for himself and others; he should stem the current of opposition and by the full co-operation of mind and muscle determine what his circumstances shall be. Instead of giving away to the resistance, let this same be the very means by which promotion may be secured, for "only by overcoming the resistance of circumstances can we develope and progress."

Oberlin college rejoices in an endowment of $91,618. Mr. Spooner, by whom the college has been so kindly remembered, was a Bostonian and an unflinching abolitionist. Oberlin, by strict adherence to principles and by "the noble words and self sacrificing deeds of its leaders," so recommended itself to the gentleman that he constituted it one of the heirs of his vast estate. However unpopular a principle may be, loyalty to principle must always command the respect of right thinking people, while failure to live up to one's principles is removed but a step from an utter lack in this direction. Although Oberlin is rather the exception in reference to reward, there is still encouragement for others. As this college has taken its stand so bravely in the past may it ever continue on the side of right and be re-enforced by the many schools of learning all over our land. No more important questions could engage the attention of teachers or students than those now unavoidably before the public for its decision. Westminster extends to Oberlin and Kansas State University, an equal sharer, most hearty congratulations. We do not say that we envy you, but cannot help entertaining the hope that this act of Mr. Spooner may serve as a strong suggestion to some of our loyal friends.

—One of the queer things of life is that the busy man and the man with nothing to do are always envious of each other.—*Exchange.*

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SHERWOOD'S RECITAL.

The recital given in the college chapel on the evening of December 9th, by Prof. Wm. H. Sherwood, assisted by Prof. T. M. Austin, was one of the grandest affairs of the season. Prof. Sherwood is a master of music, and all lovers of this art who failed to hear him certainly missed a rare treat.

JUNIOR ORATIONS.

The series of Junior orations is completed. We have before commented on them, and we would say of the last performances that they are as good as the first. It will be hard for the faculty to make choice of part of the contestants. We know you feel relieved. We think the public has been benefited by these performances, and so have you, members of the class of '93, although you may not be conscious of it now. We congratulate you on your success.

"THE YANKEE IN JAPAN."

"The Yankee in Japan" was the subject of the lecture given in the college chapel Dec. 15, by Rev. S. Frazier, of Youngstown, Ohio. His lecture was descriptive partly of the country, but especially of the character and customs of the Japanese people, showing the rapid progress in civilization under the influence of the "Yankee," and presenting a bright outlook for Japan. At the suggestions of friends, he said, who wanted to hear something of Japan, his aim was to give a *talk* on Japan. This talk contained many interesting facts, but as with many of our lecturers a few rough jokes might far better have been left out.

THE CLOSE OF THE TERM.

The term is rapidly drawing to a close, and the last few days are the most interesting of all to come. This causes us to reflect, what has been accomplished during these fifteen weeks. Some are gaining much knowledge and putting this into use, others have spent much of their time in idleness. But we think that there has been a decided gain. Many things have thrust themselves upon us thus taking the time we might have spent in study or reading. The old will soon be past, and much will be forgotten; the new even now

shows to us the bright outlook for our college, presenting high ideals of what is to be accomplished by next term's work. Now we hear the much repeated expression, "When are you going home?" We hope you will have a pleasant vacation, and be ready for more work. We wish you one and all a "merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

For some time we have been reading reports in the various papers of trouble between the Philo and Adelphic Literary Societies of Westminster College. Therefore as we are supposed to notice college matters we shall make a plain statement of facts. About three weeks ago the Adelphic society preferred the charge before the Philo society, that the debater of the Philo society in the annual literary contest last June had made a criminal use of a debate given by J. Logan Marquis, of Chicago, in 1885 at Washington and Jefferson college, on the question, "Should the public observance of the Sabbath be enforced by civil law." A committee of the Adelphic society, obtaining the privileges of the floor in the Philo society, read the two debates in question and demanded that if on investigation the Philo society found it as the Adelphic society had, the four points given to the Philo debater at the last contest be restored. Since then negotiations have been going on between the two societies, but no definite conclusions have yet been reached. The Philos rejected the proposition made by the Adelphics that the matter be submitted to three impartial and unknown judges selected by the faculty, who should render a decision upon the two debates. Then the faculty sent a communication to each society suggesting that three judges be chosen by the societies, before whom the Adelphic society would have the right to prove the charge and the Philo society could defend its debater. To this the Adelphic acceeded. But the Philo society notified the Adelphic society that they had deferred action, and appointed a committee to give the faculty reasons for such delay, upon which the Adelphic society withdrew its challenge to the Philo society to a literary contest next June, until the question at issue has been settled.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Prospects for next term are good.

—The music students this term number eighty-five.

—The music department stands in great need of enlarged and better facilities.

—The term about to close has been by far the largest in the history of the department.

—Prof. Austin and Miss Whissen are both teaching extra time, and still Miss Mary Ferguson has been helping.

—The graduates are hard at work getting ready for their graduating recitals, which will come off in the spring term.

—Miss Whissen was compelled to give up teaching for a few days on account of a very severe case of sore throat. Her place was supplied by Miss Ferguson.

—Prof. Austin gives a song recital in Erie on December 28th, and also at Pittsburgh December 30th, in connection with the State Music Teachers' Association.

—Mr. Sherwood's recital was a brilliant success from an artistic if not from a financial standpoint. It was undoubtedly one the finest entertainments ever in the town.

—The recitals this term have been well attended, testing the seating capacity of the music rooms to their utmost, and still many were kept from coming who desired to do so. The interest in the effort to learn to appreciate better music was well marked, and the order has been exceptionally good.

THE MISSION OF THE STUDENT.

Education should be the chief object of the human mind. It enlarges and exalts his whole being. It is the work of the educated mind that has transformed the chaotic barbarism of primeval America into the enlightened nation of to-day. Is the student to store his mind with truth only for himself? No, man is a social being and lives not to himself. Upon the men of learning rests the great future of our nation. Questions of vital importance are being discussed and decisions rendered. But it falls to the lot of the mature student to render such judgments as shall be requisite from time to time. Let the student be conscious of his calling. The soil of nature has commanded him to investigate her hidden resources and discover her laws. The Creator of man has directed him to enlighten the world.

It is in the light of such facts as these that we must regard the life that is given to each of us. It is indeed a sacred burden. It is no light and easy thing so to live as to reach the end for which we were called and redeemed. Life is no mere play. Every moment of it is intensely real and charged with eternal responsibility, for we find a wondrous network of attachments binding our little fragments of being to the great web of life around us. There are a thousand relationships—with home, with church, with country, with society, with truth, with humanity, with duty—which link us to our fellowmen, and every one of these relationships implies responsibility.

Some spend their lives in looking forward to some great deed which they may do for their fellowmen. It is far more noble to improve each hour in cultivating the mind, and attuning it to the glory of the Creator. For this end it matters not whether we spend our time in study or toil, the thoughts of the mind should go out and reach after the higher good.

"If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us all there will come an hour
When the tree of life shall burst into flower,
And rain at our feet the glorious dower
Of something grander than ever we knew."

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intend and design it, or not. He may be a blot, carrying his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world—but a blank he cannot be. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings or harvests of sorrow.

Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be for good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the influence walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

As the mountain peak towers above all surrounding objects in beauty, magnitude and strength, so we find men among nations distinguished for their stirring eloquence, convincing argument and keen insight into the public welfare. These qualities founded on a solid basis of character go to make up the ideal statesman. Our land has many such men. Their policy has ever been progressive, wise and truly American. Their plans for increasing trade and management of public affairs are recent evidences of their ability. Such men are statesmen, not only in name but in fact. Whether such men are ever called to the highest places in the public gift or not, their trained powers may be counted on as certain to be used for the public good. The generous impulses, the warmest sympathies, the best products of the minds of such men are always at the service of their country.

Life may seem a failure here, but processes are not important, it is results we want. If a a tree grow into majesty and strength, it matters not whether it be in the deep vale or on the cold peak, whether it is nurtured by calm or storm. It is a fearful thing to take a facul-

ty given wherewith to bless the world, and use it in such a way as to leave blight instead of blessing. But it is also a fearful thing to fold up the talent and hide it away. It is the blighting of our own hope of glory, the throwing away of our own crown. To the student's care has been given a richer jewel than ever reflected the sunlight. It is his duty to guard and care for it, to carry it over the world till every eye shall catch its sparkle and see its worth. The Light of the World first shown out on Bethlehem's plain. The chosen seed dispersed its gentle rays of love and life and peace. In the wisdom of the omniscient God this Star of Hope fled away from the land of promise and after a long night of darkness and the dawn of promised day arose again in the new world. Wherever the English tongue is heard, wherever the American banner waves, there "man is free to act, to speak, to pray." The nations of the Orient, weary of the bondage of traditionary creeds, old superstitions and empty forms are forsaking the heathen gods and their worship. Shall these millions be left to wander and perish, to say "There is no God," or shall the student bear to them the "Bread of Life."

When the time shall come when all the oppressed and down-trodden have been lifted up, when the world is united by the law of love, when "the kingdoms of this world shall have become" the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," then, and not till then, shall end the mission of the student.

M. J. M.

THE PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.

The life of the individual is characteristic of the life of the nation. As in the character of every man there is some dominant idea or purpose embodied in his acts, of which the whole course of his life is the outward manifestation; so in every nation there is a leading idea characterizing each period of that nation's life. This dominant idea Emerson calls "the oversoul," that which is in all men, but better and higher than any man. It has appeared in one epoch as freedom, in another as art, in another as literature and gift of expression; and if we seek its manifestation to-day, we shall find it in the social and industrial agitations of the world. It is not alone in our own country that this movement is assuming formidable proportions. The fact that a short time ago the coal miners of Pennsylvania, the dock laborers of London and the artisans of Germany were all on a strike at the same time, shows that this agitation and dissatisfaction with the existing state of things is wide spread and intense, and may we not say that the safety of our republican institutions is seriously menaced by the present condition of affairs.

One of the most serious phases of the present social condition is connected with foreign immigration. The need of some more effectual check to the tide of foreigners which is pouring into this country has long been apparent, but Americans, moved more by sentimentality than true wisdom, have strenuously opposed every measure restricting foreign immigration. Against the honest, industrious foreigners who come here in sympathy with our free institutions, with the intention of permanently making this their home, nothing can be said. They are welcome to America and to American soil. May they continue to come, free as the winds of heaven that waft their vessels to our shores.

But there is another and unfortunately much more numerous class, composed of the ignorant, the low and the vicious. They come here hoping to live without work or are victimized by the glib tongue of some contracting agent. Totally out of sympathy with our free institutions, they think that here they will find full liberty to propagate those schemes of anarchy, the avowal of which would bring punishment at home. Against these we should guard ourselves as against a

loathsome disease, for they bring with them that social and moral contamination whose insidious, yet fatal attack is most to be dreaded. Already they have left the marks of their unclean touch on the institutious we hold most sacred and are threatening all purity, all honesty and all faith. Against them we should lock and bar our national gates so as effectually to prevent their landing on our shores. But our greatest danger comes not from without, but from within, and is menacing the national life at its very heart. This danger lies in the concentration of the nation's wealth.

The strength of a republic lies neither in the highest nor in the lowest but in the great middle class; the independent property holders whose interests through their possessions are indissolubly linked with those of the general government. These were the men who formed that glorious citizen soldiery, upon which the eyes of the world were fixed during the four bloody years of the rebellion as they battled for the preservation and unity of their country. And when finally their efforts were crowned with success and victory perched upon their banners, rent and stained on many a bloody field, only such men as they were could have laid down their arms and dispersed quietly to their homes, treating the vanquished with that respect and consideration due to brave men who had fought for what they deemed their honest rights. They defeated rebellion by force of arms; they subdued it by frank forgiveness and brotherly forbearance. In this sturdy mediocrity lies America's true strength. Yet statistics show that year by year the percentage of those who own their own homes is steadily decreasing and that our national wealth is becoming more and more centered in the hands of the few. It is a startling fact that to-day twenty-five thousand people actually own one-half the wealth of the United States. Year by year the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer and the gulf that separates them is growing wider and deeper.

Dives is clothed in fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, while not one, but a thousand beggars lie at his gate in poverty, hunger and wretchedness. A wave of righteous indignation has lately swept over our land roused by the story of Russia's convict system; that system which dooms its hapless victims to a lingering death in the mines of Siberia. But to-night the same stars which look down on the wretched convicts in Siberia's dreary waste, look down on misery just as intense all over the land we call free America. They look down on homes where the debt and the mortgage are drop by drop wringing the life blood from the despairing hearts of fathers and mothers, as they see their home slowly yet surely slipping from their grasp; that home dear to them through the memories of joy and sorrow which cluster round it, as well as through that home instinct which God has implanted in the heart of every creature. Their cold beams fall to-night upon the homeless thousands of our great cities where the light shines through the plate glass windows of the rich, out upon the freezing, starving wanderers of the street, to whom day brings no hope and night no repose, to whom—

> Life is naught but labor,
> And only death is rest.

But this state of affairs will not continue. People are beginning to ask themselves by what divine right one million people compel sixty millions of their fellow creatures to toil and hunger, sin and die, that they may rest at night on beds of down, and pluck life's roses but never feel their thorns. Americans are waking and are breaking the bands that have so long bound them to the chariot wheels of wealth. True to a universal law of man's nature, they have swung from one extreme to the other, and from setting too high a value on the rights of the individual as a property holder, our more radical reformers

are clamoring for federation of labor and capital and governmental control of all property. This idea seems to be growing in the public mind. Twenty-five years ago Edward Bellamy's book would have found few readers and fewer converts, but to-day it is read by hundreds of thousands and the socialistic ideas it advances are eagerly grasped by many. Dazzled by the brightness of the ideal condition of things he has painted, his converts lose sight of the practical difficulties which lie in the way, and of the radical change which must take place in human nature before his dream could be realized. More moderate reformers content themselves with demanding equal and direct taxation; a demand so in accord with every principle of right and justice that we can only wonder that the need for it should have risen, and that the free American people should ever have submitted to such a system of taxation as we have to-day. But Bellamy's scheme is like the glittering rainbow, bright but unattainable, and direct taxation would afford only temporary and partial relief.

In all plans for reform there is one important principle which must not be forgotten, as it underlies all true progress and every lasting reform. It is this, "No stream can rise higher than its source." The laws both of state and society are simply outgrowths and manifestations of the common mind. It is as impossible for an ignorant, degraded people to make progress along national or social lines as it is for an enlightened, intelligent people to be long held back. If we would establish lasting reforms, then we must educate the people, develop the public mind, educate the heart as well as the head, allow no selfish or sordid parent to deprive his children of the benefits of that education which is necessary to make them good and loyal citizens, teach the people their power, yet teach them to use it with moderation. Fit each citizen to perform his duty to his God, his country and himself. Do this and we will need no national or social reform agitations, for the laws both of state and society will naturally rise to the level of the intelligence of the community.

When the school and the church shall stand side by side in every hamlet, fitting man alike for time and for eternity; when the two bright angels, Education and Religion, shall knock at the portal of every home and never knock in vain; then Capital and Labor, those two great forces which have stood arrayed against each other for so long, will unite, and by their union achieve the first great victory in the new era of progress. Then will America write in the golden letters of peace the solution of this great social problem. Then will she lead the mighty procession of the nations onward and upward along the heights of human progress, until the world shall be fitted for the rule of him who cometh to reign a thousand years. And a future people, standing on those heights rosy with the first flush of the millenial dawn, and looking back along the path which humanity has trod, will write above the ruins of our present social system, "A step by which we have risen." JOHN W. GEALEY.

FALLING KINGS.

"Every hour,
The thrones of Ignorance and Ancient Night
Lose somewhat of their long usurped power,
And Freedom's lightest word can make them shiver,
With a base dread that clings to their power.

The reign of these two kings has been long and powerful. Their rule was firmly established even in the antediluvian age. And farther on, the forces of Ignorance were used for the dispersion of mankind from Babel. In the dark ages their power was unquestioned, and now the great problem is, "How shall we educate the masses." "Ignorance is the curse of God." The great despot enslaves all "from the least to the greatest," "from the cradle to the grave." And superstition is next in power. Ignorance seeks to rob a man of

pleasure and profit, superstition offers in their stead false substitutes which crumble in the hand. Ignorance blinds a man; superstition presents to him the hollow, fantastic, horrible pictures of imagination; ignorance confines him in a sphere by himself; superstition torments him with false hopes and fears till the wretched slave is ready to fling himself under the grinding wheels of Juggernaut, or to bow down in desperation to the workmanship of his own hands. Man is a religious being. If there is no religion revealed to him, he will make one. Here as usual ignorance is foremost. Superstition teaches the savage that intelligent brutes are inhabited by spirits, and that the ordinary processes of nature are the results of direct supernatural agency. Ignorance enslaved all; superstition misled all. Superstition taught the Romans the mistaken doctrine of augury; he taught the Egyptians to worship beasts, he taught the people of Salem, Mass., that old and decrepit women were the direct agents of Satan. And so great is his power to-day that the ignorant farmer must consult the moon before he can even entrust his seed to the ground. But this double reign has not been uncontested. Ignorance of giant form, and bold defiant eye, with shaggy locks and beetling brow sits established king of all. What power can shake these mighty walls or scale these turrets high? His dungeons all with slaves are filled, and none may say him, nay. But hark! Above the noise and bustle of this fiendish court an unaccustomed sound is heard. Low and sweet at first it yet bids silence, but now louder, and still louder, and still sweet. The brow of Ignorance begins to darken. Louder the music grows, and darker still his brow. The music shakes the walls, and fear shakes Ignorance. The mighty stones begin to fall. And Ignorance? Yes, Ignorance knows the truth. His much feared enemy but prisoner, Tubal Cain, has discovered the harmony of sounds, and injuries have been done which the forces of Ignorance can never fully repair. Buth tis is not all. The mighty walls have time and again been assailed; first on this side, and then on that. Instruments of all kinds have been used. Archimides, Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates, struck mighty blows with their hard steel tools, and became the fathers of philosophy. The huge stones crumbled and fell before the iron sledge of Euclid. Homer, of the silver pick, is the acknowledged father of poetry. Bacon and Locke have their names deeply cut, side by side, with those of Christopher Columbus and the Cabots. And in our own day the spirit of organization is sweeping like a whirlwind throughout the earth, and organization is the mightiest battering ram available to man; thousands of time and labor saving inventions are now in the market; explorers are penetrating into the very bowels of the earth; Schlieman has excavated the site of ancient Troy and so established the authenticity of the Iliad. Missionaries are sent out, schools are established, and education is seen to be the solution of all the vexed questions of the day. The shriek of the locomotive is heard in the ancient land of Palestine, and all are combining into one mighty army which shall eventually trample out every vestige of ignorance and superstition from the face of the earth.

MONT M. BROWN.

A NEW ERA.

The history of the ages past presents to the human mind the scenes of a vast and mighty drama. The curtain rises on all the grandeur and beauty of Paradise; and amid the celestial bowers "Is man, the noblest gift of God." Then from those regions of happiness sublime the scene changes, as sadly he starts out on that stupendous voyage, extending down through all the ages. The opening scene, how grand and harmonious! But alas! how changed the scenes that quickly follow, as man moves out upon the stage of action!

Scarce were Eden's bowers left behind, when human strife was known for the first time on earth. The brother's blood that flowed that day, was the beginning of a mighty stream that was destined to widen with the lapse of time until it had enveloped the whole earth with its crimson tide, bearing down beneath its wave all that was held dear and sacred by man, and hurling into oblivion the mightiest nations of the earth. Even the earliest dawn of history was written in characters of blood, and through all the centuries that have rolled away, the god of war has received the homage of both rich and poor, the humble peasant and the king upon the throne. The first tribes and nations came into existence with the principle of hatred as their chief corner stone; and this legacy of hate was handed down to each succeeding generation, until it became a ruling element in the fabric of mankind, overpowering the nobler principles in man, and urging him on to deeds of violence and blood, until it had turned the whole world into one fearful battlefield. Nations hurl their forces against nations until the rivers run crimson to the sea; on the battlefield are suffering and death; in the besieged city, famine and disease are added to all the horrors of war; and on the broad expanse of ocean the forces meet in deadly conflict, and no monument marks the lonely spot where men go down to a watery grave. Through such scenes of misery and death the human race moved forward.

Nations sprung into existence that soon became the centers of literature and art and the more refined occupations of man; but the seas of blood in which they plunged have cast them as barren wrecks on the shores of time. The war clouds deepen, and over all humanity they hang like a death imparting spectre of the night.

But hark! What sound is that which breaks upon the stillness of the midnight air? It is the voice of angels, wafted from heaven's gates, as they sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." And in the silent watches of that night the Prince of Peace, from heaven to earth descended,—to earth with all its scenes of strife and war. But the world had been too long bathed in blood to listen to his words, and the voice of peace was hushed to silence on the cross. The scenes of strife grew yet more terrific with each succeeding century, and a deeper darkness closes in upon the earth.

But at last a light begins to break upon the scene; a light that is the blessed harbinger of the dawn of a new era; one by one the ruling nations cease from their warfare, and the cannon's roar gives place to more peaceful sounds. And as the clouds of war roll away the light of civilization pours in upon mankind; Christianity, with ever increasing power, moves down through the ages, driving out the demon of war forever from the habitation of man. Not since the dawn of creation has there been a period of peace so harmonious as now blesses the civilized nations of the earth. Where war once reigned reason now sits enthroned, and with a power majestic rules the world. The heavy armor has changed to the garb of peace, and the nations, with a clearer eye and a broader view, shun the shoals of war, and steer for the quiet harbor of peace; and the wheels of progress move forward as they have never done before, bearing the human race on toward its high and noble destiny.

O, peace! shed thy holy lustre over all the earth; to the depths of every continent, and even to the farthest island that sleeps upon the bosom of the sea. Let every nation seek to establish peace, and let the individual of every clime recognize the common brotherhood of man. Let the bugles "sound truce," and let the King of Peace come in. For in regions of peace are victories to be won greater than were ever gained on fields of blood. History reveals no nobler character than he who met the savages of the forest with no de-

fense but his deeds of kindness. Yet not all the fierceness of those savage tribes could break down that barrier of love that radiated like a halo of light from the noble soul of William Penn. And when the wealth now expended in the preparation for war is used for the moral elevation of the race, around the temple of liberty will be raised embattlements as high and lofty as heaven itself and as lasting as eternity.

Hasten then the disarming of the nations, and ring in a glorious era of peace. Then "will the wilderness be glad, and the desert blossom as the rose." And man, by the cultivation of the kindlier virtues of life, will form for himself an abode, more pleasant than the garden of Hesperides, where continual jocund spring shall reign, and where all the joys of Eden will swell up like a river in the soul. And through this Paradise regained the nations of the earth will move on in a triumphal march, to a yet fairer eternity beyond.

J. S. Cotton.

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

The following is a letter from Rev. T. W. Houston, who left this college in 1880, having completed the studies of the Freshman year. He has since graduated at the McCormick Theological Seminary, and last year sailed for China, having been assigned to mission work in that far off land. His letter will give the reader a fair understanding of the political disturbances recently reported from that country:

Shanghai, Oct 5, 1891.

Time, with never ending stream, rolls on here as well as with you. We are still occupied principally with getting accustomed to our new environments. Nothing new has developed in regard to the political situation. Everything is uncertain. There have been no late outbreaks, but incendiary publications are being circulated and warning proclamations are occasionally posted by secret hands. Chinese and foreigners are mutually suspicious of each other and the Chinese generally among themselves. Dr. Farnham says that the time is coming now when our faith will be tested. Our reliance must be on higher power than that of man. To all appearances we are perfectly free from any disturbance here in Shanghai as long as things remain as they are. It is impossible to foretell the final outcome. A general revolution may be impending. This is the opinion of a majority of those I have heard speak of the situation. They say that although these troubles may close and quiet apparently ensue, sooner or later the issue must be fought out. The old feeling of exclusiveness which would deny the foreigner any ingress at all, is still strong in the minds of the mandarins and they stir up the common people to these violent acts by rumors and anti-foreign documents. They foresee a loss to themselves of that supremacy which they have always enjoyed in the past. I am convinced that the government, if it could, would drive every foreigner from its shores and shut the door against them, except their trading vessels. Its claim and belief, up to 1840, were that it was the heaven appointed supreme power of the earth; that whatever other kingdoms existed ought to acknowledge its supremacy and pay tribute. Any that did not were rebels. This was accepted by the people. When the English army overthrew the Chinese army and carried city after city and finally dictated peace on its own terms, this claim was denied and the government humbled to something of its true place in the scale of nations. While I do not believe that the causus belli was a righteous one and deplore the moral and practical effects of it as far as the opium trade was concerned, yet on account of a lack of any just internal administration and on account of her arrogant assumption toward outsiders and unjust treatment of them, China deserved all that she got and the treaty was in the main a fair one and

has resulted in good for the nation. But the amelioration and uplifting of the common people comes very slowly. To-day the government does nothing to better the condition of the people. Its revenues are derived from two main sources. At the nine treaty ports, customs, levied according to treaty stipulations, are collected by foreign officials and forwarded.

Then for each of the eighteen provinces and for Mongolia, Manchunia, Zungaria, Eastern Turkestan and Thibet, a governor general is appointed. In his own province each is practically supreme. For this province I am informed that the governor general paid 18,000 or 20,000 taels (a tael is $1.36) for a three years' appointment. As near as I can ascertain he pays an annual sum to the government. He collects this and as much more as possible and pockets the balance. There is a land tax collected of a certain amount, from $1.50 to $30 per acre, and after this there are squeezers on everything. He farms out different articles to different men. You know the result of this system. Men may be cast into prison on any trumped up charge. There is no such thing as a habeas corpus process and he may lie there at the will of the authorities, generally until he dies or buys his freedom. At the end of three years a new governor is likely to be appointed and a new set of leeches to be applied to the district. You can imagine how much justice there is likely to be under such a system and how much each set of officers would care for the improvement of the land or people. If they can fill their own pockets during their term of office what matters it to them what comes in the future? You can imagine also the effect on the morals of the people. They see no justice or honesty in those above them. Deceit and bribery are their only defence against their own officials. The main desire of a Chinaman is the government shall never know he exists. He would thereby escape its exactions. If arrested under accusation he is tortured until he confesses and pays the penalty or buys off. No witnesses are ever brought in. One instance of the effect of their laws: A man of good family was converted to Christianity, and after some years of training was licensed to preach and placed over a native congregation. Evil minded persons circulated the charge that his ancestors had violated the graves of some persons and process was issued for his arrest on this charge. This is a capital offence in the eyes of Chinese laws. What defence could he bring against such a charge? He himself knew not whether it was true or not. The magistrate was a heathen in league with his enemies. Nothing but flight could save him. Dr. Farnham hid him for a time, then he escaped to Burmah, where he has lived, an exile, but doing good work as a missionary.

Books tell us that education prevails in China and that official position is obtained by passing civil service examinations. In the first place the education is a very limited one. The Chinese classics purport to be the (proverb-like in form) sayings of men who lived from 2,000 to 3,000 years ago, chiefly Confucius and Mencius. I have been reading some in English. As I have found them, half of them have no meaning to-day. Perhaps one-fourth inculcates ancestral worship and reverence for old customs, and one-fourth are good moral precepts and sayings worthy to be preserved. Committing these to memory and a parrot-like recital of them constitutes the principal curriculum of the schools. Reading, writing and a business knowledge of arithmetic completes the course of ninety-nine per cent. of the literati. In the second place few, proportionately, have this much—say one-fifth of the boys. Girls are not educated, as a rule. In the third place, the literary class is composed of several degrees, entered one after the other, in the course of

several years, which may be conferred as a result of the examination and are often obtained by bribery or official preference. In the fourth place there are many more literati, so called, than official positions. You can imagine how the officials are selected from among them in such a government. Is it any wonder the people are dissatisfied, that there are uprisings here and riots there? Is it any wonder that the officials are jealous of teachings which directly contravene their practices and whose spread would necessarily take away from them their means of profit? The picture is dark indeed, yet not so dark as the idolatry and spiritual darkness into which they are plunged. The regeneration and uplifting of the individual must precede the cleansing of the nation, and this is the work to which we stand committed.

T. W. Houston.

ART NOTES.

—In this work, as in any other, talent is a valuable aid, but without an active imagination and patient, persistent toil, it will not insure success.

—This is one of the most important as well as most successful departments connected with the college work. The advancement made within a comparatively short time speaks much for the instructor, not only as regards her knowledge of art itself, but also her ability to impart this knowledge to others and to awaken enthusiasm among her pupils.

—The perfect picture is not the result alone of a harmonious blending of colors and a correct arrangement of lights and shadows. These might better be termed the means to the end. The perfect picture is rather the expression on canvass of the image formed in the soul of the artist first, and which, thus transferred, arouses the interest of the observer and appeals to his emotional nature.

TWO RECITALS.

The following is the program of the piano recital by Wm. H. Sherwood assisted by T. M. Austin, tenor, in the college chapel, Wednesday evening, December 9, 1891:

Beethoven.....“Moonlight Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2
Schumann.... { Intermezzo, Op. 39, No. 2.
{ The Voice of the Woods, Op. 39, No. 3
Schubert.....Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142. No. 3
Chopin.....Ballade in A flat, Op. 47
Chopin.....Waltz in A flat, Op. 42
Wagner.....March from Tannhauser, (arr. by Liszt)
Lowe.....Der Nock, (The Water Nymph)
Wm. H. Sherwood..... { Exhilaration, Op. 14, No. 3
{ Said She, Op. 14, No. 4.
Joachim Raff..... { March from Suite, Op. 91.
{ Cavatina, from Suite, Op. 91
Gounod.....Waltz from Faust, (arr. by Liszt)

THE PUPILS' RECITAL.

Beethoven.....Sonata in C, op. 2, No. 3, Allegro
Miss May McCreary.
Hope Temple.....My Lady's Bower
Miss Patterson.
Bach.....Gavotte, Sarabande, Bouree
Miss Gertie Clark.
Franz.....Dedication
Meyer-Helmund.....The Daily Question
Miss Mary Shannon.
Wallace.....We are Wandering o'er the Mountains
Misses Laughlin and Comin.
Wollenhaupt..... Polka, “La Gazelle”
Misses Adams and Maxwell.
Tosti.....La Serenata
Miss Belle Comin.
Moscheles.....Concert Etude in E
Banfi.....Waltz
Miss May Chapin.
Tours.....Gate of Heaven
Mr. W. A. Jackson.
Schubert.....Andante from unfinished symphony
Miss Whissen and Prof. Austin.

—Rev. Paislee, a student of the third year in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, preached in the Second U. P. church in the morning and in the college chapel in the evening of December 6th.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Mr. P. is now the proud possessor of a jews-harp.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88, visited friends in town a few weeks ago.

—Dr. F. to Mr. R.,—"I don't catch on to what you said very rapidly."

—Rev. G. H. Getty,'81, of New Kingston, N. Y., spent a few days in town recently.

—Miss Agnes Dickson, of the Junior class, has been obliged to return home on account of ill health.

—Rev. James Dodds, '68, of Kane, visited his son Andrew, of the third preparatory class, a short time ago.

—Rev. E. M. McElree,'68, of Beaver Falls, has handed in his resignation as pastor of the church in that place.

—It is rumored that an alumnus of Westminster will shortly return to New Wilmington and carry off an alumna.

—R. K. Aiken, Esq., of New Castle, a former editor-in-chief of this paper, spent Sabbath, Dec. 13, with friends in town.

—Mr. John Maxwell, of Millersburg, Ohio, and an alumnus of Monmouth college, visited his sister, Miss Mary, for a few days at the beginning of the month.

—Mr. McM. to Prof. E. P. Thompson—"Where can I get some silver salt?" Prof. T.—"There is some nitrate." Mr. McM.—"No, I want some salt."

—Miss Lizzie Chamberlain and Miss Agnes Dickson have both been compelled to go home on account of sickness. We hope that they may speedily recover.

—Miss R. to Mr. S. at the orations, "There Miss M. has her muff and if you had let me bring mine as I wanted to my hand would not have got cold."

—Dr. Ferguson, (to the Seniors in mental science)—"I hope that the reason that you put all the blinds down isn't because you love darkness rather than light."

—Mr. E. C. Little,'91, the preceding editor-in-chief of this staff, now of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, spent Sabbath, Dec. 13th, with his sisters, Ida and Annetta.

—Prof. T. M. Austin will sing a solo at one of the concerts to be given by the Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association in Carnegie Hall, Allegheny on Dec. 28–31.

—Mr. M. was entertaining some friends with stories of his summer fishing. "Why I got one, anyway, on the hook that weighed at least eight pounds, but could not draw it out of the water." "Well," asked some one, "how did you know how much it weighed." "Why," answered Mr. M., "it had scales on it."

—Dr. J. K. McClurkin, of Shadyside, formerly professor of Greek in this college and president for one year, preached in the Second church on Sabbath morning and evening, Dec. 13. His discourse in the evening was designed especially for the benefit of the Y. L. M. S. Seldom has it been our privilege to listen to such an inspiring sermon upon the subject of missions. His host of friends were delighted to meet and hear him once more.

—The piano recital given by Wm. H. Sherwood, director of the piano department in the Chicago Conservatory of Music, on Wednesday evening, December 9th, gave evidence that Prof. Sherwood is fully worthy of the great reputation that he has acquired. Suffice it to say that he is a musical wonder. Prof. Sherwood was assisted by Prof. T. M. Austin, tenor, and Miss Whissen, accompanist. Prof. Austin's rendition of "Der Nock" (The Water Nymph), was heartily applauded. Surely, when our genial and enterprising professor gives so much of his valuable time to

the cultivation of a more refined taste in music, we should show our appreciation of his efforts by a more liberal patronage, so that he would not have to bear any of the expense himself, as he did in this instance.

—The Juniors this year, thinking that they had eclipsed all former classes in the way of music and programs, determined also to have the class yell painted on black muslin with red paint, thereby combining their class colors. This was done and the yell was stretched across the wall above the stage for two evenings during Junior orations. Their Sophomore brethern thinking them a little presumptuous, determined to "fake" the banner. They did so one morning, and on the next morning the Sophomores appeared in chapel with neck-ties made of the Junior's banner. They had also cut the part on which "93" was written off the banner and one of their men was carrying it on a Sophomore cane. The Juniors treated the joke with apparent indifference; nevertheless two of their number were "making hay" all the time. They went to the room of Mr. W. who had the cane and banner and took them while he was out. On the next evening of orations, the cane and banner were hung over the stage amid ominous threats from the Sophomores; but the Juniors "held the fort" and are now in possession of the Sophomore cane with a "93" banner on it. Rah hoo, Rah hoo, Rip, Rah Ree, Rah, Rah, Rah,'93.

EXCHANGES.

Harvard's seniors will appear in cap and gown on class day.

Meditation is distasteful to active men. Aimless musing is the antithesis of action. But reflection differs from meditation. Though akin to meditation, reflection is sharply distinguished from it by the purpose which dominates. Meditation envelops its subject as with a shroud; reflection encompasses its object for a purpose. Reflection is prompted by a desire to see meaning, order, law in what was hitherto experienced but not reasoned about.—*Ex.*

It is stated that of the national colleges founded in the last twenty years, three-fourths are south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Dartmouth has lately erected a Christian Association building, making five such buildings connected with American colleges.

Read in Grove City *Collegian* "What's Hit is History; What's Missed is Mystery;" *Acamedian*, "Siberia;" *Cabinet*, "Macaulay."

"A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower,
A heart, which like a fine toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke."

—*Whittier.*

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THE HOLCAD.

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J. G HOUSTON, '93 }
D. P. SMITH, '92. . . ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.
KATE EDGAR, '92 } LOCAL.
JOHN M DONALSON, 93 }
AGNES DICKSON, '93 } . . . MUSIC AND ART.
J. G. HOUSTON, '93 }
HANNAH PEEBLES, '92 EXCHANGES
WILL H. KING, '92, ... BUSINESS MANAGER.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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AN APOLOGY.

Having heard some persons questioning why the outlines of the contest debates were not published in our columns, we feel that it is only due to both gentlemen that we should make a statement. Both debaters promised to prepare an outline of their debates for publication. By a delay in the mails occasioned by a change of address, these outlines were not received by the editor until after all material had been sent to the publishers, and therefore too late for publication in the June issue.

ATTENTION, ALUMNI!

For some time past we have been trying to publish a history of the alumni, taking them up by classes. Now, we must depend upon the members of these classes for an accurate history of themselves since graduation. We have given you blanks to fill, and you would greatly aid us in our work by promptly filling these with anything interesting to the college friends. This will enable us to bring the old friends together again. We rely on you for your help.

THE WIZARD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The sixth entertainment of the lecture course was a lecture by Prof. J. B. DeMotte, of De Pauo University, on the subject, "Electricity, the Wizard of the Nineteenth Century," in the college chapel on Feb. 3. Prof. DeMotte was here last year. His subject then was "The Lighthouse, the Sentinel of the Sea." The subject chosen is surely a very interesting one to the student especially,

and in a general and practical way to the general public. Electricity is a great factor in the commercial world, even at its present development. 'Tis the messenger of the World. When there is a chance to learn we ought to improve the opportunity and know more of the "Wizard of the Nineteenth Century."

TO WORK AGAIN.

After a vacation of three weeks during the holidays we have all returned to our college home and our vacant desk. But our ink has not been frozen, and our pen is in use. This vacation was a very pleasant one to most of the students. One kind of work long continued becomes tiresome, and a vacation means pleasure, rest, and renewed vigor for the next term's work. We did not come back alone, either, but have brought others with us, some of whose names will be found in our local columns. There seems to be an earnest feeling in the classes to do good work this term, and we hope that the failures of last term will bring success this term, by showing each one his true position, and how he or she may improve. Hence our watchword would be, "Improvement and Progress."

REFERRED TO L. Y. COM.

During last vacation we were surprised to hear that a certain lady had said that she would never send her girls to Westminster to school, because, she said, when a girl goes there she is, from the beginning, tied down to one fellow for terms and sometimes for years at a time, and does not have an opportunity to associate with any outside of some particular crowd, and really has no chance to find out whom she does like. We cannot indorse the above in full, yet there have been times when it seemingly approached the truth. There has been too much of an effort to get new students, not only girls, but boys as well, into a particular crowd and then keep them there. Ladies have been made to feel that they were expected to accept continually the company of certain gentlemen, or if they did not they would not be allowed to associate in any way with some special crowd to which these gentlemen belong. And then we have been told by ladies who have gone out from this institution that when they were here it was not uncommon for the gentlemen to ask the ladies for their company for weeks and sometimes for an entire term at a time, and when they were practically strangers to each other, too. We don't know that this is the case now; we hope it is not. As a rule, we believe ladies prefer not to be asked such questions. And generally when such questions are asked, it is not that the person asking has any special liking for the lady, but that he may keep some one else away, thus doing an injury, not only to the lady but to others as well. Ladies should be made to feel that they are free to choose whatever company they may desire, and that they are not "tied down" to anyone. If there is any reason for the statement that has been made about girls when they go to Westminster let us do away with it, and since this is leap year we will surely give the girls a fair chance. Let us be more sociable, do as we would be done by, and if we have any special society or class feeling let us not show it either in the class room, on the streets, at socials or anywhere in public.

MORAL ARCHITECTURE.

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

Every man is a builder. He may not wish to be, nor even recognize that he is so, but he is steadily building on, even when contending that he is not. He builds not a house of wood, stone, brick or marble; but one more valuable and enduring—a habitation for the soul. Like the Nautilus of which the poets sing, he dwells in a house which he is continually forming. No more can he cease his building than the Nautilus can cease adding new chambers to its shell.

The material house requires only a few months for its construction, this, a lifetime. That will endure but for a few years, this forever. Bricks and stone will crumble into dust, character is imperishable.

For the material house an experienced builder is considered necessary. The foundation of this is laid by a little child; and whatever the foundation may be, wood, hay, stubble or the Rock of Ages, on it the house must rest. How can a child perform this important work? Surely he has neither wisdom nor strength sufficient. Perhaps on this account he is only better qualified; for who so ready to receive instruction and aid as one who knows his own ignorance and weakness? No one, not even the strongest and wisest, is able for this great work. However, he is not left to it alone, but is furnished with a book of instructions which even a child may understand, while a matchless Teacher and Helper stands ready to render assistance to every one who will accept. The material, too, is at hand, for in the words of the poet,

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

The daily duties that require so much time and labor, the little annoyances that so try the patience, the many temptations to be overcome, all are to be used in building this temple of character. The books we read, the friends with whom we associate, the school which we attend, are important elements in this structure. No one need expect a magnificent house out of inferior materials. Therefore all should—

"Choose the timbers with greatest care,
Of all that is unsound beware."

The part first in time as well as importance is the foundation. If this be not firm and enduring, the most costly and beautiful structure built upon it will be worthless. Can mortal man build a foundation which will be secure against the storms of eternity? Such a work is surely beyond his power. What, then, must we give up in despair? No; for the Master himself has laid a foundation, broad enough and strong enough for all. No need to fear its ever failing. It has stood for centuries, and never yet has one built upon it and been disappointed.

Let there be built then on this foundation a structure not of unsound material nor of pleasure and thoughtless gayety. While mirth is well it alone will not stand the test. Better far a busy life devoted to the Master's service. Let there be built according to his instructions a strong framework of right principles, and this covered with correct habits. Let it be finished with the useful as well as beautiful ornaments of a lovely disposition, and a character will be formed that, while a pleasure to the possessor, shall be a blessing to all around.

Nearly half a century ago, in a certain neighborhood was erected a house different in plan from all around. To-day, within a few miles of that one stand a number of others similar in plan. We no more realize the number of lives our own is affecting than did the architect of that house realize the number of other structures he was planning. But we cannot hinder our influence any more than could that house prevent the formation of the others. Our lives will have an effect upon

those around us; then let us so build that they shall not be—

"Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb."

It is related that the sculptors who worked upon the old heathen temples carved with great care the parts of the statues hidden from sight, such as the hair upon the back of the head. They believed the gods would see. While we smile at their superstition let us not neglect the lesson which it contains. Our God does see even the things hidden from the eyes of every man. No slighted work will ever escape his notice.

This fact contains encouragement as well as warning. Our God is not a hard Master, ever looking for something worthy of condemnation, and indifferent to honest, faithful work. His faithful censure of the careless builder is proof of his equally faithful approval of the careful conscientious one.

To build a truly noble character may require a lifetime of self denying labor. But is not an eternal home in the sunshine of the Master's favor; is not the consciousness that our life will continue to bless the earth to the end of time, worth all this?

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Still traveling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

"So when a great man dies,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

REBECCA JUNK.

A REAL DRAMA

"All the world's a stage,
And all men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

On the stage of life new scenes are continually being enacted.

This drama is the same old story of success or failure, according to what may be the character of the actor. The drama of a pure and noble life in its varying acts and scenes is a pleasing study. To this we invite your attention.

The first scene of the drama is presented, when the child bounds forth on some field of search, roaming over hill and dale, through green meadows, by the babbling brook. What an expression of childish joy beams in her fair young face. She realizes for the first time that she is free—free as the bird that flies from tree to tree, leaving behind only sunny memories. Unclouded by care her life is "one sweet song." She knows not care or suffering, but wanders on, led by childish inclinations. These are our happiest days; to us the world is all sunshine.

We dam the little brook only to see it broken over by the force of the impatient water, little thinking that this is prophetic of what we shall meet in the future, when we shall see our brightest hopes swept away by the "raging billows of adversity." What a scene of prophecy, as in the words of the aged Milton,

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

The days of childhood are few; they seem to us only a dream.

"All life is brief.
What now is bud shall soon be leaf,
What now is leaf shall soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wing and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away."

In life's second scene the merry hearted girl appears, timid, yet innocent of the ways of this great world, she hastens on. Nature's mysteries are inviting, and with all the vigor of her young life, she anxiously attempts their solution. This is called the formation period of life; for it is then that she lays the foundation of character. The future lies before her,

and guided by a principle from within, she enters upon life full of expectancy and hope. There the stern responsibilities of life begin. Looking out into the future, she cannot see the path before. She contemplates it with fear and trembling, knowing that she must grow stronger, or sink in weakness. Whatever her fate may be, others are borne along by her influence. If we could but remove this element of responsibility a great deal would be detracted from life's solemnities.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight, so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke,
And the song from beginning to end
I found again, in the heart of a friend."

Another scene of life has been enacted. The curtain falls, and when it is again lifted the woman of mature years is found to be the actor. Here all her powers reveal themselves; here is found the test of character. No matter what her sphere of action may be, she may imprint words of kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of many with whom she may come in contact, and living a life of unselfishness, she rises to the highest dignity of womanhood; thus her life will be a blessing to the world.

"Our deeds will travel with us from afar,
And what we have been
Makes us what we are."

As the woman realizes the influence which will follow her life. She works with renewed zeal, and fills up her years with acts and deeds of goodness. This scene closes, and now we look upon the last scene of this real drama. We gaze upon one who has traveled the thorny path of life. When the autumn of life throws its mantel around her, the past rises up like a sweet, peaceful dream, she feels she has done her duty. Her mortal frame grows weaker; she realizes at the close of each day that she is nearing that desired and eternal rest. At last her summons comes, and as she opens her eyes on eternity, her soul being free from fear, she hears the "Well done" of her master; her spirit is borne by angels to the eternal mansions. But this present world is bettered. The fragrance of this pure life borne on the wings of time, carries new life to those on earth.

"Oh, happy soul,
We would not call thee back,
But thank thee for thy life,
And seek to follow in thy path."

Such a life shines as "a star on the brow of the morning." MARTHA LYTLE.

SPOKANE GARRY.

DEAR EDITOR: To most readers of the HOLCAD the subject of this sketch is an unknown name, yet to the people of the Pacific Northwest no name is more familiar, and among the aborigines of "The Big Bend" of the Columbia river no character has a more unique history than Spokane Garry, the last chief of the Spokanes.

Early Wednesday morning, January 13, 1892, in his tent on the banks of the Spokane river, three miles west of the city of Spokane, Chief Garry passed away, and on Saturday, the 16th, surrounded by the scant remnant of his once powerful tribe, about a score in number, they laid his remains to rest in the "silent city of the dead."

The burial of Chief Garry, of the Spokanes, removes from earth the last conspicuous figure in a war that was a singular blending of the sublime and the absurd. Garry had the advantage in his youth of a smattering of knowledge gathered from the whites in the Red river country, whither he was sent by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, who took a fancy to him for his friendly spirit and generous disposition. There he learned of

the overwhelming power of the superior race that was advancing by swift marches upon the broad and rich wilderness of the West, and there an inkling of the pathetic destiny of his people first came to his mind.

It can be said of the dead chieftain of a scattered race that he was ever the firm friend of the whites, even when all of this broad region was aglare with the war signals of the confederate tribes, and he himself was drawn into the whirlpool of savage passions. In the great council that determined upon a war of extermination he invited the ridicule and suspicion of his associates by warning them against a war that was hopeless, and by speaking for peace when peace was considered ignominious; and when the little army under the leadership of the firm and gallant Colonel Wright scattered the confederate tribes and sent them scurrying into rocks and woods that border the beautiful valley of the Spokane, he was the first to brave the anger of the conquerer and intercede for his people.

The early spring of 1858 found all the Indian tribes north of the Snake river in an angry ferment against the encroachments of the whites. The Yakimas, the Palouses, the Spokanes, the Coeur d'Alenes, and a part of the Nes Perses formed a great confederation under the leadership of Kamiakim and advanced to meet a little force under the command of Colonel Steptoe, sent out from fort Walla Walla. This command consisted of only one hundred and fifty-nine men, and anticipating no general resistance, was equipped lightly and carried little ammunition. It was soon surrounded by a great force of hostiles, and after hard fighting was forced to take a position of defense upon a lofty eminence now known as Steptoe Butte. The surrounding hills and valleys swarmed with the warriors of the confederate tribes, and after a day of hard and desperate fighting, night closed in upon the little band with the gloomiest of prospects for the morrow. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, their men and animals were worn out, two of their officers and a number of their men had been slain, and the triumphant Indians were impatient for the rising of the sun when they would be able to annihilate the remainder. Steptoe held a council that night at which it was unanimously agreed that the only chance of safety lay in retreat. The victims were hurriedly buried, and under cover of darkness the command slipped out and rode seventy miles to the Snake river before rein was drawn. This gave the Indians fresh confidence in their ability to repel the invaders and made them more insolent than before. To quell this dangerous spirit the war department determined upon a vigorous campaign of subjugation. Troops were mobilized at Forts Vancouver, the Dalls and Walla Walla and hurriedly dispatched to the latter point. In August a force of seven hundred men under the command of Colonel Wright marched out of Walla Walla and began the advance into the hostile country. They met the skirmish line of the foe at the crossing of the Snake, but it was not until they had reached a point near the Spokane that the main body was encountered. A thousand Indians had gathered near a cluster of four lakes, and on the 1st of September offered battle to the whites. The result was disastrous to their hopes. In the engagement the only damage done to Wright's command was the slight wounding of one dragoon, while the Indian loss was twenty killed, including a brother-in-law of Garry, and about fifty wounded.

After a day of rest the command moved up the river and on the 5th of September it struck a body of 500 hostiles, and a running fight followed for a distance of fourteen miles in which the Indians were routed and suffered severe losses. This engagement was called the battle of Spokane Plains, and ended at a point about five miles southwest of the present city of Spokane. Lieutenant Kip, the historian of the campaign, who was one of Wright's

officers, states that soon after the battle Garry approached on the opposite side of the river and called across that he desired to talk with Wright, and soon after the command had gone into camp, he came in and sued for peace. He said that his heart had been against the war from the beginning, but the young men of his tribe and all the chiefs opposed him and forced him into the disastrous campaign. Colonel Wright replied that he was there to fight, not to make peace; that the Indians had met him in two engagements and been disastrously defeated, and that a similar result would follow any further attempts at resistance. He told Garry that his people must come in and bring their arms, women and children, and place themselves entirely at his mercy, and he would then tell them what they must do to end the war. Garry left to bear the ultimatum to the Indians and soon thereafter the other chiefs came in and tendered their acknowledgement of defeat. Forever thereafter Garry proved his firm devotion to the whites. When Chief Joseph was planning the Nes Perse war he sent couriers to the Spokane chief urging him to join him in the final struggle for supremacy, but Garry was too firm in his devotion to the whites, and too cognizant of the disastrous results, to accede to the overtures. Since that time his tribe have been wanderers upon the face of the earth, landless in a land that was once entirely their own. Garry insisted on having a reservation of his own, but this he was never able to secure. Death has made terrible inroads into the tribe, and of late years his chieftainship has only been nominal. His people are either scattered or dead, and all that wild array that once gathered upon the luxuriant plains of the Spokane to hurl defiance at the invader, but a miserable remnant remains, broken in health, poor in the wealth most prized by Indian character, and doomed to an early extinction.

It would have been better perhaps, if they had made a firmer stand in their fight for the retention of their native land, if they had bided by their defiance to the death sent by the "Black Robe" from the Coeur d'Alene mission, and fallen in a single desperate struggle for their homes and native land. Annihilation under those heroic circumstances appeals more strongly to the patriotic impulses of the race, but it could hardly strike with greater power the chords of pathos that reach deep into the hearts of all men regardless of race or country than the story of their subjection to the dominant race, and their extinction by slow degrees in the miserable struggle for existence after conditions had changed and the hand of adversity had been linked with that of cruel destiny.

Alas, poor Garry! The story of his life, interwoven with that of the death of his people, might well be made a theme of poetry to endure long after the last Spokane has vanished from the land. "'89."

Spokane, Washington, January 19, 1892.

THE MIND, ITS PASSIONS.

"Man is a being destined for eternity." This present world is but a transitory scene, where vice and virtue, hope and fear, joy and suffering, mingle in perpetual conflict. From this scene, he is introduced into a future and immortal existence. He is therefore, endowed with those faculties which distinguish him from all the lower orders of animate beings. By these powers, he has surveyed the terraqueous globe; has determined its magnitude, form, motions; has descended to the bottom of its seas; has analyzed the invisible atmosphere around it. He has penetrated the deepest recesses of time past, he anticipates the future. If by reason alone, man could have accomplished all this, without a single desire or emotion, what an inferior aspect would the mind have presented. 'Tis the emotional nature that binds us with the cords

of love to the earth on which we dwell, to our fellowmen, to our country, to our God.

The emotions are of different intensities. A stream is seen rising amidst the mountains and hills, diversifying the landscape. It is watched as it winds along, hid by foliage and uplands, and a feeling of pleasure is experienced but as the stream enlarges and becomes a majestic river, with current rough and turbid, sweeping everything before it, the feelings are altogether different, they are more decided and powerful and might be termed grandeur, but when at last, it expands and disappears in the immensity of the ocean, then the emotions, widening and strengthening, are sublime.

The emotions differ in different persons. Your neighbor's disappointment and misfortune, is much less than yours, but your joy at success is proportionately greater than his. In comparison with those of the learned, how different the emotions of the ignorant. The ignorant views the star-gemmed canopy of heaven, merely as a ceiling to his earthly habitation. He is filled with dread and apprehension on account of operations of nature which are but the results of natural laws, but the mind, enlightened by the beams of science, regards these as tokens of benevolent design.

The one regards the eclipse of the sun with the utmost consternation; the comets as harbingers of Divine vengeance. The other, contemplates the comets, or any other phenomena of nature with emotions of admiration and delight. It is, therefore, evident that the thoughts feed the emotions and thus the emotions, too, are subject to cultivation, or by a course of voluntary repetition, they cease to be under control. Then the emotions become passions. The passions may become terrible in their power, and, like the mighty avalanche, rushing down the mountain side, sweep everything before them, urging on to efforts both good and evil.

We are accustomed to think that those who have led the way in philosophy are endowed with great powers of reason, that those arising to lofty positions of honor and fame in the political world are men with great powers of mind, that those arising to lofty positions of honor and fame in the political world, are men with great powers of mind, urged on by a restless ambition.

It is said that the difference between Alexander and Aristotle, between Cromwell and Newton, was that the one possessed great powers of mind with passions, the other, without; but is the difference not between the passions themselves. The impetuous, stormy passions on the one hand, on the other, a passion for truth, stimulating to steadfast earnestness and severest labor.

Sir Isaac Newton, being asked how he discovered the true system of the universe, replied, "by continually thinking upon it; that the first dawning opened gradually into a full and clear light." Thus, it is evident, that what is commonly called "genius," is merely concentration of the rays of intellect upon a particular art or science. The passions are unceasing in their operations. With the persistency of light they penetrate the deepest recesses of truth. When Archimedes had discovered the mode of determining the quantity of gold and silver in Hiero's crown, was he satisfied? When Newton discovered the law of universal gravitation, when Franklin discovered the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, did they seek to enter no farther into the hidden springs of nature? Not so. The passion for truth, stimulated by success, ended only with their lives. Thus the passion for truth might be called the refracting lens, rendering powerful the scattered rays of intellect by collecting into one place. But passions not only lead to the loftiest truths, but, on the other hand, drive to the lowest depths of misery.

Man, never satisfied with his increase hurries the unfortunate debtor to jail, refuses

to relieve the wants of the poor and needy, even as he lingers on the verge of the grave in which his riches cannot go, he longs for them even more, clinging to them with a most eager grasp, until his soul takes its flight to that world for which it is destined. But ambition may be said to be the most unrelenting of all the passions, thwarting the reason, it is indeed a passion, burning and consuming the soul. If this passion suddenly becomes disappointed, the reaction on the whole mind may be such as to leave it a wide mass of ruins. So insatiable is this ungovernable passion, that the whole earth appears to be a field too small for its operations.

How many human beings have been sacrificed at its altar; sacrificed by those partaking of the same nature, children of the same merciful father, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction. Truly as some one has said, "There is no tie too sacred for it to sunder, no place too sacred for it to desecrate." It was this unrelenting ambition that urged Alexander to climb the blood-stained ladders to fame, at length causing him to light the torch, whose flickering flame was the death knell of Persepolis, the once renowned capital of Persia. But in all these instances, was not habit superadded to nature? We are not to suppose that the intense love of the miser for his gold, of the ambitious for power and dominion, existed naturally and originally. This was the work of man himself. From morning till night, from day to day, these passions had been voluntarily exercised; every act rendering the return more difficult and the victim more helpless, until the emotions which at first yielded to the quiet admonitions of conscience, like as the tender willows bend before the gentle breeze, at length become powerful, like the sturdy oaks, whose lofty forms stand unmoved before the vuiet raging elements. But the emotions are not to be cherished until they become ungovernable passions, but to be tenderly nurtured till they attain that "golden mean," where unallured by pleasure, unawed by power, man has attained the highest eminence to which his nature can aspire. A. R.

AIMS AND OBSTACLES.

Aims and obstacles mark the checkered pathway of life. As soon as the youthful mind begins to grasp its surroundings, it aims to accomplish many feats of labor which persons of more mature judgment would never think of undertaking. Thus early in life do we find obstacles in our way, and learn that they must be overcome if we accomplish what we desire.

The unskilled labor performed by juvenile hands may seem to some as time uselessly spent; but it is perhaps a very important part of our education. Were it not for the lessons learned in youth, that only by perseverance is it possible to accomplish our undertakings, much valuable time would be lost in after years in learning that obstacles stand in the way to great achievements, and that determination, energetic action, and indomitable perseverance are indespensable to success.

Our early education has much to do in directing our aims in life. To do right should be the aim of every one, but evil inclinations and the force of bad examples point the way to forbidden paths, and are obstacles in the way of a life of rectitude. How important then that the hand that directs the steps of the youth, developing into manhood and womanhood, should aim to start them on the way that leads to present and eternal happiness. As this world of ours rolls ceaselessly through the light poured from the exhaustless fountains of the sun so must we be constantly encircled by the light of heavenly truth, or the real and visionary lights that rise and set upon our mind will alternate between light and darkness, until amid glare and gloom, life almost becomes an aimless existence. We cannot therefore over-estimate the im-

portance of correct aims in life when we consider that our lives in all their results will be just what we make them.

God has provided abundantly to make life a blessing, and we may suppose that every one begins the real work of life with the determination to make it a success. The hope of success is the guiding star of our earthly being, and when our sky is obscured by the murky atmosphere of disappointment, the light of that star lures us on through misfortune and discouragement and gives promise of better things in the future. In such circumstances why should life ever be a failure? Is it not either because we aim above that which we may reasonably hope to attain, or because we set our standard below that which we ought to strive to attain.

Our constant aim in life should be to make life a blessing to ourselves and to those around us. If we succeed in this we shall secure the great end of our existence. A successful life is one that is marked by usefulness and improvement, securing an adequate supply for all important needs of our physical, mental and spiritual being. In securing these, obstacles that appear insurmountable may loom up before us and for a time defy our ability to attain the desired ends. When the time of trial comes, the faint-hearted are too apt to give up in despair, former plans are abandoned, and hope, once bright, forever fades away. But a definite aim and true courage will strive to overcome the difficulties that lie along our way.

Let the watchword be onward, and step by step the mountain is scaled, until from its lofty hight we can gaze with composure over the broad expanse that stretches out before our vision. So it is in overcoming the obstacles we meet with in life. To stand still and soliloquize over probable failures is almost sure to dwarf our aspirations and energies, while if we go forward, every step makes the journey shorter, every dollar acquired assists in adding more; every new idea adds to our fund of knowledge and assists in further acquisition, and every time we drink at the fountain of learning our intellect is not only refreshed, but better fitted to grasp new truths.

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

Many of the distinguished personages who have adorned the ages in which they lived did not achieve their greatness simply on account of their superior intellectual powers; but the self-knowledge they possessed greatly assisted them in choosing those callings for which they were best adapted; and in the onward march of time even the pinchings of poverty, in many instances, only proved a temporary barrier which a noble ambition soon overcame. Self-knowledge is the balance wheel of life which often assists us in turning the scale of fortune in our favor, as it keeps us from overestimating or underrating our abilities. It is helpful, not only to those who are conscious of their own abilities, but it is an important factor in the lives of those who are sensible of their own weaknesses. It leads to prudent forethought which enables the weak to avoid those obstacles which lie along their pathway, and upon which so many make shipwreck of their lives and their fortunes. A man aims to be temperate. A strong will power enables him to withstand all the temptations of the wine cup. Another aims just as high, but his self-knowledge warns him that in order to succeed he must shun the very appearance of evil and not go in the way of temptation. Both are reasonably safe because they correctly estimate their own abilities to withstand evil influences. How different the person who thinks that he can indulge in sin and conquer a vitiated appetite at will. He

lacks self-knowledge, and no matter what his aim in life may be, he is fairly started on the broad road which leads to financial and moral ruin.

In contemplating the aims and obstacles of life, we find a range of thought as wide as the universe and as varied as the outlines of the human face. We look out upon a busy world, each individual striving in his own way to better his financial or social condition, according to his ideal of happiness.

In passing by the infinite variety of ways that bring successes and disappointments, so far as this world is concerned, we must not forget that life is a network of duties, and that the duty which is paramount to all others is that which we owe to our Creator. If we provide only for the wants of this life, however munificently, disappointment must sooner or later be our portion. The wants of the immortal soul cannot be satisfied with anything that this world can provide. Its thoughts must soar upward to the throne of the Omnipotent where infinite mercy sheds down the graces of the Spirit.

Should we not learn a lesson from inanimate creation around us? The majestic trees of the forest seem to vie with one another in stretching their branches upward toward the clouds that hang over them. The little vine takes hold of the tree and by its tiny fingers climbs higher and higher toward the unobstructed sunlight of God. The beautiful flowers that adorn the fields look up and breathe their fragrance heavenward.

If God has ordained that all existence should look toward the source of light and life, why should mankind be an exception? How ungrateful the soul that enjoys from day to day the blessings of a beneficent providence without ever looking up in recognition to the hand that upholds and provides. If ingratitude for temporal mercies is a debasing sin, how much greater is the sin of ingratitude in refusing the offer of redeeming love.

Our highest aim should be to lay up treasures in heaven and to secure the blessings of eternal life.

One bright hope of heavenly joy
 Is more to us than heaps of gold;
It lifts the soul from earth to heaven
 Where God his riches will unfold.

The life that fails to look beyond
 This narrow sphere in which we move,
Is lost indeed to all that's good,
 As time will soon the lesson prove.

FANNIE BEGGS.

WOMEN WARRIORS.

Seldom is the name of woman coupled with the name of war. Around the one, cluster memories of home, of sympathy, of love; around the other, memories of estrangement, of enmity, of carnage. Woman, timid, shrinking; war, the most terrible thing God's sanction ever rested upon. And yet, in the world's history, they have been coupled just often enough to show courage back of tenderness, and a consciousness of duty side by side with love. Among these names was Joan of Arc. She was only a poor little peasant girl, brought up on the sunny slopes of Southern France. Without genius, without education, or royal descent. Her imagination took the place of genius, her experience in the field and on horses was her education, for, like many great men and women, she was educated only in the line of work to which she was called; her religion was her inheritance. You know her story. How she thought she heard a voice telling her to go and fight for her country. How she started, how she fought, how she fell. How she rose again with that dreadful wound in her neck, to lead her army on to victory; how she was deserted, arrested, imprisoned, tried, and at last, holding a crucifix in her hand and calling upon Christ, she was slowly reduced to ashes. She, who had never swerved from duty except when maddened by grief. Was she an im-

postor? No impostor would have suffered as she suffered. Was she insane? She may have been, but in the field and in her trials she did not show it. One thing we know, that like the women warriors of our land to-day, she fought with all her strength "for God, for home, for native land."

Again it is a scene in France. It is a crowd of spectators, a prisoner, a guillotine. Is it a a traitor who has endangered the life of his country, or is it a soldier who is to be put to death by his enemies? It is a soldier, and it is a woman. One minute and a prayer arises second to none but that memorable one that rose from Calvary—"God bless my executioners." A second more and God's sun looked down upon the bloody corpse of the best queen France ever saw, Marie Antoinette. Though she did not carry the sword, in the midst of confusion and trouble, she ruled well.

But war is not all blood-shed, poverty and bereavement. Before this there are two stages; each characterized by a different weapon. First, the pen; second, the ballot, and then, the bullet. To woman has it been given to wield the first most effectually. Harriet Beecher Stowe was an acknowledged leader of the slavery reform; to-day, Frances Willard is the Harriet Beecher Stowe of the temperance reform. The one sought to free the body that was bound only for time; the other seeks to free the soul that is bound for eternity; yes, bound, like Milton's arch-fiend, to the burning lake.

Not yet has the second weapon been universally placed in the hand of woman; and to the credit of woman be it said that she prefers the quiet of her own fireside to the excitement of the polls; her book or her magazine to the newspaper with its stirring accounts of politics and campaigns. To many women, to vote would be to sacrifice. When her property was taken from her by law, (as was formerly the case in many places at the death of her husband) she did not complain. She said never a word about taxation without representation, an insult which our honored forefathers deemed worthy of bloodshed. Not until she had seen the clods rolled in upon a drunkard brother, not until a son had been brought home senseless, or a husband locked behind the prison bars, did she ask for a vote. For 'tis not the men who suffer most for this awful traffic. Even the drunkard is happy in his drunken revelries It is the mother who waits and prays long past midnight for one who has been her pride; the sister who pleads in vain; and the wife who toils for one who will reward her with curses only, and spend her hard-earned pennies in the nearest saloon.

But there is another army of women. No statues will be erected in their honor; no monuments will mark the places of their victories. For there are no thrones waiting for them like those of queens; they hear no guiding voices as did Joan of Arc. But they are they who realize that there are thrones in the home, in the school-room, in the counting-house, that must be filled, as well as the throne which Victoria occupies; and that, if they listen for them, voices will whisper to them more true, more real, than any that came to the Maid of Orleans. And, after all, these are they who must wield the mightiest weapon ever put into the human hand—the weapon of influence. These are they who must guide the pen, prepare the ballot, and fight the battles for future men and women. To many, the sacrifice of life is not life's greatest sacrifice. To an ambitious mind, an early death of fame is preferable to a long life of obscurity. The greatest mistake of a lifetime is the almost universal idea that to be useful one must be what the world calls successful. 'Tis true, each individual has his own work to perform; but that work might be to be a living object lesson to his fellow-men; and as much can be learned from the failure of a fellow-man as from his success. And so, though the woman who belongs to this great army is not one of the

world's great women, she is one of God's great women. She is, as the poet has described her;

"A sound woman, who, with insight keen,
Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well
Her womanhood; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment,—brain and heart meanwhile
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe.
On toward her being's end."

And at last, her last great battle ended, her last victory won, it shall be recorded of her, "She hath done what she could." A. D.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—A novel place to hide valuables—a lady's stocking.

—Miss Mame Thorne is in college again this term.

—For the latest recipe for oyster desert inquire of Messrs. R. and B.

—Mr. M., who is beginning German—"Ich wille in Kartofful (potato) schmoke."

—For the latest improved bread-box, inquire of Miss C. Absolutely mouse-proof.

—D. S. L. McNary, of Allegheny Seminary, visited friends in town during vacation.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander,'86, of New Athens, O., visited his mother here a short time ago.

—Miss Nan Chamberlain, of East Palestine, O., visited her sister, Miss Libbie, a few weeks ago.

—Miss Whissen was unable to return during the first two weeks of the term on account of sickness.

—Reed McClure,'91, who is teaching music in Clarion, spent a few days at home during vacation.

—A Sophomore's rendition of calamus—"calomel."

—Miss Woods and brother, of New Castle, attended the doughnut dangle.

—Mr. Geo. Witherspoon,'94, is studying medicine in the office of Dr. Graham, of Florence, Pa.

—The query of a penitent soul—"I wonder if I shall have to pay the penalty of all these broken hearts."

—Prof. S. R. Thompson was unable to hear his classes for several days last week on account of illness.

—Misses Ramsey and Hoyt and Mr. Wright, of Sharon, were the guests of Miss Semple recently.

—W M. Anderson,'90, and H. C. Swearingen,'91, spent part of their vacation visiting friends in town.

—Huber Ferguson,'91, was elected to the Latin chair in Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo., a few weeks ago.

—Miss Gertrude Latimore, of West Newton, visited her numerous friends here during the first two weeks of school.

—Miss Bessie McLaughrey, '89, who is studying medicine in Philadelphia, spent her Christmas vacation in town.

—R. T. Campbell,'86, of the Allegheny Seminary, was in town during vacation attending the marriage of his sister.

—All the other young men are doubtless envious of that one who said that he "never gets left at a leap year party."

—Mr. F. H. McClymonds,'90, has been called to the assistant principalship of the Charles Town Academy, W. Va.

—Prof. Zundall recently tuned the pianos at the conservatory, and at the same time replenished his stock of lead pencils.

—W. M. Robertson, '88, who has been taking care of his brother during his illness, returned to Toronto a short time ago.

—Although a very small number of the students were back, a full house greeted the New York Symphony Club, which gave a concert, the fifth entertainment of the course, on

January 9th. The troupe is one of the best that were ever in New Wilmington. The violin playing especially elicited great applause.

—Miss Eva Andrews,'91, who is now attending the Pittsburgh School of Design, was the guest of Miss Stewart,'92, recently.

—G. M. Witherspoon, of the Sophomore class, has been unable to return to college this term on account of the illness of his father.

—Tarkio College building was completely destroyed by fire recently. Before the fire was extinguished the citizens of the town had raised $30,000 for a new building.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett,'88, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Margaret F. Campbell,'87, of this place were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Tuesday, December 29th.

—A new code of rules adopted recently at the ladies' dormitory interferes very much with skating and sleighing much to the chagrin of the young ladies and their gentlemen friends.

—Rev. E. N. McElree accepted the call tendered him by the Second church and entered upon his duties the first Sabbath in January. The congregation tendered him a reception on the 12th.

—Imagine Mr. D.'s feelings after jumping out of the window to escape a written recitation when he learns that it was a final examination which he would have to take alone at some other time.

—Miss Mahan, secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement of the University of Michigan, visited this college recently and explained the object and character of her work to the students assembled in the chapel.

—According to the appointment of the last General Assembly, Wednesday, Jan. 27, was observed here in the usual manner as the day of prayer for colleges. Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell,'78, of New Castle, delivered a very interesting and appropriate sermon on II Thess., 3-10. A greeting from the faculty and students of the Allegheny Theological Seminary to the faculty and students of the college was received and read.

—A number of young ladies practising gymnastics in the art room of the college: Miss M. to Janitor Kuhn who has gone to the door to ascertain the cause of the uproar, or, may be to witness the sport—"The fire doesn't need any fixing." Miss S. is reported to have "carried off the laurels."

—The members of the Chrestomath Society gave a "doughnut dangle" in the Philomath and Chrestomath halls on Thursday evening, Jan. 21. It was a very enjoyable entertainment both on account of its novelty and because it was a place where one hungry person could derive enjoyment by watching another hungry person eat.

—Recently Mr. S. and Mr. F. had been making undue confusion in Mr. S.'s room. Mr. F., after leaving the room, resolved to perpetrate a joke on Mr. S. by going down stairs and returning in the disguise of the landlady. Mr. F. after knocking at Mr. S.'s door, was invited in, but hesitated for the opening of the door, as was the landlady's custom. He knocked again and imitating the landlady's voice, said, "Mr. S." Mr. S. in reply—"Mam?" Lively scenes followed.

—There is undoubtedly poetical talent among the members of the Senior class, as the following verse was found on the back of a Jumbo tablet belonging to one of the ladies of the class:

"My name, as proper, is Jumbo,
I have just been freed from Barnum's show;
I once was young but now am old,
On trunks I now a patent hold.
My hair once black is almost white,
I think 'twas caused just by the fright
Which from my heart of hearts did flow
When I escaped from Barnum's show."

—The number of new students this term is quite gratifying to all those who are interested in the college's welfare. The following are

the most of the names and addresses. Mr. F. A. Gailey, Garnett, Kansas; Miss McIntyre, Bethel, Pa.; Miss Purdy, Bavington, Pa,; Miss Ward, Franklin, Pa.; Miss Emma Moore, Venice, Pa.; Mr. Eugene Warden, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; Miss Nicholl, West Newton, Pa.; Mr. Nicholl, West Newton, Pa.; Miss Mary Howell, Yonghiogheny, Pa.; Miss Watson, Fayette, Pa.; Mr. Cowan, Hulton, Pa.; Mr. D. A. Brown, Fort Palmer, Pa.; Mr. Wm. Brown, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Geo. Weddell, Misses Emma Elliott, Miss Pomeroy, Margaret Dick and Olive Dick, New Wilmington, Pa.

—What won't the brains of a Sophomore and two Seniors produce when working together? The fertility of their brain cannot be surpassed, as the following will show:

1. Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
 Has a beard and mustache, too;
2. But Tyler's far surpasses all,
 For his has mashed both great and small.
3. The girls gaze on in wonder strange,
 And tremble lest he's out of range;
4. But from those liquid eyes a glance, so shy,
 Encourages all, at least, to try.
5. Then, girls, do not so timid be,
 For he is always glad to smile at thee.

—It will be a matter of regret to the many friends of Prof. Austin and of Westminster College to learn that this term will close his connection with the college. He has been invited to a field of effort for which he has a special liking and has accepted with the consent of the authorities of the college. He will be chorister of a large and flourishing congregation in the city of Brooklyn at a salary of $1,000 per year, and will devote his time to teaching voice culture in the city during the week, as his church work will only require a small portion of his time. For both these kinds of work he is eminently well qualified and we anticipate for him a bright future in his special line. The college is already looking for a man to fill his place, and it need be scarcely stated that a worthy successor to Prof. Austin will be secured. The high reputation obtained by the conservatory will be maintained. The workmen may change, but the work will go on.—*Globe.*

—A shadow of sadness and gloom has been thrown over this college. The reaper, Death, has once more come into our midst and taken one away. A short sickness, the turning of grippe into pneumonia, a few short days, and the bright star of her life has set. Yet not set forever, for will not its influence yet govern, to some extent, those to whom it was nearest. On last Saturday, January 30th, Miss Mary Thorne was summoned to appear before the King of Kings. Her home was at Youghiogheny, Pa., and her parents and brother did not know of her serious illness; indeed, her companions here did not realize that she was so soon to be taken away. How fleeting are earth's hopes! How suddenly the Master calls "come home!" Yet why do we weep? It is not that we have lost a friend, a companion, a faithful co-worker. For sure our loss is but her gain. A short and impressive service was held at the Hall on Monday afternoon, after which the remains were taken to New Castle, and on Tuesday funeral services were held there. Many of her friends from here attended. Scarcely yet could they realize that these services were over their companion and friend of but a few days before. The feeling of sorrow is very noticeable all over the institution. It pervades every meeting. Who can tell the influence of this manifestation of God's providence among us? It may be that her few short years among us will have a powerful effect in aiding us on to a higher life. But we must not forget in our sorrow that of her parents and brother, from whom an only daughter and sister was taken. THE HOLCAD extends its sympathy to those who have been so sorely bereft, pointing for comfort to Him "who shall wipe away all tears," who gives and takes away his true children to his home in glory.

EXCHANGES.

I have known one word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears,
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—*Rugbian.*

Prof. White has an article in the Wooster *Voice*, Jan. 16th, which might be interesting to a portion of Senior classes and possibly helpful to Juniors.

The *Pleiad* has been publishing in its columns a series of articles entitled "Individualism vs. Socialism." These articles are well edited and will amply repay the careful reader.

Much enthusiasm has been manifested over the late "oratorical" at Delaware College. An account of the contest and selections from most of the orations given will be seen in the *Transcript.*

Rugbian gives some good hints for busy students. Perhaps the greatest reason why we waste so much time is that our time is left to be wasted. We should by strong mental action plan out the daily routine of our lives, and then, with still stronger mental action, carry out the plan. Those who have made a habit of doing this declare that it adds several hours to their day. To make each day a profitable one, we must accept the current doctrine of specialization; make up your minds to do certain things, then set diligently about doing them.

Genius is born, not made, but it may be kept in the background throughout a life time by a lack of energy and perseverance in cultivating it. It is not the easiest thing in the world to keep in a straight course, and work faithfully and earnestly day after day. But it must be done, if the student does the most for himself. Patience and self control are attributes of success in everything. The student who can persevere under class room discouragements, and who keeps his self control under the influence of emotions is sure to possess in the end a well trained mind.—*Argo.*

There is among students a growing interest in the study of standard literature. This is manifest from the literary department of the college paper. Apparently more attention than usual is being given to critical writing which is not at all the easiest style in which to attain perfection. Although not the easiest style it is none the less profitable to the writer. That is a pleasant hour too that is spent in delving neath the flowing language of a favorite author and in discovering there the treasures of which the words are but symbolic. It is in this way the critic becomes acquainted with an author's life which is often itself a work grander than any he has ever written. Some articles of this nature are: "Critique," Chronicle; "Poet of Restoration," "Elegy in English," "American Writers," Scholastic.

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KATE EDGAR, '92 } LOCAL.
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FAREWELL!

Where there is life there must be death. Death ends life. Life begins where death has been. Changes are constantly taking place. The history of the HOLCAD repeats itself from year to year. One staff will leave their editorial chairs only to give way to a new one. There has been progress. This past year, which is now about to close, has not been without its successes, yet it has also brought its discouragements. The staff has been in part changed since its beginning; twice have new department editors been appointed to fill the vacancies caused by their predecessors leaving the chairs vacant. Obstacles have been overcome. But yet there are many more hindrances in the way. Improvement and progress, which has been our motto, can only come by hard, honest work. Many times we have failed to do what might have been the best. Our hopes, now rising, now cast down, have borne us onward. We feel that some success has been attained. Our circulation has been increased. More people are thus brought within our reach and have become interested in us and in our college. True, sharp criticisms have often been made, and many times we have stood almost alone in our work. But before us looms up the clear sky of hope that all our efforts have not been in vain. Perhaps others may be more successful than we. It is with bright hopes that we contemplate the future of the HOLCAD. It has endeared itself into many hearts, and we would be loth to do anything that would hurt those who have given us support. Yet changes might be made, new departments might be created, and the dress might be improved. One for each department might, by throwing the whole responsibility of his success or failure upon himself, do better work. More modernism could be incorporated in its pages. Then would it be up to modern ways of thought and progress.

With this issue we leave the editorial chair. Our desk will not be vacant long. Our pens, although laid upon the rack, will soon be taken up by our successors, to whom we look for the future success of the HOLCAD. We would give you encouragement. You will

need it. Before laying down our pens for the last time we wish to thank those who have given us aid, both by contributions and by needed criticism, our readers and those who have used our columns for advertising purposes. And to our successors we would extend the hand of fellowship, wishing that you may profit by our failures, and that through your hard, honest work make the HOLCAD a continued success. Our inkstands is almost vacant; our thoughts are in the future; our pens we lay away.

DECISION.

There is an intuitive principle in every man that tells him what is right and what is wrong. Class combinations and organizations will not excuse one for wrong doing. Back of all organization is the individual. The individual, then, is responsible, first of all, for his own actions, and second, in part, for those of his organization. To make a sensation will not justify a man in wrong doing. Decision, then, is necessary when the two ways open up before us; not a swaying backward and forward between two contending forces, but a firm choice in the right. Decision is much more necessary in a college than in common life. The greater the knowledge between truth and evil, the more is the need of a firm stand. We have felt the losses occasioned by a lack of decision during our college life, and this is true of almost all colleges. We see an evil in our midst and let it go, as it were, unnoticed. Evil will grow unless pruned or stamped out on every occasion. Others have told of wrongs among us, and can it be said of us that we are wilfully ignorant of crime, and thus ruin our reputation and honor by passing it by? It has been admitted that various things are wrong and yet we go on in the same old way. How can we expect to raise the honor of the College with which we are connected when we continue to do what is known to be a wrong or what, though it is not wrong in itself, is not a benefit. Therefore, again, decision is necessary. No one can ever be justified if he does wrong knowingly. No one can be excused if he will pass by wrong and claim ignorance when surely the ignorance is wilful or observation is wanting.

For violation of every law, either civil or moral, there is a penalty attached. Firm justice should always been meted out to all. If any is innocent of charges brought against him, let that one through justice be declared innocent, but if not innocent let stern justice take her course. Justice and liberty have always been the guardians of American freedom. Let them still retain their places, and let the innocent have their just freedom.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

February 22d has come and gone, and the students of Westminster again had an opportunity to celebrate that memorable day. Celebrate the day they did, and in a way that caused some excitement and many false reports. The daily paper that made attempts to state what did take place here on that day were wild, wild, and contained but little if any truth. No ill feeling existed, either between students or between faculty and students. All that was done was in a goodnatured way, and no one was hurt in the least. No eyes were blackened; no students were tied, no clubs were used, nor were any of the buildings damaged as reported. True there was some shoving and pushing, but nothing like what is seen at times in a game of foot-ball.

What really did occur was this: Before daylight on Monday morning the Freshmen succeeded in getting their flag on the cupola of the College building—something that has not been done by any class for years. This, they thought, was something to be proud of, and naturally were glorying over their success. This was too much for the Sophomores, and they concluded to take down the flag. The

Freshmen were so confident that the Sophs would be unable to reach the flag that no attempt was made to hinder them in getting on the roof. Once on the roof, the Sophs, in a short time, were in possession of the Freshmen's flag. The Freshmen then concluded to keep the Sophs in the building until they would surrender the flag. The only entrance to the roof was soon closed and fastened, and half a dozen or more Sophomores were in the building. Their companions who were down below made an effort to rescue them, and the Freshmen, of course, did their best to keep them where they were. This caused some excitement, which continued until a member of the faculty appeared on the scene and persuaded them to come down and give him the flag. He took possession of the flag, and gave it to neither class. Thus no great victory was won either way. The matter was ably discussed for some time, and then the crowd dispersed, all feeling that they had enjoyed themselves immensely and only sorry that Washington's Birthday did not come oftener.

Most of the reports in the various papers were untrue or greatly exaggerated, and there was no cause for such reports to be circulated. There seems to be an element in the town that takes delight in publishing anything that would seem to be detrimental to the College. Such parties should attend to their own affairs, and not meddle so much with what belongs to others. Fun is fun, but it must stop within certain limits.

I saw the clouds at morning's hour
 Toward the horizon swiftly throng;
A power impelled them, but a power
 Invisible as it was strong.

And still they move, they will not stay,
 But with one impulse and one speed
Serenely do they hold their way;
 Their course is known, the path decreed.

And even with such an impulsive move
 These absent thoughts that now I bear;
Bright are they, for they are love,
 And fair they are, for thou art fair.

LAW IN HUMAN DESTINY.

Where there is unity, there is law. Beneath the broad canopy of heaven, amid the manifold complexities of the universe, unity reigns supreme. In all the realms of nature, in all the fields of thought, there are established immutable laws, which mark out the course of time. These laws are eternal, they are coexistant with matter. By their power all things are held in being throughout the countless changes of ages. In direct conformity with law the rocks are crystalized, the plants grow, and the lofty mountains, amid celestial clouds, are enshrouded in stainless, everlasting snow.

From the earliest ages, these laws have been recognized. Down along the corridors of time have been echoed and re-echoed the advent of new discoveries and revelations to man. At first, like great mysteries, these truths hover around the intellectual sphere of the human mind. In recognition of their majesty, the ancient bowed in humble adoration. In honor of them they built their lofty temples and raised their golden altars. These sanctuaries now sleep in the dreamless dust of ages. The mysteries that they represented, crystallized in the strata of ancient Mythology, modern science has revealed as the great laws of nature. Like electric sparks, they diffuse their brightness into the deep gloom of night.

As of old, the goddesses of fate sat enthroned in many a sanctuary, so woven in every fiber of humanity, is enwrapped the law of the moral and physical destiny. Clotho has ceased to spin out the fickle thread of life, yet there still exists that immutable law that traces the destiny of mankind. Lachesis no longer with her golden scepter assigns to every man his fate, yet the life of every individual is slowly molded by his environments. Nor does Atropas snap the brittle thread of life but, when man's course is run, his soul wings its flight to the God who gave it, while

his body moulders to dust. The great laws which these goddesses represented still exist. The destiny of man is not a thing of chance. It is marked out by eternal laws implanted in his being.

Life is the unfolding of these laws. It transforms the inorganic substance of nature into a living organism. It weaves the fibers and tissues into one harmonious unity. How beautifully it unfolds the petals of the vernal flowers! How it tints them with golden colors! What harmony exists between them and the unchanging laws of nature! If this harmony is destroyed, how soon they wither and die! So man's physical nature is but the declaration of his relation to the laws of nature. Each tissue of his body assimilates its own peculiar elements, discarding everything foreign to it. The forces of nature are transformed into chemical energy. Thus man exists in living affinity with his environments. Intensify this affinity and his influence is extended; nullify it and he ceases to exist.

When first the mortal lips inhaled the breath of life, man became a perfect being. The harmony destroyed, the perfect image marred, as a responsible being he is destined to reap what he has sown. The stream of antecedent and consequence follow in swift succession. Every result is the effect of a a persistent cause. Of the myriad forces exerted upon man's nature every one is woven in his being. The present is but the result of ceaseless changes in the past, the future the legitimate outcome of the present. So the destiny of his physical nature is but the interpretation of the complex fibers woven in his being.

Furthermore, life rises above the organic substance of man's nature and seeks the realms of the spiritual. Thus, kindling the imagination, it enables him to soar into the regions of the unknown, to clothe with celestial beauty the dim realities of nature. The sun in all his glory, the rainbow with her infinite complexities of colors, sink into insignificance before man's spiritual gaze. In his spiritual nature is the true source of life. Here thought and reason rise above the sphere of physical nature. The plants may grow and assume the most artistic shape; the birds may spread out their vari-colored pinions and soar to companionship with the glorious stars. But man alone is the mouth-piece of nature. He alone can interpret her secrets, reveal her laws, and determine her future.

He has discovered laws by which the planets are directed through the starry vault of heaven. He has penetrated far into the bosom of the earth and with the swiftness of an eagle ascended into the etherial elements. He has devised means whereby his desires, swift as thought, are flashed around the world. From one degree of knowledge to another he mounts on stepping stones to higher planes.

By the power of his will he spins out the fickle thread of life. Thus, placing himself within the reach of inevitable laws, the consequences of which are recorded upon his inner being, even as in the bosom of the earth is crystallized in adamantine rock the history of the remotest ages. As a voluntary agent, he blends together and crystallizes the various tendencies of his nature, until he molds for weal or woe his life and destiny. Thus upon the tablet of his inner being is reflected the final goal of life. It is but the result of the action and reaction of an endless series of moral and physical forces. "What he loves, he wills; what he wills is his destiny." In choosing his own end he is responsible. He is self-determined, yet subject to law. The personalities of ages are enwrapt in his being. In his character are woven threads of the most diverse colors. Every thought, word and action leaves its impress on this glorious web, more complex than a Gordion knot. Time reveals it not. Eternity alone will unfold it. His will is the arbiter of his ultimate destiny.

Like the mariner's compass, it directs the frail bark of the human soul over the troubled sea of life. With the accuracy of a perfect lens, it reflects upon the retina of the soul the results of countless moral and physical forces. In this wonderful fabric of the soul are interlaced those mystic threads which unending ages cannot change. When at last death dissolves the mortal coils, this ever-living image seeks its counterpart in the dim unknown. There, in living affinity with its environment, it will spend the endless cycles of eternity. W. H. Reed.

AN OPINION.

Land, ahoy! Almost four hundred years ago that cry awakened a small band of sullen homesick mariners. And the whole civilized world awoke with a start from its intellectual slumber when the birth of a new world was announced to it. Gradually the clouds of ignorance and superstition were lifted and the world came to realize that America was a stern fact, and today is the only country whose future is brighter than its past. The sun of progress, ascending toward its zenith, throws its rays from peak to peak, from hilltop to hilltop, and from from plain to plain.

The horizon of our intellectual vision is widening, and our inventive genius is rising by an ever increasing ratio. We believe that the ideal and the possible are drawn nearer together, and that our government is the consummation of the best efforts of mankind. Are we justified in holding this opinion?

Our past stands unrivaled. The future will be moulded by the present generation, and whether our "ship of state" will ride through the coming storm or will be cast upon the shoals of neglected opportunities, is for us to say. In nature there can be but one perpendicular to a given point. As it is in the natural so is it in the social and political world. The line to which every government must conform, ere its foundation is sure, is the maintenance of peace and the administration of justice. Does our government coincide with that unchanging law?

Our ability to gain and maintain peace has been demonstrated by our twice repulsing and driving from our shores the then mightiest military power of the old world. Nobly did our fair country come through the agonies of civil war. And since the thunder of conflict has died away, the conquerors and the vanquished have clasped their hands in love and friendship over the graves of their fallen brave, to do them honor and to show to the world that peace again spreads her wings o'er a united people. But we hope and almost believe that "war is a fashion of a former age," because with the advance of civilization comes an abhorrence of the cruelties of war and a tendency to settle disputes by arbitration.

Civilization is the child of education. Education is the safeguard and peacemaker of every nation. With the rise of education comes the elevation of our moral, religious and physical standards. Make loyal citizens of our coming generations, strengthened in character and trained in intellect, then will we be fulfilling the visions of the poets and realizing the songs of the prophets. Peace exists only where justice is the recognized ruler. Justice is the vital principle of our government and around it are centered those virtues which make us strong and great. Justice is not to coerce any but to allow and secure the greatest amount of liberty for all. It is this which impels us to give to our God, to each other and to ourselves what is due. Do we, as a government, honor and glorify that One, the God and Christ to whom we owe our all? What does conscience say? Does she not falter and with trembling lips answer, "No!"

Our actions in international affairs have always been such as to compel respect and admiration. We form a link in the chain of friendship of every nation, and are bound to

all by social and commercial ties that are characteristic of the "celerity of American thought and tendency to prompt action." Therein lies the secret of success, the spontaneous ingenuity in adapting means to ends, in seizing every opportunity and expanding on it with such bewildering swiftness as to make our progress rapid and continuous. But the ebb and flow of our social and political relations stands out in painful contrast, when measured by the golden rule. "The unit of our government is the individual man," and no man is so high that he is above the admitted public law, but he owes allegiance to it and it owes him protection. Nationality, race or condition of fortune find no statute of preference; the courts of justice are open to all, but delinquent justice is an encouragement to crime and tyranny. The wedge of injustice is driving asunder the two prime factors of our government, Labor and Capital. The day of cringing submission on the part of the laborer is lost in the night of ages. Humanity has asserted herself, the moral and mechanical powers which are in operation to-day have brought the world to a level, and if we are going to maintain our equilibrium as a republic, we must seek out the cause which leads to tardy and misled justice and apply a remedy.

The only relief for this national trouble is found in heeding the convictions of truth which point to the glorious certainty that might is greater than right. Without this no civilization can endure, no progress can be permanent. If we recognize this great fact we shall be enabled to hasten that glorious result, the consummation of the universal brotherhood.

C. B. R.

ROMANISM AND THE REBELLION.

Rome once more rules the world. The Pope is absolute monarch. Every ruler is subservient to the papal power and tyranny and oppression sit supreme on every nation's throne. The ignorant and superstitious masses blindly obey the voice of their leader and submit to all their tyranny and comply with every unjust demand of a selfish and depraved clergy. An immortal soul is of no value save as it serves as a fetter by which the individual may be led into and bound in the services of the church. New plans are continually devised and put into practice by which the masses may the better be held down under the power of the church until both soul and body are absolute slaves! But such a condition could not always last. God looked down from heaven and saw the corruption of the church. The struggle for freedom began, but before it could be completed all Europe must be drenched in the blood of religious wars. Such persecutions existed as to drive out multitudes from their native lands in search of religious liberty. America, the newly found world, seemed to many to afford the best protection, and thither they came. In England, the proud, tyrannical Stuarts, unwilling to acknowledge any higher earthly power than their own, assert the divine right of kings, and declare themselves to be the head of the church as well as of the nation, establishing by law the Church of England. This was little better than the Church of Rome, for the persecution of those who sought religious freedom did not cease, and the flight to the new world continued. Colonies were formed and grew rapidly. Although under the power of England each had its own government and every person could worship God as he thought right. At length England noticed the growing power and independence of the colonies, and began a political persecution which became worse and worse until the thirteen colonies united, declared their independence, and threw off the yoke of the mother country. By this time Rome has again fallen. She is an outcast of every European nation, and is fast being trampled into the dust under the feet of the Reformation. To her the situation is a serious

one. Where shall she go to recuperate her lost forces?

America is young and inexperienced—takes a pride in giving to her citizens more liberty than does any other nation—hence she is the best in which to collect the scattered Catholic forces. Can Romanism but obtain possession of the United States she will have a stronghold from which she cannot be driven. Thus she aims the death blow at the very foundation of our Constitution—even at the liberty for which our fathers fought and died in order that their sons might enjoy it. And shall we sit with folded arms and look on while they undermine the first principles of our government? Will the United States harbor this vampire which has sucked out the life blood from so many European nations and left them ignorant, illiterate, and in many cases, infidel? Will she allow it to regain its power, nourished on her shores and protected by her grand old constition of liberty, only that like the parasite, it may destroy the life of her who nourished and protected it, and give us in place of liberty only tyranny, oppression and religious persecution, for will a church which is sworn to destroy all so-called heretics show mercy to any other religion? Romanism opposes all progress and all fair education. She knows full well that her infamous teachings and doctrines are works of darkness and cannot stand the light.

Look at the ignorance and illiteracy of Ireland and Italy, for so long the strongholds of Romanism, as compared with Protestant nations. Will the United States allow her youth to be taught by Jesuits and sisters who endeavor to cover up the truth and conceal the facts of history in order that the past iniquity and degredation of a church which boasts that it never changes may not come to the light and turn all intelligent people from it? Will she allow these agitators to dictate to her how she shall conduct her public schools and what books shall be used? Will the United States allow her children to be reared in and educated by a church whose theology is so vile and impure that it cannot be published in English lest the printer should be prosecuted for publishing indecent and obscene literature? Will the husbands of America permit their wives and daughters to be asked the questions of the confessional? Will they permit an immoral and debauched priesthood to destroy and desecrate the purity and holy influence of that most sacred and most powerful of all American institutions, the American home?

Roman Catholics cannot be good, patriotic citizens of the United States. They are bound down to the Church of Rome to obey only her orders and regard only her interests. To act, not as conscience and judgment direct, but as the Church of Rome demands. They are bound to serve only the Pope, who is a foreign ruler, endeavoring to regain his temporal power; who claims the right to release all Catholics from the most solemn and binding oaths when they conflict with his wishes. It remains for us, as Americans, to choose which we shall serve. Shall we serve the God of justice, of mercy, and of love, or will we serve an earthly power, a church governed by selfish, unprincipled rulers, who care nothing for the salvation of human souls. Shall we come directly to the mercy seat of an omnipresent God, or will we confess and make known our wants to our fellow man from whom we must buy salvation as we would buy bread? Shall we be Americans and serve the God of liberty, or will we be Romanists and serve a foreign ruler, who governs by tyranny and oppression, who will some day call on us to pull down the flag under which our fathers fought for liberty and were always led on to victory, and give us in its place the meaningless emblem of the crucifix; who will some day destroy our grand old Constitution under which we have been reared and protected and taught to love liberty, and give us in its place the vile theology of the Church of Rome? Instead of a ruler of our own choosing, a verit-

able despot, who endeavors to keep his subjects in ignorance, illiteracy and superstition in order that he may the more easily grind them down and extort from them their living, keeping them in poverty and misery. Let us rise in our might and crush this monster evil out of existence while we may. Can we not prohibit the Jesuits from coming to this country under contract to teach by the same law by which we prohibit other foreign laborers? Can we not expel them as other countries have done? Can we not deprive all Romanists of citizenship because of their loyalty, nay, slavery to a foreign ruler who is aiming at the obstruction of our government? We prohibit the Chinese from entering our borders because they come to carry the wealth of our republic back to heathen China, can we not, on far higher grounds, exclude the Romanists who, from the United States, send yearly to Rome, in Peter's pence, $200,000?

Let us crush this enemy out of existence while it can be done with a single blow, and not harbor it until it has gained form enough to defend itself and then enter into the horrors of a religious war which shall mar the beauty of our land, hinder her progress and sacrifice the best and most noble of her citizens.

J. I. Stewart.

OPPORTUNITY IN AMERICA.

Every nation has striven to perpetuate its name in its works. The great question of the ages has been, What is enduring, what will stand the test of time. Every nation has given its own answer. In the dawn of history the Egyptian gave his answer as the pyramids arose toward heaven. Yet time is making its impress upon them and to future generations they will be but a thing of history. Where is Nineveh, that great city? Behold her ruins. And mighty Babylon reared her lofty towers to perpetuate her name, yet they have fallen, and now the wild beast utter its midnight cry where once Nebuchadnezzar walked in majesty and Belshazzar read his own doom in blazing letters upon walls long since crumbled to dust. Thus it shall ever be. Let man build as he may, the works of his hands must perish.

America is answering that question to-day, and upon her answer depends the welfare of millions yet to be. Will she follow in the footsteps of those nations that were, but are not? Or will she take warning from the past and strive for something better, something nobler, something that shall last when the sun itself shall fade and time shall be no more.

America is the most highly favored of modern countries. No nation has been so signally blessed as our own. No people have ever had such marvelous opportunities for the development of true character as the people of the United States in the nineteenth century. This alone is enduring. This alone will grow brighter when all else shall fade. When empires and thrones shall have passed away, this shall remain "unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the clash of worlds." Character is immortal.

Our country has opportunities for the development of character peculiar to itself. It lies in the temperate zone, the climate of energy and activity. It was mastered by the Anglo Saxon, and progress has ever marked his footsteps. It was colonized at the most favorable time. Bacon had given a new impulse to the world in thought; Newton had announced a new theory to the universe; Luther had advanced new ideas in religion; America offered a vast field for investigations in science and a home for the persecuted of all nations. The Protestant church was established in America, and the opportunities arising from that we shall never fully appreciate. In that especially do we see the working of a divine hand. Notice the early settlement of our country. The Spaniards and French held control of the southern part in the name of the Holy Virgin. The French had built a line of forts from the St. Lawrence to the Ohio and

claimed all west of that as territory of the Holy Faith. Across the Atlantic the powerful Catholic league was arrayed against Frederick the Great of Prussia. Unaided he must fall. That was a critical moment for American institutions, but across the English channel a brilliant light was seen. William Pitt, virtually prime minister of England, makes an alliance with Frederick the Great and America is saved to Protestantism. Again, our country has never been seriously disturbed by religious revolutions; no Mahomet has led his hordes across our land; no Confucius has given us a false view of religion; our nation has never passed through a state of heathendom or barbarism; we have never been under the demoralizing influence of the pope; we have never experienced a St. Bartholomew's massacre or a reign of terror. The different countries in which these things have occurred never recovered from their damaging influence. Now, since our country has all these advantages, what, in the light of the nineteenth century, should be the aim of every true American? Just one thing, and that is the formation of a noble character. He is poor, indeed, who, though rich in possessions, has lost his good name. No man is bound to be rich, but every American, at least in the sight of God, is bound to have a good character. Every one who would not be shipwrecked on life's voyage must have indelibly stamped on his mind these words: "One thing is needful." Power is not needful, nor fame, nor genius, nor liberty, nor even health, but character, thoroughly developed, is the one thing needful. The lack of this led to the destruction of two of the greatest nations of history. It was not Philip of Macedon or the countless hordes from the north that led to the destruction of Greece and Rome, but the lack of individual character in her midst. When they had attained their highest development intellectually their morals were the lowest, hence they were bound to fall. What our nation needs to-day is what these nations lacked, a higher standard of manhood. Morality and piety go hand in hand. There can be no piety without morality, neither can there be any true morality without piety. There are those who will believe only what they can see and handle and anatomize, but there is something above all microscopes and all diagnosis and all examination, and that is life, and life, says one, is energizing reason, and energizing reason is but another name for God. The fountain of all nobler inspiration is inspiration within, and the feeder of that fountain is God.

To maintain a good character often requires the greatest moral heroism in every day life. A Wellington in battle on the eve of a great battle is only acting on a principle of wisdom which every true American should exercise in the discharge of every day duties. That moral heroism is often the greatest of which the world says the least, and which is exercised in the humblest spheres and in walks the most unnoticed. Who does not want a harvest of holiness in his character? The only way to get it is to walk uprightly every day. As a man can learn to walk only by walking so, he can live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion. He who aims at a perfect character will be careful about the little things of life. The smallest hair casts its shadow and the smallest act has is influence. None can injure us as we can injure ourselves. We cannot escape the consequences of our actions. As in the laws of nature, action and reaction are equal, so evil deeds act and react on their doers and so do good. History then proves that man, not iron, or wood, or stone, is the chief concern of providence on these shores; man in relation to man; society that shall be the model for all succeeding generations; society that shall have the highest regard for the truths that cost the lives of our forefathers; society that shall ever point the individual God-ward. The eyes of all nations are upon us. If the American does not have

a good character, there is some excuse for the inhabitants of every other country under the heavens. The opportunity is afforded now as never before, for every true American to show to the world that character modeled after the one "Perfect Man" will stand forever.

G. A. S., '93.

ENVIRONMENT.

The faculties of the human soul are developed by two general processes, one proceeding from within and the other operating from without. The inward subjective process is very obscure, and hard to trace in all its subtle activities and ramifications, the mind and heart and imagination all coming into play, rapidly and almost unconsciously. The outward process is also subtle, and noiseless, and unseen; but most powerful and effective, as is seen in the varied and innumerable effects which are wrought upon the characters of men.

It is impossible to estimate the exact result and amount of education and culture which each process leaves upon the mind. They work together, like sails and engine propelling the vessel. They are effective, however, and are the necessary conditions of all growth and development. The enswathing conditions of the opening life through the early years are recognized by scientists and moralists as the most forceful formative influences which operate on the human soul. And there can be no proper estimate made of a fixed developed character without some knowledge of its conditions. Circumstances may not be sufficient to explain a character of themselves, but they nevertheless mould the growing mind and heart into characteristics, which classify it in time and place and nationality and class.

There have been a few instances where men have risen out of their environment, as the sun rises out of the mists of the morning to pour his beams over the earth and flood it with the glory of light and color; instances where great souls have come with so much more within them than their environment, that they have moulded their conditions, and put their own personal characteristics into them. But these cases are rare, and come as the fruit of some great and special product of divine purpose. And even in such cases, a knowledge of the divine setting of the soul throws a flood of light upon the study of its characteristics, and interpretations of its principles and influences.

Therefore, the study of all systems and the study of historical characters must in every case be conducted along the line of their founders and the environment of their youth, and exact knowledge of these may so modify the judgment as to effect a complete revolution in convictions and feelings. At first sight it does seem absurd to state that a man's physical environment is of any moral and intellectual worth, but the verdict of history is that the great people and the great man owe much to nature without as well as to nature within, and in almost every case the great soul must find in its environment the necessary machinery for accomplishing its aims and ends. This is illustrated in the life of the immortal Lincoln, who found in his historical conditions the opportunities for the realization of the clean ideals of his great soul.

The influence of environment is clearly seen in social life. Here an imperial goddess sways her scepter and dictates in detail what we shall eat and what we shall wear, and how we shall eat it, and how we shall wear it. All the forces and elements of society are teachers, and we are continually influenced by what touches us. As a person's character is formed by environment, we see this influence in the recreation of different people. The English seek open air recreations, while the French being a less robust people are not so fond of the rougher recreations. We see the influence of environment also in political life, as in every great movement of history, its fontal

sources may be traced back to some distant thought or far spoken words, which lead to the destiny of a nation or world. There must be that vigorous flow of right habits, of thought that will naturally choose the pure and reject the impure; just as the Rhone refuses to mingle its azure waters with the turbid waves of the noisy Arve, though flowing side by side, in the same channel.

It is not only by the fireside, school house and college, that the political life is influenced, but by the literature of a nation. The literature of a people is a cause and effect of its conditions, and an index of the past and prophecy of the coming future. Probably the influence of environment is seen more distinctly in the sphere of morals and religion than in any other. In this sphere the sensitive human spirit is earliest impressed by influences which are brought to bear upon it by condition and agents from without.

And the philosophy of self moulding, which proceeds upon the principles of imitation, as well as the principles of restraint, indicates that in the sphere of morals and religion, the effective forces operating upon the human mind and character, lie in the person, places, conditions, habits, customs, history and life without. In view of the undoubted influences of environment upon human life and character and destiny, the first and chiefest concern of all thoughtful and philanthropic people for the good of mankind, must be for the means and methods of reaching the human mind from without, and for the adopting of such methods, and for the securing of such allotments in daily life and conditions as shall flood the spirit from without with the holiest and purest influences of divine truth and purity. So that, when the inward endowments and powers of the soul shall have been met from without by forces and influences congenial and upbuilding, then the spirit will rise to the realization of a noble and inspiring ideal of character.

May Chapin.

MUSIC NOTES.

—A progressive step has recently been taken by inviting all the college students to the music recitals, thus giving everyone an opportunity for a cultivated taste. With Westminster's musical advantages, no one should leave the college without being able to appreciate good music.

—On account of the increase in work, occasioned by the increase in the number of pupils, recitals have been less frequent this year than usual. That given on Feb. 5th was well attended and highly appreciated. An interesting feature of Prof. Austin's recitals are his talks concerning the life and works of the musician whose composition is about to be executed.

—Prof. Austin, assisted by Miss Whissen and a number of his pupils, will give a farewell entertainment in the college chapel March 24. It will consist of piano, violin and vocal solos, and choruses. Let all attend, and by so doing, show to Prof. Austin our appreciation of his services here, and best wishes for his success in the future.

—Already a successor to Prof. Austin has been secured in the person of Prof. Christian Thelen. He is a native of Germany, where he was educated, but has been in America three years. He will be present at the beginning of the spring term ready for work.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Never did the truth of this familiar saying impress itself so forcibly upon the the ladies of the hall as during the recent sadness occasioned by the sudden death of our friend, Mamie Thorne. All were kind, and we most heartily thank them for their sympathy. More especially are we indebted to Profs. Mitchell and Austin, who were untiring in their acts of kindness; and to several of the young gentlemen of the college who remembered us and whose cheerful aid was most highly appreciated.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—They say that Mr. McN. is even getting his mail now in care of box 10.

—Rev. W. M. Barr, of Allegheny, visited friends in town a few weeks ago.

—H. C. Swearinger, '91, of Allegheny Seminary, was in town last week.

—W. R. Mehard, '80, of New Castle, spent Sabbath in town a short time ago.

—McNary,'90, and Graham and the Anderson Bros.,'91, visited friends here recently.

—Miss Laura VanEman, '91, spent Sabbath the guest of her mother a short time ago.

—Miss K. to Miss H.—"Do you go with Painter?" Miss H.—"No; Painter goes with me."

—Prof. E. P. Thompson was unable to meet his classes for over a week on account of sickness.

—W. H. Dodds,'82, principal of the Allegheny schools, spent Sabbath in town a few weeks ago.

—Miss Sue McLaren, of Oakdale Station, visited her sister, Miss Margaret, a few weeks ago.

—Prof. T. to Mr. H., in biology.—"What is the use of lips?" Mr. H. casts a sly glance ———— ?

—Miss Bertha Wilson has been out of school for some time on account of an accident met with while out skating.

—Mr. Kraer, of Sheffield, Pa., spent a few days with his daughters, Misses Carrie and Alice, a short time ago.

—Rev. D. M. Thorne, 64, at present of Youghiogheny, will move to New Wilmington with his family in the near future.

—T. C. Anderson, '91, of Allegheny Seminary, with his family spent a few days visiting friends here a short time ago.

—Miss Frizby, of Connellsville, and Messrs. Gordon and Falls, of New Castle, were recently the guests of Mrs. Gordon and Miss Clingan.

—The "persimmon" is awaiting the young lady who can hold more than one hundred and twenty-eight oyster crackers in her mouth at one time.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kraer's many friends will regret to learn that their house and its contents were totally destroyed by fire a short time ago.

—We would advise Miss S. to put a biscuit in her pocket before going to church, if she is in the habit of getting hungry, since "a biscuit in time saves nine."

—Prof. Austin intends to give a special recital at the close of his work here before going to Brooklyn. We can assure our readers that it will be an entertainment of a very high order.

—A number of the students and citizens of the town have organized what is known as the "New Wilmington Prohibition Club," and expect to take an active part in the campaign next fall.

—F. L. Juillerat, '91, who has been doing missionary work in New Orleans for several months, has returned home. He has been tendered the position of French and German in some western school.

—To all students who desire a high grade of photographic portraiture we commend the work of John H. Ryder, of Cleveland, O. He has always given to the various classes he has photographed entire satisfaction.

—Mr. B. has doubtless instructed his landlady to not lock the door hereafter when he is in the country, he having been compelled to spend a half hour in the cold recently until he could arouse some one from his slumbers.

—Recently Prof. A. was telling a story which he said that he had read in a paper, to a number of friends, Dr. F. being among the number. Dr. F., after Prof. A. had concluded,—"I told you that story." Laughter.

—Recently Miss S. was very much confused in church while trying to separate the leaves of her Bible that were glued together from some unknown cause. Moral: Don't indulge in confectionery or pastry while reading your Bible.

—The Martha Washington tea party given by the Leagorean Society was certainly a success from every point of view and was greatly enjoyed by all present. The society realized a neat sum of money as the result of their labors.

—Prof. T. (who has been telling about the great number of grasshoppers there are in the far West)—"Mr. M. were you ever as far west as that." Mr. M.—"No, sir." Prof. T.—Well, grasshoppers are not so plenty there every year.

—The recital at the dormitory on Friday evening, February 5th, was a very enjoyable entertainment. Evidently Prof. Austin has not permitted his efforts and zeal to become any less ardent in the expectation of his departure at the end of this term.

—Since our last issue Miss Jennie McFate has been called to mourn the death of her mother. Mrs. McFate was a sister of the renowned singer and evangelist, Ira D. Sankey. Fellow-students and the members of the staff extend Miss McFate their sincere sympathy in her great affliction.

—For the benefit of her friends Miss Cynthia Houston, '57, who is doing missionary work among the Seminole, Creek and Cherokee Indians of Indian Territory, writes that she enjoys her work although it is attended with many difficulties. She is principal of a school for girls.

—In the absence of Mr. D.'s pantaloons a few evenings ago he found it necessary to borrow Mr. F.'s, in order to fulfill a very important engagement. Instead of returning them at the appointed time to Mr. F., he fastened them as crape on the front door of Mrs. B.'s house, where Mr. F. rooms. Why he did so is a problem yet to be solved.

—It is reported on good authority that the Pennsylvania Company has bought the W. N. Y. & P. and Sharpsville roads, and will run trains from Erie over these roads through New Castle to Pittsburg. It is to be earnestly hoped that this is true, since lack of railway facilities has always been a great hindrance to Westminster's growth and prosperity.

—A horrible discovery! Miss H. is found lying on the floor of her room, apparently lifeless. Upon her bosom was a card with the following inscription: "Starved to death." We are happy to say, however, that upon careful examination life was found to be not altogether extinct, and that by the application of fried potatoes and maccaroni as restoratives, Miss H. is again enjoying her accustomed health and vigor.

—Prof. J. B. De Motte, of De Pau University, delivered his lecture, "Electricity, the Wizard of the Nineteenth Century," in the college chapel on Wednesday evening, February 3d. He is evidently a scientist of very high attainments and displays great tact in engaging the attention of an audience by applying the laws of physical phenomena to every day life. His illustration of the wave theory of electricity was especially interesting.

—Recently Mrs. Campbell very hospitably extended the privileges of her house to a number of the young ladies for the purpose of giving a leap year party. Accordingly, about fifteen couples assembled on Friday evening, February 19th, and everyone expressed himself as delighted with the evening's festivities. The gallantry displayed by the young ladies was well worthy of imitation. The young gentlemen's toilets were truly novel.

—Hon. J. C. Brown, editor of the *Globe*, of this place, died from pneumonia at his residence in Greenville on February 13th. Although he had been with us but a very short time, yet he had formed a great many warm

acquaintances here. Every one feels that in the death of Mr. Brown both the college and the citizens of the borough have lost a true friend and a public benefactor. The members of this staff extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

—We clip the following from the New Wilmington Globe: "Prof. Christian Thelen—So runs the name of the new instructor in music in Westminster College. He is a young married man, of German birth, who came to America in 1889. He is a graduate of the German Gymnasium, which is equal to the American college in the requirements of its curriculum, and is therefore a man of general intelligence as well as musical culture. After spending four years at the conservatory at Cologne, he continued his studies two years, taking private lessons from the best masters in Germany. Since coming to this country, he has been employed as organist and choir director at Cambridge, Mass., and has taught piano, vocal, harmony and theory. During the first season in America, he did considerable concert work. He gave concerts with Chas. R. Adams, Boston's best known and most distinguished vocal teacher, and his pupils, in which more than half of the pieces used were composed by Prof. Thelen. These songs have been published by Mr. Arthur Schmidt and have been well received. His wife also is a singer and occupies a position as soprano in the Eliot church, Boston Highland." Prof. Thelen will be on hand at the beginning of the spring term, and it is hoped he will find the new work congenial. He says: "The position of instructor at a college agrees more than anything else with my personal inclinations."

—In view of the exaggerated reports that have appeared in the daily papers recently concerning the so-called "college war," we feel that, in justice to the college and our readers generally, a brief statement of facts should be given: About 3 o'clock on Monday morning, February 22d, the citizens and more peaceable students of the town were awakened from their slumbers by the Freshies, who were marching the streets singing, "Yell, Freshmen, Yell," to the tune of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," giving their class yell between the verses. Almost every one was in a quandary to know what evil spirit had now taken possession of the Freshies. Some few had an inkling of the cause of the hilarity, but the majority contented themselves by uttering an anathema, and then going to sleep again. When the sun arose, the Freshman flag waving from the cupalo of the college solved the mystery. The Sophs thinking their less dignified brethren a little too presumptious, concluded to take the flag down. Accordingly, while the Freshies were off their guard, six of the Sophs went up through the college and took the flag down by a frantic effort, amid the cheers of their friends and admirers. Meanwhile the Juniors had allied themselves with the Freshies and the Seniors with the Sophs, the Freshies and Juniors having stationed themselves on the upper landing to prevent the six Sophs from descending with the flag, while the Seniors and the remaining Sophs were endeavoring to ascend the stairs. Here some lively scenes were occurring when Constable Best appeared and demanded the flag from the Sophs, promising at the same time that he would return it to them. It was surrendered. Best, instead of keeping it for the Sophs secretly gave it to Prof. Thompson, who then promised it to the Freshmen. The crowd then followed Constable Best, thinking that he had the flag. Some exciting scenes were witnessed on the street afterward between the Sophs and Juniors, the latter having hoisted their flag, but no one was hurt. This was the end of the melee, and the rest of the day was spent in telling how "Betsy and me killed the b'ar." Prof. Thompson has kept his promise by returning the flag to the Freshies, but Constable Best has not been able to keep

his, not having any flag to return. In consequence some ominous threats are heard, but that will probably be all.

—To all students who desire a high grade of photographic portraiture we commend the work of John H. Ryder, of Cleveland, O. He has always given to the various classes he has photographed entire satisfaction.

EXCHANGES.

Whatever a man mostly highly esteems measures the man. No one will riser higher in the scale than his idea of excellence. He becomes assimilated in character to what he worships.—*Pres. A. A. Smith.*

Every member of the literary societies should read the article in the Bethany Collegian on the subject of "Criticism." There is probably no position in society more difficult to fill properly than that of the critic. The ability to form a correct judgment and to express it in the best way; to know just what and how much to say; and to attain to a golden mean between fault-finding and commendation are some of the qualifications of a good critic.

Some time since, there was a statement in the W. and J., that Miss M. Hodgen had come to Westminster to give instruction in art. We have waited long for a correction but none has as yet appeared, and we would ask that W. and J. would do us the kindness to recall the assertion. Miss M. Hodgen had previously given some attention to art at Washington Seminary, but last Sept. came to Westminster to pursue the study farther under our competent Prof. of art, Miss Lizzie Hodgen, of Pittsburg Art School.

Will the time ever come in the history of the college student when a sense of propriety and regard for morality will so hedge him about that his inclinations and amibitions will not be masters of reason? Again in the columns of an exchange we read the charge of literary theft. Honor that is of such short duration and is won thus by forfeiture of self-respect, purity of conscience and the esteem of all ones acquaintances, is surely dearly won. Instead of encouraging an act of this kind by utter indifference to it, the demands of justice should be met promptly and the penalty of the offender be such as to remove the temptation out of the way of others.

Friend Exchange: With this issue of the Holcad our good-bye must be said. For the year now past you have been among us and of the exchange as a whole we can speak only in terms of highest commendation. True, there is a sameness about college papers, but this scarcely can be avoided. The student's environment in one institution is practically the same as in another; the routines of work and plan are similar; essays and orations, although admitting of a marked graduation, are essays and orations still; college news and club jokes, transferred to paper, lose much of their former interest and amusement, unless there is at work the pen of an unscrupulous reporter, the vein of whose imagination is lost or at least uncontrolled. Knowing well the trials of an exchange editor, we can exercise the greatest charity towards you who hold the same position. If the exchange table is uninteresting at times, it is not altogether the fault of the college paper, but largely of the exchange editor himself. Too many papers to be looked over at one time in connection with an overwhelming amount of class or society work is often the secret of his disgusted, weary look. It has been a pleasure to scan the journals of our sister colleges, and in this way an interest in the work has been created which cannot be entirely lost.

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AGNES DICKSON, '93)
T. M GEALY, '94) LOCAL.
KATE ADAMS, '93)
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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WHETHER in jest or challenge the joke loving youth permits the scattered beard to grow upon his tender face, let him beware lest the appearance indicate the aspiration after something beyond his reach to attain. But let him to whom the beard is attainable put aside the frivolties of youth lest he combine the appearance of a man with the realities of a boy.

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL delivered his lecture "Garabaldi" to a large and appreciative audience in the college chapel on Monday evening, March 7. His effort to impress the fact upon the minds of his hearers that success or failure invariably follows faith or distrust in one's destiny under the unerring guidance of Providence, was truly masterly; even bordering on the dramatic in style. It was a matter of great disappointment, however, that he seems to have lost to a certain degree that vigorous and imaginative eloquence which formerly made him so attractive. This was probably due to fatigue from travel.

PROGRESS is the watchword of our college. True to this sentiment the Faculty are ever eager for the latest and best methods of instruction. Scarcely were the Harper's inductive methods of Greek and Latin published until the professors of these languages had them for the students. Prof. S. R. Thompson saves neither time nor labor in procuring the latest and most improved apparatus for his department. With a faculty so earnest, with books the best, and with apparatus so good, the students should show their appreciation by their most faithful performance of the work assigned them.

WITH this issue of the HOLCAD ends another term of the college year. 'Tis well for each student to review the term's work and see where he has improved his opportunities best and where he has let them go by without receiving any benefit whatever. It is not so much the amount of work done as the manner in which it is done, and self criticism may often be our best teacher. By thinking of the work

done we may be able to judge our ability, and by remembering our lost opportunities we may resolve to do better, for it is only by the knowledge gathered from the past that we can peer into the future and plan with success.

Not long since most of the members of the Faculty adopted a custom of "conditional examination." All students who receive a daily grade of 90 per cent. or over and are not absent more than five days the fall term and three days each of the other terms, are excused from final examination at the end of the respective terms. It was urged against this custom that it had a tendency to make the student work only for grades. In practical application of this custom the tendency does not seem to be increased, but there is a premium put upon every day work, and the term grade is based upon daily work instead of a final examination. This custom does not hinder the professor's making the necessary review of each subject studied during the term. But when this review work is all done the students are free from an ordeal, often a worry and vexation to even the most faithful ones. It relieves the truant from deceiving the professor and the honest one from fear of not doing himself justice. At best final examinations are but a poor test of either a student's work or ability, for some can put down on an examination paper a great deal more than they know, while others can do themselves but partial justice.

The erroneous impression seems to prevail with a great many persons not acquainted with the affairs of the college that the literary societies manage their affairs in open defiance of all the authorities of the institution. This false impression, we believe, is to be attributed to the misleading statements made by newspaper correspondents who permit their zeal for the different societies to sway their good judgment. It is true that the faculty permit the different societies to manage their own affairs almost entirely, yet when anything arises in any of the societies that concerns the faculty, all due respect is paid their authority. The mere fact that disputes arise in or between the different societies and that these are frequently passed by unnoticed by the faculty is no evidence that the faculty's authority is set at naught. It means simply that the faculty believe that their interference would be giving to factious disputes an importance which they do not deserve, and certainly any one well acquainted with the utter insignificance of the cause of such disputes generally will unite with us in commending their prudence. By the pursuance of such a policy, we believe that Westminster has attained a literary standard that will compare favorably both in kind and amount of work done with that of any other like institution.

It seems to be one of the necessary evils of college life that the management of many of its affairs must be left to young and inexperienced hands. With the last issue of this paper, several of the editors vacated their chairs in the expectation of soon leaving us to embark in more important and permament vocations. The management of the paper is therefore left to those of us who have heretofore occupied positions of minor responsibility. We enter upon this work with a strange commingling of despair and hope, of diffidence and zeal. Of despair because the art of journalism is not learned in a fortnight and its pursuance is attended with many discouragements and difficulties. Yet there is ground for hope, because, through the efficient management of those who have gone out, the paper is now on a sound basis financially and otherwise. We enter upon it with zeal because the breast of every American youth is full of the interest of adventure and experiment. Life would lose its greatest charm if we did not sail seas hitherto unknown; yet we feel slightly diffident because we are not in-

sensible to the fact that this adventurous spirit is not unfrequently in an inverse ratio to the wisdom and prudence displayed. For these reasons we earnestly request our readers that they exercise forbearance and also that they give us at least the same cordial support accorded our predecessors.

With these beautiful spring days, one can easily see the animal spirits of the students gaining a predominance over their intellectual propensities. The disposition to engage in athletic sports gradually increases as the weather becomes delightful. This is perfectly natural. If one's physical powers be subordinated for any length of time to the development of his mental capacities because of the inclemency of the weather, or any other condition, it follows as a natural consequence that they will run to excess when the opportunity is offered. Nature forbids that any one faculty be developed to a morbid excess at the expense of some other. In view of this fact, would not a well equipped gymnasium be of almost incalculable value to Westminster? Many of the students who do excellent work during the winter months, relax their efforts in the spring in that direction and give undue attention to athletics for the reason stated above. We confidently believe that if students were to take regular, systematic training in a gymnasium during the winter months, this evil would be avoided. We do not advocate physical training merely for the purpose of athletic contests—something so prevalent in Eastern colleges at the present time. This extreme is even worse than its opposite, because it is not the end of a college education. But certainly the truest manhood is to be attained by the harmonious development of the different faculties. In order that this may be accomplished, it is necessary that students be restricted to some degree. The more studious should be required to take regular exercise, while those of opposite inclinations need to be restrained. One who has had wide experience in college work and who has given special attention to this phase of college life affirms this fact. He, therefore, some time ago, offered to give five hundred dollars toward the erection of a gymnasium, provided that the students would pay the salary of a gymnastic professor for two years. We presume that he will still make this generous offer good if we only do our part. If we do not accept it, we are certainly both ungrateful and blind to our best interests. Boys, what shall we do about it? "A word to the wise is sufficient."

In view of the approaching political campaign, every citizen and especially every student should ask himself and satisfactorily answer the question, What shall be my part in this national contest? There are two great issues before the people upon which they are to give an expression next November, and it is especially incumbent upon each student that he should come to some intelligent conclusion upon them for two reasons: First, his avowed purpose in coming to college is that he may obtain an education so as to be a leader of thought and opinion; and, second, in this age of such wonderful material prosperity most men are so engrossed in the ordinary affairs of every day life that they permit the management of political campaigns to be controlled by a set of shrewd and unprincipled demagogues. Such is not necessarily the case with the student. Ample opportunity is given to him in the way of literature and also in the study of the sciences of political economy and civil government, to gain at least some knowledge of the great questions of economics and sociology. His duty, it must be borne in mind, does not end with his gaining a knowledge of the truths propounded in the text-books, but he is to disseminate it among his fellow-citizens thereby bringing them to a true conception of the

duties of citizenship, and at the same time elaborating his own knowledge into a consistent structure that will become an abiding possession. In this practical age, young men can no longer afford to content themselves with the political dogmas of their fathers without investigation, neither is it sufficient to say when any social problem is offered for solution that the country is prosperous under the existing conditions. This latter tendency at the present time is truly alarming. The allurements of wealth acquired through the agencies of steam and electricity harnessed to machinery are completely absorbing the attention of countless numbers of our most thoughtful young men. Fame, rank, honor, learning and other objects of ideal interest are being relegated to the background as motives of effort. Students, instead of seeking a classical education which certainly would best fit them for the more important duties of life, are taking special courses in electricity and mechanical engineering and consequently their lives are apt to be spent in seeking wealth for its own sake. The objection may be made to this view that intellectual and moral advancement are generally commensurate with material prosperity. In reply to this we would say that such cannot be the case from the nature of things. Mental energy is not like the energy stored in a running stream which may be used at one place to run a flour mill and at another a woolen factory. It can be used only once. There is no good reasons why as great geniuses and intellects as those of a Webster or a Clay should not be found among our young men of to-day, if their powers were only developed in the right direction.

STUDENTS' HEARING AT NEW CASTLE.

Heretofore the editors of the HOLCAD have scorned to descend to the stagnant goose-pond of village gossip to obtain the material with which to satisfy the thirst of her readers, believing them to be characterized by an intellectual seriousness and to possess a refined literary taste that would very justly repudiate all sensational and scandalous items as a reflection upon their literary life. Please pardon us if we may seem presumptuous in saying that such is not the course usually pursued by the popular press with her readers Especially has this been true recently in regard to matters immediately pertaining to the college which we represent. True enough, there has been in each case some foundation for the reports, but the facts have been so distorted and colored as to convey an entirely erroneous impression to the minds of readers. Of course, all due allowance should be made for the imperfect facilities which newspapers possess for gathering news, but the willful misrepresentation of facts by newspaper correspondents for the sole purpose of gratifying the vicious taste of a certain class of its readers for the coarse stimulants of personalities and scandals, and the persistence of the editors of these papers in knowingly giving still wider circulation to these falsifications, is something that deserves the moral disapprobation of every progressive, truth loving citizen. It is one of the most pernicious tendencies of the age. We refer to the account of the hearing given to a number of students and other young men of the village before Alderman Bowman, of New Castle, on the serious charge of criminally assaulting an idiotic servant girl. We certainly feel grateful to the daily papers for their impartial, straight-forward account of the result of the hearing, but the statement by one of them that one hundred students attended it was misleading. Upon first thought one would think that it was a matter of minor importance how many attended the hearing, nevertheless the statement that one hundred were there implies that a great many were actuated by a morbid curosity. Let it be said to the credit of the students of the college that very few attended the hearing except those who were

summoned as witnesses, and we believe that the few who were not summoned were actuated more by the desire to see the innocence of the accused established than to hear the testimony in such a case. We are happy to say that the accused were found innocent beyond doubt or question; the plaintiff failing utterly to identify even one of them. No one acquainted with them ever believed them guilty or even entertained the least suspicion, yet it is a matter of serious regret that one's name should ever be published in connection with such a disgraceful affair, because a stranger is naturally led to conclude that there is at least some ground for suspicion. The whole affair is simply another illustration of the fact that,

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep."

Every circumstance in the case indicated that the making of the information was instigated by one who thought he saw in such a blackmailing scheme an opportunity to give vent to a little personal spite. The appealing glances of the plaintiff when being closely questioned on this point by the defendants' counsel were especially significant. Certainly anyone who would prevail upon a demented girl to make such charges against respectable young men, has a very low conception of his duty to his fellow-men and to the great commonwealth whose protection he enjoys.

—And now comes the startling story that a jockey at Guttenburg has been detected with a complete outfit of electric battery cells under his clothing, with connecting wires to his spurs, by which appliance he could dig a horse in the side and enable it to increase its speed in a race. Surely this is an age of invention, whether patents are applied for or not.

IMAGINATION IN POLITICS.

Government and politics are as old as man, and the influence of imagination coeval with both. When history voices the achievment of statesman, party or politician, the thoughtful student reads between the lines the record of imagination's wierd and wonderful influence.

Lycurgus reveals its sway in his laws and exile. Rome's senate and her emperors divulge its presence in their theories of statesmanship and jurisprudence. It was the secret of the great Napoleon's power. With Burke and Chatham in the aisles of England's parliament, in the air of Faneuil and Independence halls, where from the travail of persecution, statehood and liberty were born; with Warren in the trench at Bunker Hill; round Sumter's hot lipped cannon; guiding the immortal Lincoln's pen and in the soul of James G. Blaine. In short, whenever and wherever man wrestles with the problems of civilization, there imagination holds her court.

In politics, as in every other field where man engages in the endless struggle for the rights of man, imagination becomes a common weapon. It may shape the utterances of a Henry till he becomes the idol of his State; it may trace the evolutions of the army of a Washington till he becomes in truth "the father of his country," or it may guide the footsteps of a Burr till his forehead bears the withering brand of Cain. Instances of both sorts are not wanting, nor is history void of phantom warnings to nations, and happy is that country whose statesmen allow their imagination to picture the errors and mistakes of those that were and now are not, as object lessons painted for their benefit on the mouldy pages of history by that hand which leads the trusting one ever upward and on. In the din and crash of the great party conventions the commanders-in-chief of the opposing forces are chosen. The battle ground (the party platforms) selected, the chief aides (the chairmen of the national party committees) appointed,

and the formation of the battle line begins. See the veterans wheel into line! Look at that phalanx, "The solid South!" Listen; you can almost catch the strains of "Dixie" and see the sheen of waving silken stars and bars. If you knew a man who wore the grey badge of rebellion in '61, look for him; you will find him in those ranks. But the grey haired boys who wore the blue are forming their line. Their eyes rest lovingly on "Old Glory." They are faithful to their vows of youth, and thanks to them not a stripe is erased, not a star obscured. But the fight is on; the lines advance, the wires are busy with reports; here a dashing leader goes down forever under the fire of a concealed mud battery; there a trusted brigade wavers, breaks, and is in the hands of the enemy.

Stand at the polls of a great city and view this battle of ballots; see the tide of war ebb and flow round the contested point, the ballot box, the emblem of Americanism. Scan those faces and there read the history yet to be of our nation's destiny or doom. Ah! stand aside; here comes our country's chief executive. He drops his ballot and before it flutters to the bottom of the box a horny handed son of toil stands in his place and, registering his opinion, says: "My man, that kills your vote." At last the proud boast of the Roman peasant comes true, "the citizen is greater than the king." This is a picture of the methods along the whole front. All day the battle rages and at night the defeated troops embark for that lake of perpetual brine with five days' rations of boiled crow, there to recruit their wasted energies for the next conflict, to lay their wires, re-sort their old campaign lies and rest on their arms till the next advance. Self evident as the case was in the Blaine campaign that the Republican party was the foe of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," their emissaries failed to grasp the idea until the illustrated papers, by the aid of that one sentence, so fired the imagination of the devotees to these shrines that with one mighty effort they sent the star of Blaine from its zenith far below the political horizon of '84. It is ever thus. The tide of popular opinion sways easily. "In this windy world what's up is faith; what's down is heresy." And now, as always, the current is easiest affected by a happy use of the weapons or cognomens suggested by imagination. The illustrated newspaper wields a mighty influence in politics through its ability to place in false or ludicrous light the leaders and representatives of parties or theories. This is because imagination—the power behind the throne—touches with caustic pencil or extravagant coloring the frailties of great and good men.

Imagination, with a lightning stroke of wit, has branded many a man for life. Disloyal citizens ridiculed the "railsplitter," but the hand that could wield the ax so well drove his pen through the heart of the confederacy, while his enemies, weighed down by the opprobious title of "copperheads," slunk away to deserved infamy. When imagination dubbed "The Plumed Knight," did not it utter prophecy? Let imagination fasten to party or man a title that exposes or magnifies their errors or brings into prominence their virtues, and a mighty influence is at once exerted to bear them on the highest crest of surging popularity or swamp them in the lowest trough of oblivion. "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," "Coffee Pot Wallace," "Sunset Cox," "Czar Reed," "Mad Anthony Wayne," "The Swamp Fox," "Liberals," "Radicals," "Conservatives," "Mugmumps," "Copperheads," "Abolitionists," all represent attempted use or abuse of the power of imagination in politics. Some one has likened the realm of politics to the ocean. The figure is apt. Into ocean is cast the drainage of continents, and one need take no extreme view of politics to sometimes imagine that into our politics is drawn the filth of the republic.

The pessimist harangues us with prophecies of the certain downfall of our nation through

the corruption of our political system, and cites Rome as an example. True, Rome fell through corruption. A thousand dollars for each soldier once purchased her throne, and though a smaller sum will purchase many a a vote to-day, no American citizen will ever have the iniquitous power of the Roman soldiery. The world grows better every day; the time is coming when the vaults of Vanderbilt will not purchase one vote. One of our greatest political orators says, "I have a dream that finally Wisdom will sit in the legislature, Justice in the courts, Charity will occupy all the pulpits and the world will be governed by Liberty and Love, Justice and Charity."

We lament the constant ebullition of politics, yet as the mighty, restless ocean girt by gravitation's constant law, is purer because never still, may we not imagine that our politics are purer because so often tempest-tossed? R.

OUR COUNTRY AND HER NEEDS.

Patriotic devotion to his country is characteristic of the American. And reason he has to be proud of the land, and of the age, in which he lives. Proud of American soil, of American homes, and of American freedom. We look at our past history and see that no other nation can boast of such a record. Step by step we have advanced until the entire world has been compelled to acknowledge us as the mightest of nations. In fact so far have we surpassed the nations from which we sprung that now we are beyond comparison. Since 1830 Great Britain has almost trebled her wealth; France has quadrupled hers; but our Great Republic has multiplied hers by six, and at the present time she is four millions richer at sunset than at sunrise. In spite of wars from without and within, America is the continent of THE REPUBLIC.

And what of the age in which we live? Behold the mind of man! See how the range of human thought is being widened! Notice the rapid progress by way of discovery and invention! With the knowledge that has for ages accumulated, the rising generation is being taught to control the forces of nature, to harness the lightning and the steam; to open the treasures that have been hid from the foundation of the world, buried in our mountain chains, waiting for the hand of science to unlock the doors of their wealthy caves. The dark regions of the earth discovered to-day are invaded by trade and commerce to-morrow. Machinery has multiplied until its productive power in England and the United States alone is equal to that of a thousand million men. And is this all? No, even the thoughts that we think here on the earth's surface, about the elections, the treaties, the exchanges, clothe themselves with elemental sparks, and far down through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep, in a moment, they scale the muck-paved floor from hemisphere to hemisphere, and in the twinkling of an eye, flash out upon the world again. Without doubt, the great number of surprising discoveries that have been developed and announced during the past fifty years show magnificent strides in man's mastery over nature, and indicate that intellectually he is in the ascendant. To-day we look ahead expecting at any moment almost to hear of something new in science or philosophy that will totally eclipse anything the world has ever witnessed.

The past and the present are radiant with the result of advanced thought. The 19th century will be remarkable in the world's history for material progress; and may we not believe that it will furnish the foundation for a moral progress in which the moral forces will grow and strengthen and man be made gentler, wiser and purer? Do the signs point in this direction and encourage this belief? Yes, our hope and honest opinion is that we are perfecting a form of government and society fit to be preserved through all time. But while we prophesy smooth things in

regard to the nation's future, we cannot fold our arms, remain inert, and expect the prophecy to be fulfilled. We must be up and doing. Perplexing questions both social and political have arisen, and demand a settlement, or in the end they will prove destructive to our nation. Intemperance, Sabbath desecration, anarchy, the conflict between labor and capital, atheism, yea, a multitude of such are vigorously pushing their work. All due honor to the government that guarantees civil and religious liberty; all due respect to the land of the free and the home of the brave; but to allow the evils which are among us to go unchecked is not the part of our republic. Such a course tends to lower and destroy that which makes us what we are. Christianity has been our pilot. In it lies the stronghold of our liberty. By it man is made to possess an endless worth in himself. Behold the agony of Gethsemane, the sufferings of Golgotha, the sting of death, the great scheme of revelation, all for man; and yet we have men, yea, leading men of shrewdness and ability, who make every Christian feature in our government the object of persistent, determined, bitter attack. It was for the free use of the Bible that our fore-fathers left old England. They braved the storms of the sea, fought their way through American forests and settled this wide continent, all for religious freedom. And yet both as a text-book and as a book of religious freedom we are asked to exclude the Bible from our schools. All laws, directly or indirectly, enforcing the proper observance of the Sabbath we are asked to repeal. And shall we submit? Must we put a premium upon vice and nail virtue to the cross? No, a thousand times no! We must go forward with a firm resolve to take this world for Him who gave his life a ransom for many.

And how can we accomplish this end? How can we avert the dangers that are among us? How shall we prevent the ship of state from being led into a mighty sea of turmoil where "whirlwinds lash and tear with ceaseless fury?" What will make our social and political outlook as bright and as much to be admired as that of science and discovery? One answer is, "good and capable leaders," for upon our leaders depends the rise or fall of our nation. When questions of grave importance present themselves, we do not appeal to the masses but stand inert, uncertain, awaiting the opinions of those whom we recognize as leading men. Hence the importance of wise and correct views, of careful study, and judicious management. What we need then is far-seeing, deep-thinking statesmen, to whom truth and country are more dear than the power of pelf, or the trumpet blast of fame. Where can we look for such leaders? Among the scholars. And they, including as they do the ministers and the able educators, are fitted to govern. They are the truth seekers and philosophers of to-day. They are the ones who have pondered the past and grown wise from the experiences of the centuries. They are the ones whose opinions are free from prejudice, and based on honesty and truth. They will prefer right to glory or territory. Since they are brought constantly in contact with truth, it is but natural that they should be men of peculiar depth and purity of morals. By reading and interpreting Divine thought they will become more and more like the Divine Being. Are the scholars then not fitted both by ability and by morality to exercise a mighty influence over the politics of our nation, and should they not put forth the effort?

Ability and responsibility always go hand in hand. And why not be obedient to the truth. Is this government, for which the precious blood of our noblest heroes was shed, to be given up to ignorance, avarice and party fanaticism? The dead of Gettysburg answer "No!" A thousand battle fields reit-

crate the cry; the spirits of Washington and Adams, of Lincoln and Garfield answer, No, not so! What the times demand are earnest, energetic, high aspiring, broad souled leaders; men who will gather up the experience of the past, and exert it for a higher and better advancement. "Prevention is the medicine of the future." To have the right is but to prevent the wrong. Let those who are fitted to take the reins of government frankly acknowledge their willingness to do so and the victory is won.

At one time Rome embraced the civilized world. Her victorious eagles hovered over the finest portions of the globe, but she fell. And why? Was it because of any fatal necessity compelling the rise and fall of nations? Appeal to the pages of history and they will tell you that it was because of her crimes. In order then that we may be preserved from nature's relentless cycle of rise, decline and fall, let the scholars set themselves unflinchingly against every form of political despotism. Let them annihilate all crime, live for their country and their God. Let Christian liberty pilot us through the shoals and sands of time, and from the lips of every one may we hear the angelic song, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." O. A. Hamill.

MEMORY SYSTEMS.

The artificial training of the memory was originated by the ancients but did not gain that favor in the early ages which it has attained in these later days. Indeed there seems to have been but little necessity for any artificial memory systems since the ancient achievements in memrorizing seem, in many respects, to have surpassed the attainments of the moderns. This was perhaps due, more to their habits and manner of life, than to any superiority of mind. They practiced the ails of conversation and repetition and relied but little upon books, writing and memoranda, but acquired their knowledge from the living teacher who told it over to his pupils until they had thoroughly mastered each detail. The facts of science and history, literature and art, which they were required to learn were fewer in number than those which the modern scholar must master.

The ode or epic poem was chanted by the bard or minstrel before the enthusiastic multitude until it was thoroughly mastered and caught up by the delighted listeners.

Cyrus, it is said, knew the name of every officer who served under him; Themistocles could call by name each of the twenty thousand citizens of Athens, and Hortensius, it is claimed, could sit at an auction all day and in the evening give a detailed account of every article sold. Notwithstanding these facts, the custom of artificially training the memory was practiced by the ancients as early as 500 B. C. The first memory system was contrived by the Greek Simonides and it is referred to with favor by both Cicero and Quintilian. In this system he used an imaginary building, well supplied with doors, windows, porches and apartments, some one of which he associated with each fact which he wished to retain in his mind. It is said that this system was the origin of the phrases, "In the first place," "In the second place," etc. Many such systems have been devised in later times. It is said that there are sixty such in existence, each of which bears a general resemblance to the others. The foundation principle of all these systems is founded upon the law of association. Some new thought is attached to an old one, which naturally lies nearest to it in the mind, and is thereby remembered. A solitary idea cannot remain in the mind; it will either connect itself with some other idea already in the mind or it will disappear. These systems attempt to associate ideas which are to be connected in the mind by means of intermediate steps. In this way it is possible to commit to

memory long lists of words with comparative ease. Facts to be remembered are joined with some circumstance of time, place or company which will enable them to be recalled at will. Words in foreign languages are committed by connecting them with like sounding words in our own vocabulary, which are in turn to be connected with the meaning of the word through the usual intermediate steps.

Dates and numbers are to be remembered by associating the different figures with certain letters which will spell words that can in some way be connected with the fact to be remembered. These systems serve the purpose of holding the attention upon facts which present no attraction to the mind and which excite no interest, and in consequence of which can only be committed with great difficulty. They are of use in committing to memory lists of names or dates and come to the aid of the student in renewing and re-enforcing the natural memory by means of novel appliances. They have been objected to on the ground that they are too artificial and that in the use of them there is danger of weakening the natural memory. When the mind tasks itself in considering these artificial relations it will give less attention to those which are natural, and whatever is gained will be at the expense of that power which follows the teachings of nature. The feats of memory which have been achieved in this way are the result of much time, labor and enthusiasm which, perhaps, if applied to committing according to the natural method, would be awarded with results quite as satisfactory. There are many directions which pertain to the improvement of this faculty of the mind, in accordance with the natural laws, which might be considered with profit. We should give attention and diligence to that which we would commit. Defects in memory are chiefly due to the incapacity of giving attention, and on the other hand whatever tends to concentrate the attention will contribute to its improvement. If we would commit a thing to memory we must "never be satisfied with a partial knowledge or half acquaintance with it." Many a child is unable to remember because it never really understood that which it was required to learn. Thos. Buxton advised his sons in these golden words: "What you do know, know thoroughly."

In the power of memorizing much depends upon physical vivacity. Coleridge has said, "Sound logic, a philosophical knowledge of facts, a cheerful and communicative temper, a quiet conscience, sound health, but above all, a healthy digestion, these are the best, these are the only arts of memory." To secure a distinct impression upon the mind it must be allowed to remain for a certain length of time. In the words of another: "We must allow the ink on memory's tablet to dry." Exercise and personal effort are also requisites of a perfect memory. A memory at the same time ready and trustworthy, though often an original gift, is frequently also the result of culture. Sir Philip Sidney says of Lord Stratford: "His memory was great, and he made it greater by confiding in it."

To remember easily we must have method and regularity. Want of method is often the secret of a bad memory. Lastly, careful review and repetition are essential to a good memory. If, after hearing a lecture, or discourse, or reading a book, we should take time to review it thoroughly while it is still fresh in the mind, we would find little difficulty in remembering it. Some one has said: "The habit of frequently reviewing the information we possess is the most effectual of all helps to the memory." M. M. S.

THE BIBLE—A BOOK ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

BY REV. A. G. KING, PH. D., GALT, CANADA.

It is a book above all others, first, because it is given by the inspiration of God. Not by inspiration of elevation, superintendence, sug-

gestion, excitement, invigoration, or dynamics merely, but that kind of inspiration by which the person inspired is rendered incapable of communicating any error with the message sent or the truth given. The inspiration of divine word was not immediate, but mediate; not to all men, but to a number selected in divine wisdom to be the honored recipients of the heavenly treasure. These men were to be the amanuenses of the divine Sovereign to record what he desired for the salvation of men and the ultimate attainment of His own glory. The Bible was not completely communicated at once, but little by little, demonstrably and progressively.

By its contents it is evident that this volume was not written by man's unaided intelligence, reason, wisdom or prescience, but that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Any theory of inspiration except the plenary one has in the light of history been seen to be fraught with great danger and has usually terminated by its advocates approaching a falling into the pit of infidelity. This is well but lamentably illustrated in the case of the German divine, Schleirmacher (pronounced by Schaff the greatest divine in the nineteenth century), who "laid free hand on the sacred book, just as upon the dialogues and works of Plato or any other ancient document." He did not call in question the substantial genuineness of the Word of God, but treated lightly the dogma of inspiration if he did not ignore it, and was confident that "critical science" was competent to draw the line of demarkation between the "essential and nonessential." The result—a natural and logical one—was what was to have been anticipated. The evil seed sown yielded its corrupt fruit, the very "apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah." This was evinced in the terrible assault of his pupil, Strauss, upon the New Testament, an assault which one has said "exhausted the armory of the devil in his hatred of christianity."

Upon the theory of plenary inspiration the christian has solid rock on which to stand—"a sure foundation"—a blessed hope, which hope he has as an "anchor of the soul," "both sure and steadfast and which entereth into that within the veil."

A candid perusal of this volume will convince any unbiased mind that the glorious truths therein contained could have emanated from no finite mind. What purity, beauty, sweetness, loveliness, wisdom and glorious majesty do we find here! As any person is recognized among all others and known from all others by his walk, face, voice or handwriting, so among all other books this is known to be the Book of God. Here we see the face of God; hear the voice of God, now still and small, again like the voice of many waters or sevenfold thunders, and see the handwriting of God in characters of living light. As the heavens above us "declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork" in all their spangled magnificence, so this book on its every page unmistakably bespeaks the impress of the divine hand. Even the infidel is reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the beauty, simplicity, elevation and pathos of the story of the sufferings and death of Christ, as did Diderot before the assemblage of French infidels. "Wonderful," said he; "no man in France could write or speak with such ability."

Second, because its interest is never failing. The writings of men may fascinate us, may absorb our close attention for a season; but when we reperuse the ordinary production of the human mind, and become familiar with it, our interest in it begins to wane and soon becomes insipid, and we relegate it to the shelf to be covered with dust. Not so is it with the Book of books. The more we read and study it, the more beauty we see in it. New scenes of loveliness spread themselves before our feet. New promises ravish the soul. As in a regularly laid out and well

cultivated garden replete with luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, something new and attractive claims our attention, so as we ponder well the Word we frequently exclaim, "Here are beauties we never saw before." Like as in a mine of jewels, the deeper we descend we not only encounter no deadly vapors, but in every newly discovered gem we have reflected back to us the mellow light of heaven. Or, like the great ever-flowing fountain, it is inexhausted and inexhaustible by the myriads who quench their thirst with the life-giving waters.

Third, because this book is enduring. How often have we been impressed with the fact that works of the average author are laid aside. How very few live for a long period of time. We see this illustrated by the school books in our academies, colleges and seminaries, the result of great study by master minds of eminent scholars and educators, being soon consigned to the shades of oblivion to give place to others claiming greater worth. But the Bible, like its divine author, is the same from "everlasting to everlasting," and in essence shall remain unconsumed and unconsumable as the asbestos in the intensest flame.

Fourth, because this book meets man's greatest need. Fallen human nature was like a ruined castle and no human architect could tell how it could be restored from its ruins and again be made to stand forth in its primitive glory. The human race lay wounded, bleeding and dying and there was no earth-born Samaritan who could staunch the flowing wounds and infuse the elixir of spiritual life. The race was fatally diseased with the leprosy of sin and no human sanitarian could discover an antidote to heal the malady. Four thousand long years had passed away, and yet the most gigantic human minds had not solved the problem of the origin of evil in our world, nor how it (the evil) might be removed and man attain to the highest degree of happiness. Heathen philosophers *dreamed*, so to speak, that evil was inherent in matter, and in order to its expulsion advised its attenuation in the human body. These philosophers dreamed of Elysian fields and amaranthine bowers, and while a few seemed to catch a faint gleam of light, none discovered how sinful man could be justified by a pure and holy God and how that God at the same time could be just. The Bible alone makes known how sin gained an entrance into the world and the great remedial system of redemption whereby the sinner may be saved from sin and its terrible consequences and be finally exalted to a position of eternal bliss at God's right hand. Man is spiritually insolvent and knows it not, but says, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing."

Man is in abject bondage to sin and Satan, but hugs his chain and sings of liberty, exclaiming, "I am no bondman." Man is sick, "his whole head is sick and his whole heart is faint." His disease is incurable, but he says, "I am whole and need no physician." This book, which is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, shows him his indebtedness, bondage and sickness, and by the all-powerful and benign influence of the Spirit arouses him from his incubus, warns him of his impending danger and points him to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and leads him to see purification in the crimson "fountain opened for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and and uncleanness."

Man is lost and of himself cannot find his way back to God, but as Alpine travelers who once missed their way amid blinding snow, sent a trusted guide ahead if possible to find some trace of the way to safety, while they with anxious hearts awaited his return, were filled with joy inexpressible when they

heard his loud cry, "We are safe, I have found the cross!" So when men by faith behold Christ and his atoning cross they are safe —safe from a worse than a merciless Alpine tempest—safe from the hail-storm of God's wrath—safe from the surging billows of endless woe—"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Fifth, because this book is the christian's lamp. It is a "lamp to his feet and a light to his path." It illumines his pathway wherever he may be and in whatever circumstances he may be placed; it is a lamp for the kitchen, the drawingroom, the parlor, the study, the workshop and the market; it is a lamp to guide him through life's darkest avenues, and through the dark valley and the shadow of death. What a blessed comfort it is in affliction. When sorrow's bitter cup is pressed to his lips the sufferer clasps the book and binds it upon his riven heart as he exclaims, "unless Thy law had been my delight I had perished in mine affliction." How precious and soul-sustaining to read through blinding tears, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions." In view of death, the expiring christian hears the voice of Jesus in sweetest accents saying, "I am the resurection and the life." How frequently he departs from this life with some precious passage hanging upon his lips. How often he exclaims, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day," or other passage equally comforting and sustaining.

The heathen in his gross spiritual darkness regards death as an eternal sleep and the grave as an awful yawning chasm—a remorseless devouring monster hungering for hecatombs of the human family, but the dying child of God regards death as a peaceful slumber from which he shall have a glorious awakening; the tomb as a resting place for the toil-worn body and the august day of final judgment as that of his coronation.

Sixth, because the bible brings consolation to bereaved friends. The heathen regarded their dead as sent from them forever and the infidel and agnostic say in saddest accents, they have taken a leap in the dark, but the bereaved follower of Christ "sorrows not as others who have no hope." "The mother who moistens the last resting place of her child with her tears and stirs the soil and plants the flowers (emblems of hope), Jesus draws nigh and says, "Mother, weep not, thy child, thy darling child shall rise again."

All these things being true is not the bible the best of books and ought we not to ponder its precepts more than we have ever done, and endeavor to lead others to perceive its intrinsic and superlative value and persuade them to make it the guide of their lives that they may embrace the Savior it reveals and inhabit the heaven it makes known.

THE FREE PRESS AND ITS STIGMA.

Much of our current literature reminds us of the task assigned the daughters of Danaus. They were condemned for an atrocious murder and sent to the nether world. Their task was to fill a seive with water. Their sentence was executed ages ago, and they have labored for centuries, yet have accomplished nothing. The sensational newspaper giving publicity to private disgrace, publishing in detail public scandal, furnishing space for political fabrications; the widely circulated novel, exaggerating deeds enacted on the Western plains, reciting tales of treachery and subsequent suffering, attacking in burlesque moral movements and religious institutions—such form the bulk of the literature which is daily thrust upon the public. If a person of refined taste peruse the average daily newspaper or modern novel, the thought simply goes into the mind and immediately passes out. Converse with this indi-

vidual and you detect no vestige of newspaper or novel. Their effect on him has been as slight as water during its passage through the sieve. If the literary sensibilities of the reader be less acute, his appetite for such reading matter will become voracious and unsatiable. A conversation with him reveals a wonder. His theme is the gossip of royal circles and the late festivities of the Five Hundred. The value of his association is measured by the frivolity of his reading. It is a gram of wheat to a bushel of chaff. His capacity for this style of literature is never taxed and like the sieve he is never filled to satisfaction. Much drinking at this fount only increases his thirst. These are two types of the American reader. Each represents a multitude. Each exerts an influence upon the literature of the country. That reading which is pleasure to one is empty show to the other. The effect of one style is healthful and envelops you in an invigorating atmosphere. It counteracts local and national evils. The other breeds corruption and its victims fall with disease. It gives momentum to existing wrongs by furnishing recruits for her forces.

The author of beneficial reading aims to raise humanity above its condition by writing from a moral and intellectual position superior to its condition. The composer of baneful productions strives to capture patronage by captivating vulgar fancy. It is a fact challenging denial that the daily press and modern novel exert an unhealthful influence. They already possess the vantage ground. This coveted position is their wide circulation. They go to homes that no moral agency can approach. True enough some daily papers and some novels recompense for their reading, yet the great majority of either you cannot recommend for the home circle. We may boast of our free soil, free speech, free press, and the pride for these may hide a danger that is gaining with the growing power of the press. The freedom allowed the press has become a source of anxiety. The most dignified officials and the most dignified offices are attacked with impunity. Wherever the political dictator can make capital, there a venomed arrow is aimed by the venal press. Even when the courts of justice are hearing an important case the press grasps the pecuniary opportunity and comments upon the trial in all its phases. Here it is that public opinion moulds verdicts. Back of public opinion is the press, rendering in a threatening degree our system of justice a mockery. Follow in this path the ways of the press and note its corrupt practice. Its possibilities for evil are so far reaching and so often attained that a restricted press is a public and private need. But what private citizen, legislator or political party could advocate such restriction! It would be folly for a private citizen, death to the ambition of a legislator and the dismemberment of a political party. This tyrannical use of power, this unprincipled attack upon the counsellors of State, this sacrifice of literary purity and courtesy for pecuniary profit, these constitute a base abuse of freedom's privilege and this is the stigma that is covering the press. Our authors and editors will continue to supply what the people demand. If the people's taste remains morbid and their higher sensibilities are not awakened the stigma will spread. Should our educational and religious system be better adapted to the masses, the press will approach its end, the agency for all that is good. Consider what this new era will be when newspaper, magazine and novel are the products of educated and religious minds, when every morning millions will have brought to their homes the great educator. When organized villainy will have no such medium with which to decry, but will be assailed by a united power, the secular and religious press.

MARY C. MAXWELL.

SOCIAL ELECTRO-DYNAMICS.

Intelligence and morality are peculiar to man. Within the courts and labyrinths of that wondrous castle called the brain, he can objectize all things, even making himself a subject of study. His thoughts, owing allegiance to no pope, no potentate, no government, can resolve the universe into its phenomena and determine the laws governing them. Untrammeled, he walks out under the free sky and views the spheres rolling majestically onward through ages, making symphony with their rythm and realizing a living affinity with the heart of love that beats behind them. He is alert to see the glory of God in the temple of the universe. Just as when one goes out on an early morning, while all besides are sleeping but himself and the awakening birds, when the sun catches the pine-tops with his crimson shafts and glorifies the highest western peaks, he feels that where there is no other rational witness of the scene to praise the Creator, it would be impious for him to stand dumb. These emotions are not kindled by a mere intellectual perception of Nature's moulded forms of wondrous symmetry. It is not simply by her beautiful coloring that her charm may be explained, but because in her artless meekness she has touched the mystic string that opens the fountain of feeling, and has told us that she and we are profoundly one. We instinctively perceive that we are not isolated existences in the midst of a wilderness; but that a profound affinity and organic unity exist between us and Nature, because she is the manifestation of a kindred spirit.

During the present century, our scientific friends, guided by these feelings of admiration, have discovered that great law which crowns the pyramid of science. It is the conservation of energy, its dissipation and the mutual convertibility of its forms. By its beneficent operation, a deep and solemn harmony is maintained throughout the whole range of matter. This phenomenon interests in a high degree all branches of moral and political science. There is a wondrous unity between physical and social laws. A striking analogy exists between the system of laws that maintains harmony throughout the material universe and that which maintains harmony and progress throughout the social system, because all of Nature's laws are continuous and universal.

That mysterious form of energy known as electricity and the laws by which it operates came from the same source as the Golden Rule. Those beautiful moralities that fell from the lips of the world's Greatest Teacher and which were revealed to a moral, intelligent subject for the preservation of harmony in society, are identical with certain principles which He Himself impressed upon electrical phenomena.

The producer and the consumer of the social organization are analagous to the positive and negative plates of an electric battery. The distinguishing feature in society is the difference in the aptitudes and necessities of the individual. In the battery it is the difference in the composition of the plates and their mutual dependence. It is this individualism in both that facilitates the mutual exchange of energy. In the social system there must be association and brotherhood; in the battery, the two electrodes must be brought within the electrical field. A constant circulation of equivalents in both cases is the condition of harmony and progress. This law may be modified by the power of self-direction in the individual, but not repealed. Its violation is always followed by a violent reaction, a fact established by reason and confirmed by all history.

Yonder in the far distance the sun's mighty energy is being subtly transformed by chemical action into electricity, and noiselessly it is being stored up in the clouds that meet each other as tranquilly as a star meets morning.

High aloft above the vineyards and loftiest pines quaint snowy peaks peer down upon the green valley. On the other side the hills have their craggy grandeur softened and etherealized by distance, "seeming rather to belong to heaven than earth." Presently all is changed. Faint murmurings are heard; the lightning flashes, and gradually the thunder booms and echoes more loudly among the hills. The black mass rising soon obscures the sun o'erhead; then the glittering rain drops tell that the storm has bursted and that equilibrium has been restored.

How typical of the history of humanity! During the present century many enterprising travelers have turned their attention to the ancient mounds on the banks of the Euphrates. They have gone down through the ruins of temples and palaces to the naked pavement once trodden by the feet of Nebuchadnezzar. Within the walls of that city was stored more of the energy of the world and of that of honest men without than could be found in any five modern cities combined. But explorers were not the first to dig on that historic spot. One evening when all was peaceful in that doomed city, and when night had begun to silently throw her sable mantle over her, King Cyrus ordered his besieging army to dig. They diverted the Euphrates from its usual channel and the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When morning dawned, the two poles of humanity had met, and the drops of blood upon the cold mosaic pavement told that equilibrium had been restored.

Cast your eyes across the great deep and there are India and Egypt and other nations that have lived and died by centralization. There is Greece that gave letters to the world; Rome that gave jurisprudence to mankind; Sparta that produced a Leonidas, and Carthage that produced a Hannibal. All have faded from the zenith of distinction and power through the imperial violation of a law that is above imperial power, and the sites of their former greatness was cold and desolate as Vesuvius would be with the fires put out. These facts are not only monumental, they are scientific; because they are the embodiment of a truth as old as creation itself. Nature in all her realms demands the circulation of equivalents and abhors stagnation.

A little more than a century ago, our forefathers, guided by these unerring fingers of prophecy, founded this nation upon the principle of diversity in unity. They asserted that the supreme sentiment should be a genuine and profound regard between man and man. While it was held in honor, the American republic enjoyed a phenomenal prosperity; but slowly the grim monster, centralization, crept over the great South and gradually all progress was being arrested. Presently murmurings were heard at Fort Sumter; gradually becoming louder as the storm advanced toward Bull Run, becoming still more fierce and wild until it reached Gettysburg. There the drops of crimson upon the crushed golden grain told that the two electrodes of the American republic had met, and that equality and brotherhood had been restored.

No sooner had the discordant notes of war faded away at Richmond than another storm began to rise. The breach between capital and labor became wider and the storm more fierce until it bursted over the "smoky city." Again the Atlantic is heaving toward us the surges of German and French socialists; and they with the discontented laborers of our own land are making ominous music. There is a new stirring among the antagonistic forces that hang about the craggy cliff of the industrial Alps, like an avalanche which the mere horn of a cow-herd might at any moment awaken and precipitate in headlong ruin to the valley. But we should not think of failure and despair, since there is a remedy; not that of the socialist, because, however just

his grievance may be, his remedy is suicidal. Commercial prosperity can no more be maintained by making both the capitalist and laborer subject to the State, thereby destroying their moral entity and individuality, than can a current of electricity be generated in a galvanic battery with both plates made of zinc and united. There is but one solution of the problem: the intellectual and moral elevation of the individual to that point where he will recognize the sublime fact that the true poetry of the universe is written in "characters of light upon the sable garments of night." Just as a deep and solemn harmony is maintained in that colossal structure of sun and system by their mutual exchange of energy, so it is in society; there must be a full recognition of the claims of that infinite source of all energy. As a perfect current of electricity is generated in a galvanic battery by a union of the plates with the voltaic cell and the circulation of the current through that cell, so it is in the industrial world. Harmony and progress can be attained there only by a union of the capitalist and laborer with Him who sits on the circles of the heavens; thus bringing both within the fraternal field and completing the circuit from God to God.

Jno. McB. Donaldson, Jr.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

When March winds blow at the parting snow
In fitful gusts so wild,
When moorland bare in the daylight fair
Bids welcome nature's child,
We welcome thee, O Spring!

When April showers on the budding flowers,
In pearly drops descend,
When warm sunlight and the dews at night,
With nature sweet do blend;
The verdant grass, the leafing fern,
Sweet symphony, the birds return
When all in nature seems so dear,
We feel thy presence here.

While May flowers bloom and the dove's low croon
Is heard in the twilight grey,
With mournful note from its throbbing throat,
All nature seems to say,
Farewell! Farewell! Sweet Spring.

X., '95.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Harvard has 2,700 students.

—Ex-President Noah Porter of Yale is dead.

—There are 190 college papers in the United States.

—Michigan has 17 graduates in congress, Harvard 16, and Yale 11.—*Ex.*

—The first college paper printed in the United States was at Darmouth, with Daniel Webster as editor.—*Ex.*

—In the last six years, 389 students of the Prussian public schools have committed suicide on account of failure in examinations.—*Ex.*

—Lecture in chemistry. Prof.—"I will treat—" Soph. (who has been dozing under the influence of recent potations, half aroused by the familiar sound)—"Good fur you, ol' boy."

—The State oratorical contest of Ohio was held at Akron on the 18th of February. The first place was won by Mr. G. H. Geyer, of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Subject of his oration, "The Optimism of History."

—Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., is falling in line against examinations and in favor of average recitation grades. So are Bethany College, West Virginia, and the University of Wisconsin.—*Ex.*

—In political economy: Prof—"Are you prepared on any part of the lesson?" Student—"Yes, sir." Prof.—"What is the next point the author makes?" Student—"He says it is the nature of man to desire all the ease possible with self-gratification. I stopped then." Yellow and blue.

—American colleges are making a steady advance in university extension. Members of the agricultural department at Cornell lecture in New York and other States. Brown University carries on an extension movement in Rhode Island, having ten centers of operation, and University of Chicago is making great efforts to push along the movement.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Mr. R. F. Campbell, class of '86, is at home on a short visit.

—Mr. W. M. Anderson, class of '90, visited friends in town recently.

—Mr. P. T. Trimble, class of '91, of Allegheny, visited the college recently.

—Rev. W. H. Moore, class of '86, of Doylestown, Pa., visited his father, George W. Moore, of this place.

—Mr. Reed McClure, class of '91, at present a teacher of music at Clarion, Pa., was at home for several days not long since.

—Rev. J. M. Mealy, daughter Lemira and son George were recently called to Kearney, Neb., by the serious illness of Mrs. W. E. Purvis, '89. The many friends of Mrs. Purvis will be glad to know that she is likely to recover.

—Rev. W. S. Owens, of '86, secretary of the United Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, gave a very interesting and instructive talk on home missions in chapel on March 17. Among other things, he spoke of the growing need of mission work in our cities; also of the fact that the center of population would soon be far west of the Mississippi river, and hence the necessity of establishing the Christian religion in that vast region.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The new director, Prof. Thelen, is with us, ready to begin his work with the new term. He is a gentleman of much culture and fine musical education, having studied under the best masters in Germany. He has been teaching in this country since 1889. We may be congratulated on our success in securing so worthy a successor to Prof. Austin.

—The Philo Society now have a glee club which has been under the direction of Prof. Austin for some time. It is able to furnish the society with good and entertaining music. Music in the different societies is fast becoming an important feature in their work. All of the society halls are furnished with good pianos which is a great aid in this line of work. To be able to appreciate good music is as essential a part of the student's education as to be trained in essay writing, speaking and debate. The music furnished is generally of a high order, and quite a step forward has been made in the societies' work.

—With the close of this term Prof. Austin completes almost seven years' work as director of the musical conservatory, with the exception of the time he spent in Germany in completing his education. He and his family will soon depart for Brooklyn, where he has secured a position as director of a church choir at a handsome salary, and will also give private lessons in addition to this work. Let it be said in justice to him that to his persistent, enthusiastic efforts, to his high christian character and unswerving devotion to duty, is attributable, more than to that of any other, the present high standard and prosperous condition of Westminster's musical department. When the proposition was made to build the ladies' hall and musical conservatory which now adorns the slope in the southern part of town, the project was regarded by the more conservative element of the United Presbyterian Church with no slight forebodings of failure; but by efficient management we are happy to say that it has more than fulfilled the expectations of its most sanguine supporters. Not only has our musical standard been greatly elevated but the attendance at college has increased, and the fact has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone that coeducation is not a failure but rather an advantage. While Mr. and Mrs. Austin's many friends here will regret to see them depart, yet we hope that the change may be conducive to their prosperity and happiness. The professor's farewell concert was given in the college chapel on Friday evening, March

25. He was assisted by Miss Whissen and the pupils of the conservatory. An interesting program was rendered, it was as follows:

PART I.

Mozart.....Ave Verum

Barnby.....Sweet is thy Mercy

Chorus, Solo by Miss Effie McNaugher.

Chopin (piano solo).....Impromptu in A flat

Miss Mary McCreary.

Gabussi (vocal duet).....My Dear One

Misses Ada Laughlin and Belle Comin.

Reinecke (piano solo).....Ballade in A flat

Prof. Austin.

Jude, Sullivan (vocal solos)..... { Bells of Seville / My Dearest Heart

Miss Maggie Garvin.

Scharwenka (piano duet).....Minnet

Misses Bertha Black and Emma Elliott.

Adams (vocal solo).....Mona

Prof. J. D. Barr.

Mozart (vocal duet).....Sweet Zephyr

Misses Bright Smith and Lizzie Borland.

PART II.

Shelly (vocal quintett).....Hark, Hark My Soul

Misses Smith, Laughlin and Comin,

Messrs. Barr and Jackson.

Wieniawski (violin solo).....Mazurka Op. 19, No. 22

Miss Whissen

Campana (vocal duet).....Come With Me

Misses Effie McNaugher and Mattie Lytle.

Gounod-Jael (piano solo).....Faust Valse

Miss May Chapin.

Thomas (vocal solo).....Knows't thou that Land

Miss Bright Smith.

Grieg (piano duet).....Peer Gynt Suite

Misses Gertie Clark and Annie Caldwell.

Levi, Lieber (vocal solo)..... { The last greeting / Springtime and Love

Prof. Austin.

Cowen.....Bridal Chorus from Rose Maiden

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Who stole the pie?

—McN.—"In whist lead from your Prince Albert" (longest suit).

—Why does Russell, Jr., smoke no more? Inquire at headquarters.

—Mr. M. recommends Miss S. to a local editor as an excellent assistant.

—One of our young ladies considers Mr. T. the best skater in college, "because he holds the ladies up so well."

—Procure your commencement orations and essays at once from Miss J.

—The seniors are promising us a novelty in the way of commencement programs.

—Rev. S. M. Black, '68, of Tarentum, paid his daughter, Miss Bertha, a short visit recently.

—Rev. Moore, of New Lisbon, Ohio, conducted services in chapel Sabbath evening, March 20.

—The enthusiasm for base ball is reviving and with the opening of the term a club is to be organized.

Mr. D., in German: "Ich habe einen hasen ouf dem Baum geschen." "I saw a hare in the tree." (Laughter.)

—Some of the gentlemen of the college have organized a chess club, which affords many pleasant hours of amusement.

—Mr. F., to an ex-officer of society: "O, I've got it in for you! You fined me for not having a capsule (caption) prepared."

—Mr. R. contemplates procuring boarding at the hall for the next term, as his fraternal so frequently requires his presence there.

—The students have had a rare and unlooked for treat in the form of several days of fine skating, which opportunity was amply improved.

—Miss Mary Ferguson,'91, started on the 23rd for West Sunbury, where she has been elected to the position of musical instructor in the academy at that place.

—"All is not gold that glitters." Appearances are not always the index of the truth. The motive as well as the action may be good yet the appearance be detrimental to the actor.

—Mr. J. Y. McKinney, who is leaving school at the end of the present term to take charge of the department of science in Edinboro, gave his farewell address to the Adel-

phic Society on Monday evening, March 21.

—Professor McGranahan, who has been attending the U. P. theological seminary of Allegheny, was in chapel on the 19th and favored the students with some excellent remarks.

—Rob Veach, a former member of the class of '95, is in town visiting his many friends. He was compelled to leave school on account of ill health but reports himself almost as well as ever.

—Not long since Dr. asked the Junior class how many wanted Political Economics for next term. At the end of roll-call one order was taken. From the appearance Dr. will have a small class next term.

—The following are the officers of our ball teams:—Foot ball: Managers, G. W. McNaughton, A. L. Russell; captain, M. D. McNabb. Base ball: Manager, A. L. Russell; captain, B. B. Snodgrass.

—The masquerade that the young ladies participated in several nights since was very gay and festive. The grand march was particularly entrancing and the, ahem —— ——, we know but will not tell, was great.

—A very pleasant social event was the German reception given by Prof. McLaughry to the members of the senior German class. No English was spoken during the evening, and the result was amusement as well as benefit.

—On account of sickness, Miss Blanche Timmons and Miss Sadie McClelland were obliged to return home; the former several weeks, the latter several days, before the close of the term. We hope the health of each may be speedily restored.

—When a certain young lady of the Junior class, whose oration appeared in the HODCAD recently, was desirous of obtaining an extra copy for a "friend," and then carefully and cunningly posted the same so that her girl friends could not see it, our suspicions have not been aroused without just cause.

—A Scientific Seminary has been organized under the provision of Prof. S. R. Thompson. At present, it consists of six members, who meet every Friday afternoon to talk of scientific discoveries and discoverers.

—About thirty young people passed an enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. Chapin on the 17th. The occasion was the result of a law passed in the art studio, prohibiting the use of slang; the penalty to be a cent a word, and the amount in the treasury at the end of the term to provide refreshments for a social.

—We learn from one of the seniors that nearly the entire class have concluded to be photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland. As the time approaches there is considerable interest manifested as to who will appear to the best advantage on paper. Judging from specimens of his work, he can make everybody handsome. Let ue see what he will do with the class of '92.

—A few minutes before the time for the last lecture a renowned senior was seen going at "break-neck speed" toward the "brick palace on the hill." When the victim appeared alone in the auditory a few condoled themselves that he had missed the Miss. Draw not your conclusion from appearance, O watchful friend! your victim had just been to see Dr. about chapel next morning.

—A new book upon the origin, progress, doctrines and achievements of Presbyterianism by Geo. P. Hays, D. D., LL. D., will soon be published, with special chapters by Rev. W. J. Reid, D. D., and Rev. A. G. Wallace, D. D., of the United Presbyterian church of North America; Rev. J. M. Humbert, D. D., and Rev. J. M. Howard, D. D., of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; Rev. Moses D. Hogue, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and Rev. W. H. Roberts, D. D., LL. D., Western

Secretary Pan-Presbyterian Alliance. This book will contain a cut of the college.

—An amusing entertainment was given by the ladies of the Chrestomath literary society, assisted by a number of friends, on Tuesday evening, March 22. The first part was a representation of the "deestrict" school of fifty years ago. The second was a "chestnut burlesque," in which the choicest "chestnuts" were played, sung, recited and read. Although the first part was somewhat overdrawn, as such performances are apt to be, the entertainment on the whole, was highly amusing and was enjoyed by a large audience. It netted the society about seventy dollars.

—The Pittsburgh branch of the Alumni Association of Westminster College held its annual dinner March 31 at the Seventh Avenue hotel. An invitation was extended to all who had been students or had received degrees, and friends of the college. There were about one hundred persons, one-half of whom were women. Dr J. K. McClurkin officiated as toastmaster. Rev. R. M. Russell, of Collins Avenue church, responded to the toast, "The Alumni Dinner;" Rev. S. R. Gordon, "The future of our Alma Mater," and Rev. A. E. Linn, "Alumnæ." Rev. Dr. R. G. Ferguson responded in very appropriate terms on behalf of the college. When other toasts had been prepared and responded to the banquet terminated with several songs well rendered. The occasion was a very enjoyable affair and much appreciated.—*Pitts. Com. Gaz.*

EXCHANGES.

The class orator this year at Harvard is a Japanese.

In Princeton, Wednesday afternoons have been granted half holidays, to give more time to athletics.

The *Portfolio*, of Hamilton, Ont., is a fairly well conducted paper. It is one of the few college periodicals which have a board of editors composed entirely of ladies.

Williams, Dartmouth and Columbia have dispensed with commencement exercises.

In the *Wittenberger* can be found an article well worthy of a careful and thoughtful reading. It is entitled "The Real World."

The University of Leipsic will admit women for the first time this year. Six women are enrolled among the students and four of these are Americans.—*Ex.*

Among the exchanges we notice one, *The Earlhamite*, from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. The March number contains the best literary articles of any paper we have received. One production, entitled "Radicalism and Conservatism," is especially good.

The largest university in the world is said to be the great Modern University at Cario, founded in 975 A. D. It has 370 professors and 10,000 students. The pupils have no benches or chairs, but eat, study and sleep on a blanket or mat of straw. The Koran is the only book used for grammar, law, philosophy and theology. The professors receive no salary, but are supported by private instruction, by copying books, and by presents from rich students.—*Ex.*

—Mark Twain's boy is apparently a small but genuine chip of the old block. It is said that recently, when he heard that his father had been presented to the Emperor of Germany, he said to his sire: "If this sort of thing goes on much longer there won't be any one left for you to meet except the Ruler of the Universe."

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THE HOLCAD.

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SOME men have become "great" by the improvement of their leisure moments.

THREE factors rule each person's destiny: their hereditary traits, their disposition and their environments.

THE borough council has at last decided to purchase street lamps, whether the students love darkness rather than light or not. This is no idle rumor, for we are creditably informed that the lamps have been ordered. Let the work go on. We hope to become reconciled to the great change in a short time.

NEARLY every student passes through seasons of gloom when he looks upon everything with a pessimistic eye. He feels that his circumstances and opportunities are unfavorable and that his natural endowments are inferior to those of his associates. Such an one only needs to be reminded that, under the unerring guidance of Him who has made the most brilliant diamond from the same element that bedecks our chimneys, he may become a shining star illuminating the whole intellectual firmament.

THE statements made by students in the impromptu class of our literary societies often tell more than we intend. Students say they have not read the papers lately and cannot say much on the subject given them. Our reading room is well filled with the latest books and magazines, and free to everybody. Their ignorance is certainly not due to lack of opportunity, but rather the lack of desire or exertion on their part. A very few minutes each day spent in the reading room, diligently reading the papers and magazines, would keep a person well posted in regard to the news of the day and make a wonderful difference on their general education. The idea is often manifested among students that if they can "skip" class or any required duty without the professor's knowledge they have made a gain. This is a great mistake. It is no loss to the professor, but it is a serious loss to the truant. What a grand gain would it be to the students in general if the standard of attendance be so

raised that the professor would be relieved from the labor of roll call and of deportment and be permitted to spend all his time and energy upon instruction.

In view of the signal defeats that the cause of Prohibition has suffered recently and the consequent discouragement of its supporters, *The Voice*, the official organ of the Prohibition party, has adopted the novel plan of securing votes by having voters sign an agreement to vote for prohibition provided 1,000,000 such signers can be obtained. This effort deserves the credit of being aggressive at least; but it seems rather injudicious and unworthy of a great cause. It savors too much of an effort, wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side. It says to them, "Would you have convictions if they were only contagious?"

On Sabbath morning, April 17, a deep gloom was cast over the citizens and students by the receipt of a telegram announcing the death of Judge John McMichael, of New Castle. Congestion of the stomach and weakness of the heart are said to have been the cause. The whole community sustains a great loss by the death of such an able jurist and wise counsellor, and most keenly is it felt by the friends of the college. Judge McMichael was not only one of our most distinguished alumni, but also one who took an especial interest in the welfare of his alma mater and whose sturdy common sense and high christian character made him a most trustworthy friend. It was only a few days before his death that he came here as a committee appointed by the Board of Trustees to attend to an important business matter pertaining to the college, while other important business was calling for his attention at home. The faculty and students extend their heartfelt sympathy to the sorely bereaved family. A more detailed account of his life and death will appear in our next issue.

Two great questions continually press themselves upon college authorities: What place should religion have in college? What liberty should there be given to students in the choice of elective studies? Happily very few have any longer any doubt as to the importance of the first in its bearing on mind and morals. The second still continues to be a source of spirited discussion among educators. A theory, however, seems destined to usurp its place for a time. It is: What encouragement should be given to literary and athletic contests and what restrictions should be placed upon students to prevent them from abusing these privileges? This is presupposing that contests are beneficial if properly conducted. To this almost all educators assent. But it can scarcely be denied that if they are carried to excess they become an unmitigated evil. This is especially true of intercollegiate contests in which the spirit of rivalry is so great between colleges that contestants not only resort to means that are excessive but questionable morally. The practice of so many literary contestants in choosing subjects for thier performances and then applying the thoughts of others to them in their own language should not only be deprecated because of its moral aspect. This becomes, of less importance when we consider the fact that thoughts once expressed become almost common property. It is to be deprecated, however, because it is a positive mental injury to the one who indulges in it. It is a literary parasitism in its worst form. This habit is due, to a large extent, to the nature of a student's training, and, therefore, needs to be the more assiduously avoided. His whole work is in the line of gathering ideas from text books. However, if he makes use of the knowledge thus acquired in the past in preparing a literary production, without any present aid, the

work is of incalculable benefit, because it thus becomes so elaborated that he can rightfully call it his own. Athletic contests are carried to a still greater excess than oratorical contests. Many students attend Eastern colleges merely for the purpose of playing in a base ball or foot ball team; and, in such studies as they can, especially languages, they pay the more studious inclined for doing the studying for them. This practice is so palpably wrong that it needs no comment, and the time is fast approaching when college authorities can no longer afford to permit it to go on unrestricted.

To STUDENTS intending to enter either of the professions, the ministry or the law, the ability to speak eloquently and fluently is an indispensable requisite to true success. Especially is this true of those intending to enter the former profession; while its importance in the profession of law probably decreases as the world grows older, since in it the necessity of being acquainted with the law is continually becoming greater instead of the power to carry conviction to the minds of a jury. It is a matter of regret that a branch of so much importance in a liberal education generally receives so little attention from college students. This is probably due to the fact that so few recognize the importance of elocutionary training. Many of those, however, who do recognize its importance have no adequate conception of the essence of true eloquence. Such persons might profit greatly by considering for a little the definition of him who was considered the greatest orator that this country ever produced. He said, "Oratory consists in the person, the thing and the occasion." How often we hear discourses into which no one of these enters to any great degree! In the definition, the term person might otherwise be denominated, personality, or rather, the spirit of eloquence. Of the three essentials named, this is undoubtedly the more important. A speaker may have all of his subject matter collected and arranged according to the established rules of logic and rhetoric, and his manner may possess the negative quality of faultlessness; yet all may lack that other "indescribable something" or positive quality without which there can be no eloquence. This quality, of course, is generally a gift peculiar to certain individuals and is not to be acquired by discipline; nevertheless its usefulness to those who may possess it is often almost entirely destroyed by a disregard of the other two essentials named in the definition—"the thing and the occasion." A genius for eloquence should always have a cause for its exercise. Many a young man's oratory is ruined by his efforts to make a speech upon a subject of no importance and in which he takes no interest, simply because he thinks that the occasion demands it or because he was appointed to the position. Nothing sounds more ludicrous than to hear a speaker recite mere facts with the same fervor and earnestness with which he would plead a great cause. Such oratory not only fails of its purpose, but it is an injury to the speaker, because it forms a bad habit. It is like turning some machines without anything in them. It is both a waste of energy and an injury to the machines. Again there must be an occasion for oratorical effort. The practice of declaiming indulged in to so great an extent by many students in their rooms or other places where there is no audience, necessarily makes them self-conscious and manneristic—something which entirely defeats the purpose of speaking. The sympathy of an audience with a speaker and their responsiveness to his arguments and appeals are indispensable. Henry Clay must have been no little amused when his old Kentucky friend, having entertained him royally, said: "Now, Mr. Clay, wouldn't you make just a little speech to me and my wife?" To have granted the request would have been, if we may use the expression, almost a psychical impossibility. He

wanted the stimulus of antagonism, the sympathy of supporters, and the conviction of being enlisted in the cause of right and justice.

THERE comes a time in the course of almost every student who is pursuing a classical course, when he feels that the results of his work can be of no practical benefit to him. He persuades himself that the study of the classics in our colleges is perpetuated by a set of unprogressive individuals who cherish "a blind veneration for antiquity" rather than a sympathy with the iconoclastic tendency of the age in which they live. He is convinced that true progress throughout the world's history has always been attributable to those who were discontented with past and present attainments and were moved by a spirit of investigation into realms hitherto unseen and unknown. In short, the term "classical education" presents to his mind a paradox, being a filling in instead of a drawing out process; and his whole work is consequently pervaded with a feeling of discontent, because he believes that he is placed in the anomalous position of attempting to attain something by a reverse process. Such reasoning is not without foundation; but, like every other of its kind, its conclusions are vitiated by the total disregard of the truth of the opposite view. One should constantly bear in mind that truth is generally discovered by the reconciling and combining of opposites; and that since no mind is sufficiently candid and capacious to make the adjustment, it must be made by the "rougher process of combatants fighting under hostile banners." Therefore, when any great question of practical concern is offered for solution, he should allot to his opponent a hearing at least. When such a malcontent as is heretofore mentioned feels that he has vanquished his foe he should soliloquize for a moment and ask himself, what better substitute have I to offer?

There are two primary objects in pursuing an education. The one is the acquisition of knowledge and the other is the discipline of the mind or the power to collect facts and to form right conclusions from them. The latter certainly should have a greater relative importance than is generally attached to it. It may be said, however, that the processes are inseparable and that any course of study that served both ends is preferable to one which merely serves the latter end. This is true; but of two different courses, the one which serves the latter end to a greater degree than the former, is certainly preferable; because, as we have said before, the latter end is of much greater importance relatively. This becomes more especially true as the world grows older. Prior to the present century, a student could learn in five years at school and five years at college, almost all the branches of a liberal education, but within the present century, the branches of true learning have so increased that it is impossible for anyone to master them all.. In other words, the student who is seeking a college education is left to choose one of two alternatives—he can either obtain a smattering of many of the sciences, or he can so develop his powers of memory, reflection, and concentration by the study of the classics, especially Latin and Greek, as to be able to pursue the studies of science and philosophy in after life when greater opportunity is afforded. Certainly the latter is preferable, and we believe that our view will be confirmed by a great majority of college alumni. True enough, the process is slow and extremely discouraging at times, but if one reflect only a little, he will discover that "power is gained at the expense of speed" in the mental realm as well as in the physical. The objection that a classical course is a filling-in instead of a drawing out process is true only as the student makes it so, and the same may be equally affirmed of any other course.

DREAMS.

Sleep is a relaxation, a suspension of the voluntary powers of the body. This inactivity of the bodily organs arises from natural causes rather than from unnatural. This condition is chiefly an affection of the organism. Each sense drops off, one at a time—first sight, then taste and smell, while touch and hearing are last to give way. Thus the soul loses all consciousness of material things and the mind loses all control over the bodily organs as well as over itself. Yet the activity of the soul continues during sleep, but the functions of sensibility, sensation and perception are not suppressed, only limited in clearness and accuracy. Some one has said that "in sleep every man has a world of his own, while awake all men have one in common." All mental operations in sleep are spontaneous. The mind exercises no act of willing or choosing in what direction its thoughts may be directed, and attention proper is not a faculty of the mind when thus exercised. The imagination is strikingly active; sometimes, yea, often, the product being ludicrous. As, for example, a person once dreamed of being chased by a big negro, and as he went from room to room of the house he failed to find a single room where the door was large enough to keep his pursuer out, so finally was caught because the door when closed left a space large enough for the negro to enter.

The judgment is active yet very often erroneous. In sleep objects are seen and statements made which actually existed or were made years ago, and the judgment is not able to discern between the past and present. Once in my dreams I saw a school room, every pupil in the proper place, everything which had been done and said on a particular day were being done and said in my dream, and I was not able to see that I was only living over in my dreams a day in my past life. Again, the judgment is often absent; for things which would afford us no pleasure at all when we are awake, when seen in our dreams fill us with delight. The reasoning faculties sometimes act with clearness and precision, yet usually are without method in their operations. Though some wonderful feats have been performed, such as the solution of a difficult problem in mathematics, yet the most unnatural combinations are made and results obtained which, when the sleeper awakens, are perfectly absurd. Sully relates an incident of this kind, one which is connected with his life while a student at Cambridge. He says: "I saw a coach drive up with six horses. Three undergraduates got out of the coach. I asked them why they had so many horses, and they said, 'Because of the luggage.' I then said, 'The luggage is much more than the undergraduates. Can you tell me how to express this in mathematical symbols?' This is the way: If x is the weight of an undergraduate, then x plus x raised to the n-th power represents the weight of an undergraduate and his luggage together."

The emotional part of our nature, also, finds expression in this activity of the mind. In sleep the mind is undivided in every single emotion and action, therefore the emotions are more whole-souled, and more animated. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, as well as desires are clearly portrayed in the most animated manner. Well do I remember of seeing in my sleep the body of a friend whom I had not seen for some time, laid out in state preparatory to burial. I saw the friends gathering for the funeral, when I was awakened by my own sobs caused by the sorrow at the supposed death of my friend.

What are the products of this activity of the mind? We reply, "Dreams." But the question arises what are dreams, of what nature are they? Haven says a dream is any mental action of sleep, of which for any reason we are afterward conscious. Is the mind always active during sleep, is a question which

has been discussed for ages past by physiologists and psychologists. That dreams occur only in the transition states between wakefulness and sleep is a theory held by many and evidently proved by the fact that many dreams which if were realities would have taken not only hours, but sometimes even days and weeks to perform, have taken place when the dreamer has been asleep for only a few seconds. There is an instance related of a man in England who, having dreamed of taking a voyage across the Atlantic and spending a fortnight in America, and in embarking on his return he fell into the sea, the fright of which awoke him, when he found he had been sleeping but ten minutes.

But again it is contended that a person continually dreams, that the mind is always active even in deep sleep. For proof, observe the expressions on the face of the sleeper. There you will see the evidences of the activity of the mind in a smile, or perhaps in the expression of pain and sorrow as it flits across the countenance or perhaps the sleeper will utter short and broken and even complete sentences. But the person awakens and you ask him what he was dreaming and he replies, "nothing," yet you had proof of the mind's activity. Why was this? The only reason that can be given is that the senses were incapable of receiving the impression deep enough to make it lasting in the waking moments. The cause of this activity may be attributed to the fact that the intellectual powers have not been exercised enough to become relaxed, therefore they stand in no need of rest, then will dreams follow in quick succession.

The direction which these dreams take may be due to sensations of the nervous system, to environment, to intense physical application, to migrating germs of latent disease and indefinite sense, previous currents of thought, natural disposition and prevalent states of the mind. Of all these examples might be given. As one person dreamed of standing in a pool of water, this was caused by cold feet. An artist dreamed of attaining great ends in his work, and the dream was so real to him that it stimulated him to greater action. Students write orations, solve mathematical problems, and lawyers produce lucid arguments. Such things as these have been accounted for in the way that the mind has been working on the subject and has been so filled up with the minor points that it has been unable to see the true solution, but when sleep overtakes the bodily organs the minor points disappear and leaves the force of the mind to deal with the special subject in hand. Perhaps the right solution of the problem has been obtained in the waking hours, but because of the smaller subjects which has filled the mind it has been unable to grasp the real solution.

Dreams are usually indefinite and very much contounded. The dreamer will be in school, at home and on a journey, each and every part of his dream seemingly to have no connection with any other part. The mind combines and arranges in groups incongruous elements in definite pictures. Yet though dreams are mostly chaotic and wild, the law of association controls the mind to a great extent. However ridiculous the dream may be and however unnatural the product of the imagination is, yet they are apparently real at the time. We feel and experiences the same sensations and emotions we would if they were actually taking place.

Prophetic dreams are mysterious communications, they are not mere coincidence, but more than this because they accord with the actual in many particulars. They are not supernatural for God does not act when the act is unnecessary, and they do not originate from acquired impulse. Yet that there are prophetic dreams, it must be admitted. Not long since it was related of a man that dreamed of having struck a large oil well at a certain place. He had never seen this place nor did he know any of the surroundings, but

within a few days after his dream a large well was struck on the very spot of which he dreamed. One would think that a dream to be prophetic must be supernatural, but Haven says, "A dream may be prophetic, but not supernatural." Some law not fully known to us may exist by virtue of which the nervous system when in a highly excited state becomes susceptible of impressions not ordinarly received, and is put in communication in some way, to us mysterious, with scenes, places and events far distant, was to become strangely cognizant of the coming future. This has been explained by later psychologists in that all material substance is subject to electric communications, and that the sensorium being a material organism there is likely to be magnetic communications between minds revealing things that lie beyond our immediate present. Mind may then influence distant mind, especially if persons are interested in each other. Mark Twain relates the following: A bright idea flashed through his mind, once in his dreams, that now the time was ripe for the publication of a new novel, the title of which was the "Silver Mines of Nevada." It was at the time of the silver bonanza in Nevada. The author of this novel was to be a Mr. Wright of that place and a personal friend of Mark's. The novel was to be written at the suggestion of Mark. So he proceeded to make an outline of the story and went even so far as to make some suggestions as to how the minor points should be developed. But the idea flashed through his mind that this thing might prove a failure, so he folded up the paper and placed it in his writing desk. About nine days after Mr. Twain received a letter from a Mr. Wright containing an outline of a story which he was to write. Imagine Mark's surprise when on comparing the two papers he found them to be identical.

If the divine element in dreams of the present time is denied it must be admitted as existing in the past. God appeared to Jacob in a dream and assured him of his care and protection. When Joseph dreamed a dream and told it to his brethren, why were they so angry? Simply because dreams contained a supernatural element and they believed that one to be a prophecy. Though there are evil and wicked dreams, dreams which fill us with fear and cause us to suffer untold misery, yet there are those which fill us with high and ennobling thoughts, and often present beautiful things to our minds, and then we think of dreams, dreams, beautiful dreams, thoughts breathed by angels to mortals on earth.

THE ERRORS OF THE SENSES.

Sense-perception, that power of the intellect by which it gains knowledge of material objects, and consciousness, that power of the soul to know its own acts and states, are the two faculties corresponding to the two forms of knowledge, presentative and representative. Sense-perception belongs to the former and is divided into two classes, original and acquired. The original is what is gained by a single sense, when exercised alone; the acquired are gained through the original. We might take what we gain through one sense as a sign of what we might gain through another. The so-called errors of the senses lie wholly within the sphere of the acquired perceptions.

It was believed by all the Greek philosophers down to the time of Aristotle that the senses themselves deceived us. Aristotle corrected this idea. LeConte, in speaking of the errors of the senses, says: "Nature's answers are always true; but, before allowing truth to shine forth, she arrays herself in the garments of error, or hides herself behind the phantoms of illusion, and will only assume her proper shape under the determined pressure of a resolute disciple of science."

The knowledge gained by the original per-

ceptions is always true. But, in the acquired perceptions, we may take a wrong course to ascertain what the object is. Our observations may be limited and we may use them as if they were without limit. We may form wrong judgments as to the distance, size or distinctness of an object; as to what the sound is and from whence it proceeds; as to what the object tasted is, or as to the object making an impression on the tactile organs. The sense which, it seems to us, should give the most accurate knowledge and about which we should be able to give the most correct judgements, is sight; yet we are most deceived in the appearances presented to those organs. We may judge the distance by the magnitude, the magnitude by the distance, the distance by the distinctness of color, outline, or clearness, and the size and distance by intermediate objects.

In judging the size and distance by intermediate objects, we conclude that since the object appears to be so large, it cannot be so far away. When the sun is on the eastern or western horizon, it does not appear so far away, but much larger than when it is at its culmination. In reality it is no larger and is farther away than when it was highest in the heavens. If we could measure its diameter as it is on the horizon, then take the measurement when it is in the other position, the two measurements would exactly coincide. The reason it appears as it does when on the horizon is because of the many objects on the earth's surface intermediate between us and the sun; when it is at its culmination, there are no objects intervening by which we can estimate the size or distance.

One thing should be noticed here. There is that which is termed a deception of the senses which is not properly so. It is occasioned by a defective vision. Color blindness, the incapability to discern between colors, and double vision, are examples. A traveler desiring to be repaid for his visits to foreign countries for the two-fold purpose of sight seeing and studying the diversities of nature, generally seeks those countries where the atmosphere is clear and the weather pleasant. Switzerland has one of the purest and clearest atmospheres in the world. Her mountain scenery can be seen with the utmost destinctness, yet a person going from a country like ours will be invariably deceived the first few days as to the distance of the mountains, judging them to be much nearer than they really are. On the other hand, the density of the atmosphere in Scotland, for instance, confuses a traveler as much as the clearness in the other case did. If a man and a boy are walking together in a heavy mist or fog, one, on approaching them, will pronounce the boy a man and the man a giant, because he sees but dimly. He reasons thus: They are at a great distance. Since they are at such a distance the one must be a man and the other a giant or they would not present such appearances. His first judgment was incorrect, consequently all subsequent to it were, too.

But when we have no such standards of judgment which have been mentioned the person often becomes much confused. As in the case of Capt. Parry when on his Arctic expedition. He and his crew often had occasion to notice how they were deceived when walking on shore as to the distance and magnitude of objects when viewed over an unvaried surface of snow. He said they saw what appeared to be a mass of boulders at a distance from them, of perhaps, one-half mile. They were able to take the mass of pebbles, as they really were, in one hand after a minute's walk.

But sight is not the only sense deceived. We hear a wagon crossing a bridge and attribute it to distant thunder. We hear the steady tramp of horses hoofs on the hard beaten highway and are led to believe it an approaching army. We hear the clapping of the window shutter and attribute it to some-

one knocking at the door. When God caused the tops of the mulberry bushes to rustle, the enemy thought the Israelites were come in a great army to destroy them and they fled immediately.

We are often deceived as to the direction of a sound in consequence of intervening objects which turn its course. In the ringing of a bell, if a wall or building is between the bell and the one who is listening to the ringing, the ringing will appear to be from whence the sound finally proceeded.

As to the taste in our mouth, it is said we can never err, but we may form wrong judgments as to the objects placed in the mouth.

The judgments passed upon the impressions made by the external world on the tactile organs are similar to those of sight. If two or more organs are placed in positions unaccustomed to them, we are often deceived as to which organ is touched and what the object touched is, whether simple or complex. In the case of crossing two of the fingers and rolling a pea between their extremities, the pea is felt as two bodies, because of the lateral portions of the fingers being brought into proximity. One of the greatest purposes of touch is to give us the power to judge of the temperature of bodies, whether solid or liquid. If we insert one finger into boiling water, we may do so without much inconvenience, but it is almost impossible to insert the whole hand into the same water. Our judgment would immediately declare that that in which the whole hand was immersed was much the hotter, but it was the same water, consequently the same temperature. The truth is, the greater the surface affected the greater the impression made.

Children are more subject to errors of the senses than those of mature years. Their capacity for the forming of judgments is not developed to any great degree and their experience is limited to a very few years. Since they are so subject to error, it is most essential that they have very careful training. If they frequently form wrong judgments, these should be corrected by explaining to them why they are wrong and how they can be rectified. It is the nature of children to ask their superiors multitudes of questions. If these inquiries are answered in a manner suitable to children and all new things explained, as far as convenient, they will be directed in a course which will lead them to judge quickly and accurately, and these so-called errors of the sense will not be so universal. Older people err, too, but it is more from their not stopping to inquire about things before they form their judgments than from their incapacity to know the realities of the things.

Errors of the senses, like all errors, should be avoided as much as possible, for many serious inconveniences might result from the errors in any of the senses. If, for instance, an engineer on the railroad is liable to make a wrong judgment in regard to the distance that an incoming Pullman is away, many immortal souls might be ushered into the presence of their Judge in a moment, in consequence of the two trains colliding. It is evident that while many of the incorrect judgments formed may be ludicrous, just as many are serious. We should then gain all we can through our perceptions and in our judgments be exact, so that we may not too often be subject to the errors of the senses. I. B. L.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

In the consideration of this subject we may very properly consider, first—What is consciousness? Second, What is fundamental to the act? Whence does it spring—upon what does it expend itself? The proper answer to the first question is drawn from experience. That which the soul knows of its own acts or states, is consciousness. The answer to the second, also freely known to experience, is given by psychology. The *ego* and the

non ego, the soul and the object known are the elements of consciousness. Consciousness is universally present. Even the unreasoning animal creation are truly conscious—but the highest conscious development here as in other respects, is reached by man. Here the *ego* has its fullest development, and as rational beings, we do not question its part in conscience. The *non ego*, or object, deserves a full consideration. The force expended reaches its terminus in the known object or image. This act and object known we call a fact of consciousness. "Whenever therefore," says Hamilton, "in our analysis of the intellectual phenomena, we arrive at an element which we cannot reduce to a generalization from experience but which lies at the root of all experience, and which we cannot therefore resolve into any higher principle—this we properly call a fact of consciousness."

Thus analyzed and termed we may proceed to the consideration before us. Is the so-called fact rightly termed so? Otherwise, is consciousness to be deemed trustworthy? Some have denied to consciousness the right of existence and, by doing so, have involved themselves in a sea of troubles. Let us glance briefly at a few of the consequences of such a belief or statement. Its effect upon one division or realm of knowledge may be an example. Philosophy is the growth and development of the conscious soul. Without its fundamental fact the science of the soul must totter upon its foundation and fall and all finite knowledge pass into nothingness. The very inconceivability of such a proposition is its own refutation. Man and all institutions dependent upon him might be blotted out but such an act would be out of harmony with the great over-soul as revealed. The stamp of design is upon the conscious soul, and blotting out this fact, we dim our fate in the great final cause. This belief of consciousness is unnatural. That that which is capable of being demonstrated and known which from the beginning even unto the present has been continuous in each new life, appearing as a gradual growth, may at the same time be impossible, is inconceivable. Further consideration is rendered out of place by the conclusive knowledge, that in the mere act of doubting and of attempting to demonstrate that doubt, we perform the very act in question—no doubt being possible independently of the active, conscious soul. He who denies to consciousness a soul denies to life a possibility, to the solar system, the sun, to the organism a vital principle—making science more meaningless than the prattle of children.

What then is the element of consciousness which may be doubted? The fact of consciousness as existent, being established, how shall we define the dissent remaining in the minds of many?

We look upon the outer world; we watch the snow flakes fall and the wind stir the leafless branch or hear the wild lullaby of winter, while nature, rocked to sleep, is breathing low. What is this phenomena of world but the testimony of soul to nature, of the conscious mind to sense. Is it reality or is it but a phenomena of soul? Since soul is the active power may not this testimony be but a part of its might—a modification of its being? "Why," as has been said, "if in the one case it mistook self for not-self, it may not in the other mistake not-self for self, would appear a problem." Here is a dividing line between philosophers. Some have differed as to whether the subject or object of the conscious act be viewed first; and accordingly are termed idealists or materialists. Others have held rightly the coequality of both elements. Although no doubt be possible of the fact of the soul as conscious these would doubt all that lies beyond the soul. Soul alone is the sure quantity, all else is doubtful, "in short," says Hamilton, "that all our knowledge of mind or matter is only a consciousness of

various bundles of shapeless appearances."

Those who while maintaining the duality of consciousness, maintain that soul gives no authentic assent to the outer sphere, in the phrases of Hamilton, reduce the act to one of "representative perception" and differ again as to whether this is a representative object presented to the mind or "a representative modification of the mind itself." Many well known names support both these theories. Among the advocates of the first are mentioned the disciples of Democritus and Epicurus, and later, Clarke, Berkely, Malebrance and Newton; while the second is held by Leibnitz, Kant, Arnauld and others. The difficulty of such positions and their indefinite quality may be well illustrated by the following quotation from Fichte, used by Hamilton to prove the author's belief in nihilism: "The sum total is this, there is absolutely nothing permanent either without or within me, but only an unceasing change. I know absolutely nothing of any existence, not even of my own. I myself know nothing and am nothing. Images there are; they constitute all that apparently exists, and what they know of themselves is after the manner of images; images that pass and vanish without their being, ought to witness their transition; that consist in fact of the images of images, without significance and without an aim. I myself am one of these images; nay I am not even this much, but only a confused image of images. All reality is converted into a marvelous dream without a life to dream of and without a mind to dream; into a dream made up only of a dream itself. Perception is a dream; thought, the source of all the existence and all the reality which I imagine to myself of my existence, of my power, of my destination is the dream of that dream." The divisions of philosophy upon this question are briefly: First, those who admit the coequality of both subject and object in the intuitive act. Second, a few holding the doctrine of absolute indentity or "the reduction of mind and matter to phenomonal modifications of the same substance." Third and fourth, the idealists and materialists before mentioned. Fifth, those denying the reality of both subject and object, who are styled nihilists. The question of the veracity of consciousness here becomes blended with the whole of psychological research, so that for the present, it is unprofitable to follow it farther. Many names of authority upon the differing views might be referred to.

It but remains to consider briefly the act of consciousness as known to experience. Any analysis of a simple act of consciousness reveals the two elements, *ego* and object, before mentioned. These are perceived or known at the same moment of time. Neither precedes or follows the other. The soul is immediately conscious of both and that in the same instant of time. We do not consider them as separated in the act. This knowledge is intuitive. Hence our belief that the two elements are coexistent and coequal. When one is exalted above the other we reduce our world materially. Leaning to the side of mind we strive to ignore all material existence —the attempt must surely end in failure. On the other hand, by wholly viewing the external or outer world, we are involved in paradoxical conclusions and uncertain beliefs. It were better to accept the fact as revealed to consciousness itself—the judge within whose court all such issues must reach their just conclusion. By doubting this we doubt all else. The material will exist in independence of the conscious spirit, just as the conscious spirit must exist apart from the material. In the closest knowledge of both, afforded us at the present, we find these two united. We find that in this capacity they act readily and surely—that without this joint action, we are obscured and perplexed.

Nevertheless we find these two elements independent and strongly in contrast. This

forms, however, no barrier to their mutual and beneficial action. It is the beauty of design that opposite forces and objects are harmonized and combined into agents of beauty and of usefulness.

We return, from wandering to and fro, to the stability of a belief in the veracity of consciousness. A belief fostered by experience and grounded deeply in existence itself. Our consciousness, not a modification of mind nor yet purely material, but the mutual co-operation of both, is designed to be utilized and trusted.

DORA BARR.

THE IMAGINATION--ITS CULTURE.

The imaginative faculty is the most elevated faculty of the representative power. The office of this faculty is quite different and distinct from either of the other faculties of representation. It is often very truly termed the creative faculty. The man of imagination may be called a man of genius. Imagination is the morning land of the soul. Its light and luster are the gleaming crown of youth. At the sight of but a leaf he can construct the lofty forests. A single drop of water will suggest to him the numberless rivers and the broad expanse of the mighty ocean. But this power is not exercised by the little child to so great a degree. This stage of perfection is reached only by a slow and gradual process of training. This training gives us first an increased facility in grouping elements. A piece of imaginative work of the same degree of complexity is by-and-by performed in less time and with less effort than at first. This progress also implies an increase in the difficulty of the operations which become possible to be performed. The power of picturing that which has never been actually seen is of the utmost value for knowledge. But if this power is used to excess it may give rise to illusions and so defeat the purposes of intellect.

The imagination truly does need restraining. Some one has said: "Nothing is more dangerous to reason than the flight of imagination." It is often a matter of very great difficulty to treat this faculty in the case of children of very vivid imaginations. Wild and injurious fancies must, for the good of the child, be dispelled.

That the imagination may be trained wisely, the natural laws of its operation must be regarded. No constructive tasks should be given to the child except such as are adapted to its experiences. Thus the first principle to be observed in the training of this faculty is to see that the child has command of the necessary materials. It must have not only the images which present the elements of the mental picture, but a representation that may serve as a rough model from which to work. Again, an adequate interest or motive must be awakened. The materials provided for constructive activity, the action narrated or the scene described, must be interesting and attractive, as well as within the grasp of the child. Here the emotional side of child-nature and its many variations must be studied in order that the instructor may understand the child and know how to interest it. It is well to remember that this faculty, like every other faculty, must be called into play gradually.

The imagination may be strengthened by the study of the ideal works of others. Not, however, of common minds, but of those highly gifted minds that have adorned and enriched their age with productions of rarest value. In whatever department of letters or art these have labored, their works should be studied. Everyone who desires to cultivate in himself this important faculty must become familiar in these with whatever is grand, whatever is lofty, whatever is full of inspiration, whatever is beautiful and pleasing, whatever is of choice worth and excellence in its own proper sphere. It is not possible for anyone to be familiar with the works of Shakespeare

and Milton, or of any of our noted men of music, and not catch something of their inspiration.

But even more important to the cultivation of this faculty is the study of nature. It is important because it is open to all those who do not have access to the sublime works of art. Nature, in all her beauty and in all her sublimity, in her softest and sweetest attractions, lies open to every man's observation. The men whose minds are most richly endowed with the exercise of this power are those who have been noted for their love and careful study of nature. But the student of nature is not a mere copyist. Nature is full of suggestions which a discerning mind and a practiced eye will not fail to catch and improve. The poet is not content with a simple description of things as they are seen in nature. Resemblances are seen by him. These strike him as beautiful. He then permits his imagination to work, and so hands to his fellow men descriptions of rarest beauty. The imagination thus trained is a noble faculty. It is ever at its work of weaving some web of delight in every soul, no matter how cramped and sordid its realities are. The man of imagination will stand in the old Roman court and hear that great orator, Cicero, hurling into the face of Catiline those burning words, "How long, oh Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience," and revealing to him his plans which he thought unknown. He will follow the fearless Napoleon as he victoriously marched at the head of his army upon the field of battle. Yes, what will the man of a cultured imagination not do? He will live all lives, and through his blood and brain will creep the shadow and the chill of every death. E.

MISSIONARY LETTER.

HAMADAN, PERSIA, Dec. 2, 1891.

I suppose you know that we arrived here on Thursday, November 19th. We came down from Teheran in about eight days. It is a distance of two hundred miles, but we had to travel so slowly, as we had to cross some pretty stony places and in some places there was considerable mud. We came on horseback part of the way, and some of the way in the station carriage. In coming from Resht to Teheran we had two hundred and twenty-five miles to travel over, so you see we had four hundred and twenty-five miles of overland journey through Persia. The first one hundred and twenty-five miles was the roughest and rockiest part of the journey. The mountainous region is bare and devoid of any growth except a few low shrubs. Around the Caspian Sea the region is tropical and very beautiful. The trip for the first was so exciting! You have no idea what traveling by caravan is. It is such a slow, primitive way of traveling, and everything around reminded us so much of the Bible times. In a little fertile spot we would see a man ploughing with oxen and with a plow which remains unchanged from the earliest time. It was only scratching up the earth, and I don't see how any vegetation could grow in those clods.

If you could only have seen us sometimes you would have shuddered, for we had to go up the stony stairways which it seems almost impossible, in looking back, to think that we really crossed. I shudder now to think of the danger, for if our horses had made a misstep we would certainly have been dashed to pieces on the rocks many hundred feet below. We met so many camels. Miss Lienbach counted a thousand one day, and then got tired and quit. There are a great many donkeys here, and I have ridden one quite frequently since I came. I also rode a camel when I was in Teheran.

We had miserable accommodations at night, and the insects were very bad at some of our little "manzils," and I could not sleep at all. It was rather hard on us not to be able to rest at night, after traveling such long dis-

tances during the day. We had very good eating along the way, but it was not so clean at it might have been. We have rice and eggs and mutton and the wheat bread is horrible, but I like the native "sanyak." which is very nice indeed. The natives drink a great deal of tea. The water was very bad at some places, and I almost starved for a drink sometimes. We had our manzil when there was nothing but salt water, and that was very unpalatable in tea, I can assure you. The salt is on the ground in many parts of the desert just like snow, and I have asked sometimes if it wasn't really snow. The mountainous region was simply magnificent. I never saw such rich colors as are in the great rocks which compose the mountains, and in the sunlight they showed every color of the rainbow.

The poor villagers are a degraded set of people, almost naked, and every place we stopped at they brought the halt, the lame and the blind, and I never saw such distressing sights in my life. If I had been glad before, I was vastly more so now that we could help them to get well, and that we could tell them about that Great Physician who could cure the sin-sickness of their souls. I think there can be no greater honor than to be allowed to do something for these poor, miserable people, and to show them how to lead a better life.

Well, we arrived at Hamadan on Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock. We had had lunch at a place where it was convenient at twelve o'clock, and then we came down the mountain into the valley where Hamadan lies. We went down and down, and we went round and round, among the hills, and each time we got to the foot of one hill, we would see another one yet to go down, and when we got to that one would still see another; I never saw anything so deceiving in my life, as distances here. The natives told us on the journey, "such and such a place is just over there." "Over there" many times meant a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. Sometimes we rode under the olive trees, full of olives for quite a distance. But I started to tell you of our entrance into the city. At last, as we turned a corner of a hill, we saw a couple of horses with their riders just flying towards us. It was two of the native brethren, and how they did welcome us!

We went on a little further, and on the banks of a little creek was a little table-cloth spread on the ground and tea was waiting for us. Miss Montgomery had prepared us a bountiful lunch, and it was with great thanksgiving that we asked God's blessing on that little meal. But besides Miss Montgomery, there was Dr. Alexander and more than 125 of the natives. How our hearts were encouraged to know that so many were rejoiced to see us coming to them. There were some on donkeys, some on horseback and some on foot. Was it not a triumphal entry? And when we came to Miss Montgomery's, where we were invited to spend a week, until we could arrange our own rooms, there in the yard stood the girls of "The Faith Hubbard School," numbering about one hundred, and as we entered the gate they sang, in English, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." My heart responded, you may be sure, to their loving welcomes, and I thought of how you all had given me such a loving good-bye, which I can never forget.

We opened the dispensary on Monday. Mirza Said and Mirza Yakub have charge of the men. I only see the women on Tuesday and Saturday forenoons, and then I am to go to a neighboring village with Miss Montgomery on Thursday afternoon. She holds a prayer meeting there on Thursday, and the women flock to her to get medicine. I was out on last Thursday and expect to go to-morrow. Beside that, I have to teach the two young men who are in the dispensary, about an hour and a half every afternoon, and then I have a Persian Mirza to teach in Persian two hours every morning. My time is well filled.

There is much more to tell you, but it must be put off until I can write again.

JESSIE C. WILSON, '87.

REV. M'DOWELL'S SERMON.

The sermon preached by Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell in the college chapel on the day of prayer for colleges:

For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.—II Thess., 3:10.

This regulation, so concisely and emphatically laid down, embodies a principle of the highest importance and widest application. The willful non-producer should not be a consumer, and conversely, he who has a part in consumption should take his part in production. Paul does not stop to formally state the principle, but proceeds directly to apply it. Explanation or defense of it would have seemed to him unnecessary; its justice and beneficence were self-evident. And yet the fact is apparent that men have very largely failed to grasp its meaning or perceive its value. Comparatively few seem to have recognized its binding force. In regard to its practical application men have fallen into confusion and blunders. Society has generally failed to enforce it, unjustly burdening some and permitting others to shirk. Individuals have been ready enough to apply it to others, but loth to accept it for themselves. There are certain strong propensities of our nature with which it clashes. "We like gold," says Dr. Todd, "but dread the digging. The cat loves fish, but will not wade to catch them." Americans, on the whole, may be less reluctant than others to "wade" and "dig;" but they are the blindest of worshippers of worldly success. In our national estimation a great fortune is a great good, no matter how gained or how employed. To win and possess largely and quickly is the prevailing ambition. Notwithstanding our beautiful theorizings on the nobility and benefit of labor, the multitudes regard as the fortunate classes those who are free from the necessity of toil, and long for the day when they themselves shall be raised above like necessity. And many of those who by inheritance or other means, are placed in a position to luxuriate on the products of the labor of others without rendering an equivalent, do so complacently, priding themselves on their privilege of idleness, and devoting their lives to it in part or in whole. Despite our democracy the number of such is on the increase among us, "the feathery foam of fashion," as one has described them, "sweeping along Broadway, who consider the insigna of honor to consist in wealth and indolence, and who, ignoring the family history, paint coats of arms to cover up the leather aprons of their grandfathers."

A vast proportion of human attention has been given to search for some short cut, some easy way, to attainment and blessedness. If we could amend the constitution of the universe so that the things now obtained only by toil might be had for the asking, if we could have wages without working, health without exercise, learning without study and Zion's golden summit without the climbing, how glorious life would be! And many imagine that much or all of this is possible to men who have the shrewdness and ingenuity to find out the way. The securing by bargain or smart manipulation of wealth produced by others, and which does not belong to us, the achievment of fictitious reputation, the attainment of honors which we have not merited and for which we are unfitted—these things pass without rebuke among us, and are even lauded as evidences of sagacity and admirable examples of success. "To the victors belong the spoils." What one can gain and hold is rightfully his—this is a principle which is allowed extensive scope in human affairs. Though the reign of force and violence is supposed to be past, yet piracy is prevalent in this advanced Christian age, and not only so, but the

pirates are admired, honored and emulated. The world is full of would-be pirates, who would like to get hold of money and position without earning them, who would be glad to steel accomplishments and learning and fame, who are anxious to *seize* the thousand and one things the soul desires, rather than *earn* them by the recognized and legitimate means.

There sometimes appears on a clump of nettles or other bushy growth, a patch of orange color, conspicuous by way of contrast with the green that forms its background. You may have noticed the like on the bushes of a fence corner, or on the low growth bordering some stream. On examination it will be found to consist of a dense tangle of golden threads. It is called the dodder, and is no less singular than its name. Tracing its filament in search of the root, you will find it nowhere connected with the ground. You observe further that it is without leaves. Leaves are the lungs of the vegetable kingdom. How does the dodder subsist without lungs for breathing, or roots for eating and drinking? Tracing the circling thread downward on the stock of the nettle or other plant to which it clings, you will find the point where it terminates. Here it has fixed itself in the trunk of its neighbor. The mystery of its life stands revealed. It draws its life-juices ready to its hand from the veins of the plant upon which it has seized. The dodder once had roots of it own, and lived a life of honorable independence. It sprang from its parent seed in the soil, struck up bravely for itself and drew its nourishment from the earth. But soon its tendency to lean upon others overcame it, and it twined around the neighboring bush. It is so much easier to live thus. Where it came in contact with the plant upon which it had fixed, it drove new roots into the supporting trunk, and coolly proceeded to help itself to ready made sap from the cells within. Thus the new life of dependence was begun. So the roots below, no longer needed, died and the stalk withered up to the point of connection with the fostering bush. And now the dodder is a "loafer." It grows not a single leaf, it has no use for such an organ. The leaves of the nettle disunite the gasses of the air for the lazy idler, and the roots of the nettle disintegrate the elements of the soil for it, thus supplying it with life-juices prepared for its use without effort of its own. The dodder is a vegetable aristocrat. It is a consumer, but not a producer. It scorns to toil for the supply of its own wants. There is not a drop of self-supporting blood in its veins.

If, from the dodder and other forms of parasite found among vegetables, we turn to the the animal kingdom, we shall find parasitism common there also. Numerous animal existences, as we all know, subsist on the nourishment they draw from the living bodies of other animals. And once more, if we rise to the sphere to which the mind moves, we shall find parasitism there also, in society, politics, business, the church.

The parasitic life violates a universal law. Every organism, whether physical or spiritual, if it be in sound condition, is endowed with powers by the exertion of which it is to procure its proper nourishment. And the universal law enjoins that it shall subsist by the use of its own powers, and condemns subsistence without their use. The life to which millions aspire, the life of luxurious ease, the life above all necessity of effort, however it may conform to man-made custom and law, offends against the law of nature and God. "If any will not work, neither let him eat." Eternal justice approves that principle, and enlightened self-interest says, Amen.

The injustice of dodderism, if I may use the term, is manifest. The dodder is a pirate, living by plunder. Its very name suggests its baseness. At the outset of its career it depended on its own nutritive organs. Why should it cease the use of those organs and feed upon the fruits of the activities of another?

Why should it turn robber and take from others the juices prepared by their own efforts and for their own use?

And so we demand of the man who refuses to work by what right he uses up the products of the work of others. Socialists and labor unions urge the question, and deny that such right exists. The principle for which they contend is true, and, when intelligently held and rightly advocated, should receive our loyal support. Both the body and soul of man need many things which are prepared for human use only by human effort; and nothing will excuse the individual who is able from doing his share in the work of preparation. The ideal state of society will not have been reached till we are rid of parasites high and low—of tramp and gentleman alike, till the royal loafer of the palace and the ragged loater of the saloon have alike rooted themselves in the soil of life's opportunities and ceased to suck the life blood of the social organism.

Parasitism is largely fostered by the laws and customs of society. By bargaining or speculation many a man seizes upon the fruits of other men's labors, and puts himself in a position to live without toil. As the dodder will sometimes fasten upon another of its own species, and fatten while the other languishes, so, adding nothing to the world's wealth, this man feeds and fattens upon his brother man. However sanctioned by hoary usage, such a course is a crying wrong. That men are too weak to withstand the robber, or that they are fools and consent to be robbed hardly justifies their despoilment. And if all were producers striving to do their share physically, mentally and morally, there would be a much better supply of commodities for the race, less of want and grinding toil for those now overwrought, and less of enervating and debasing luxury for the so-called favored classes. The guiltlessly incapacitated, meriting sympathy instead of censure, we need not pause to except; but the Apostle declares that willful drones should starve. The dumb ox has a divine title to a share of the corn which he treadeth out, but the man who is unwilling to contribute his part to the world's sum of good is unworthy of life.

Dodders abound among us. We have them of political hue. Millions of men participate in political benefits without rendering substantial political services. We have party parasites, men who hold aloof from the struggles and sacrifices by which a party is builded, but who rush boldly to its standard, and devotedly assume its leadership, when it has grown strong enough to win victory and spoils. We have dodders in society, and in the church we have dodders ecclesiastical. Church pews are warmed by thousands meanly shirking the labors of the Lord's vineyard, and aiming at the same time to share in its fruits.

Such is the spectacle that confronts us; on the deck of the worldship human beings flirting and fluttering; and down in the dark, dusty, heated hold, brother humans toiling and perspiring, shoveling the fuel that keeps the ship moving. Social customs and complexities veil and encourage wrongs. Men are trained to shrewdness rather than justice. People sing and dance while the ark is building, and demand admittance when the flood comes.

But the folly of parasitism should be no less clearly perceived than its injustice. A tremendous penalty is inseparably attached to it. The dodder is degenerated. It lacks the organs essential to the completeness of its being. It is a "dodder;" in that its punishment consists.

And such is the fate that threatens us if we are disposed to be shirkers. The shrewd fellows who go through life without doing their share are really overreaching themselves. The young man who gains a college diploma by tricks discovers ere long that it is not a good substitute for the grand reality of knowledge and mental discipline. The laborer's exertion

in gaining his bread builds that bread firmly into his own bodily structure.

In the sphere of the moral and spiritual, where men seem least to suspect the operation of this principle, it rigidly holds. If the higher nature will not work, neither let it eat. "Work out your own salvation," not independently, but in absolute dependence upon God. God worketh in you. The earth and air work in the plant. It draws its nourishment from its environment "without money and without price." But it must actively take up and assimilate its own food. It must use its own organs, and live its own complete plant life. So it works out its own salvation; but only in union with the earth, and that union must continue. The plant can never unroot itself, and walk off, or fly upward, in independence of its life sources. So the soul must get into union, and continue in eternal union, with Christ. He came that we might have life, and have it "in abundance." "In Him was life;" and we are "complete in him." But This does not mean a lazy parasitic existence for the spiritual nature, but rather, that it be awake and energetic. It must actively take up the life in Christ, must breathe it and drink it in by an appropriating faith, must know it and feel it and will it and do it—in short, must live the life of Christ. Thus, abiding in him, it bears much fruit, and works out its own salvation. Drummond has warned us not to seek lazy shelter within a church, or to lean dodder-like upon an evangelical formula, not to imagine that another can worship for us by liturgical forms, or study and pray in our stead, while our own souls remain inactive. "It is good for us to be here—well that we are here," said Peter on the transfiguration mount—here where tabernacles are to be builded.

Doctrine, of itself, does not build up the soul, but the nutriment of truth must be wrought into the system by spiritual activity. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." The awful penalty of spiritual parasitism is atrophy of soul. Organs unused degenerate and perish. The success to which many aspire is simply that of the parasite, the success of the man who fixes himself in a position where he may be easy while his conscience dies, and his spiritual capacities wither.

"Be not weary in well doing," says the Apostle in the thirteenth verse of this chapter. The well-doer shall reap; his labor is "not in vain." The honest toiler, the well-doer, may cheer his heart with hope. It is the idler, the trifler of the palace, even, who knows, or shall some day know, true soul weariness, who shall groan with the burden of ennui and satiety, who shall be wearied to despair and suicide.

Our gospel is the gospel of work. Christ was aggressive. The true Christian life is positive. True religion exists only as it is lived—in the active energies of the soul. The child, no matter how well it be clothed and sheltered, is not "safe," unless it have air and exercise. Here is a lesson for young men and women: let your spiritual life have momentum. "Resist the devil"—get on the dead run before you strike him, and with God's help you shall roll him in the dust of the arena. Throw yourself into the heart of Christian work and church life. Don't sit in the window with Eutychus, on the outer verge of the kingdom, on the dividing line between the Christian and worldly life, distant from the center of gospel gravitation. In such position your soul will fall into indifference and the limpness of stupor, and finally letting go, will be seized by the power of moral gravitation, and dashed bruised and bleeding to some lower level of life. Take the armor of righteousness "on the right hand and on the left." Do not sit down behind your shield, but strike out with the sword of God. "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." God will not build your life tabernacle for you, but he will show you the pattern. Build it with the divine help according to the pattern; rear it with your toils and tears, your prayers and sacrifices; and you shall find within its holy of holies the glory of the Shekinah.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1866.

Rev. Wm. S. Owens, D. D., graduated from Westminster in 1866, and then entered the Theological Seminary of the U. P. church at Allegheny, Pa., completing the course there in 1869. He was licensed to preach April, 1868, by the Presbytery of Monongahela; ordained to the ministry and settled as pastor of the North U. P. church, Philadelphia, May 18, 1869. In the summer of 1871 he removed to Indiana, Pa., and was pastor of the church there for six years; July, 1877, he became pastor of the church at Steubenville, Ohio; in 1885, while still pastor of that congregation, he was elected corresponding secretary of the Board of Home Missions, on the resignation of Dr. John G. Brown. A year later, at the request of the General Assembly, he gave up his pastoral charge and has ever since devoted his entire time to the duties of secretary. For the last six years he has traveled very extensively in the interests of the home mission work. On August 26, 1869, he married Elmira McCaughey, a college class mate. Children, seven—three sons and four daughters.

Rev. F. A. Scott graduated from Westminster in 1866 and graduated from the U. P. Seminary at Allegheny in 1869. He was engaged as pastor of the U. P. church at New Lisbon, Ohio, for three years. Was also in Burlington and Garrettsville, N. Y., as pastor for thirteen years, and from then to the present date has been preaching in the First Presbyterian church in Port Huron, Mich. He was married in June, 1870, to Miss S. M. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Number of children, three, all daughters.

1867.

Rev. W. J. Snodgrass first attended Monmouth College, but graduated from Westminster with the class of '67. He then studied theology at the seminary in Allegheny, and has been pastor of the U. P. church at West Middlesex, Pa., since his graduation from the seminary. He was married December 29, 1869, to Martha A. Herrick.

Rev. G. M. Kerr attended the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny after graduating from Westminster. He graduated from the seminary in 1871, and has been pastor of the Raccoon Presbyterian church at Candor, Pa., for nearly twenty-one years. He was principal of the union schools of Mercer, Pa., for one year between his college and seminary course. Was married Dec. 12, 1883, to Miss Bessie J. Stevenson. Number of children, four, three daughters and one son.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Oberlin College recently received a bequest of $91,000 from the late William B. Spooner.

—Nineteen of the students in the Garrett Biblical Institute are candidates for the foreign missionary field.

—The Honduras government has placed all of the ancient ruins in the Republic in the care of the Peabody museum of Harvard College.

Costa Pachedjieff, a native of Bulgaria, and at present a student at Allegheny College, gave a lecture in Grove City on the evening of March 31st.

—The Woman's College, Baltimore, which was opened three or four years ago with forty students, now has three hundred and fifty, and the college is being enlarged to accommodate more.

—First student: "Why do you beat your dog so?" Second student: "Because he always stares at me with the same questioning look the professor had at the recent examination."—*Exchange.*

—Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, has given $1,000,000 to the Chicago Baptist University. By such gifts millions of dollars are yearly received by institutions of learning, and the wealth thus ac-

cumulated is fast becoming a mighty factor in education and real national enlightenment.

—Yale College has opened to women the post graduate courses leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, also the University of St. Andrews, the oldest university in Scotland, has opened to them the departments of theology, arts and sciences.

—Dennison University, which was the first Ohio institution to take up the university extension movement, has just completed a course of lectures in Newark, Ohio, where the average attendance was three hundred. President Purinton has perfected arrangements for a course of lectures at Zanesville on Psychology, Economics and Electricity.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Dr. W. R. Irons,'87, recently called on friends in town.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88, was in town during vacation.

—Miss Hattie McLaughry, '89, visited at home not long ago.

—Mr. H. C. Swearingen, '91, spent a few days in town recently.

—Mr. Thos. E. Moffatt, '89, is studying theology in a seminary in Scotland.

—Mr. H. W. McKean,'82, is principal of one of the public schools in Kansas City, Kan.

—Mr. J. C. Nevin,'91, theological student at Allegheny, was in chapel not long since; but he skipped before time for the usual chapel speeches.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Hodgen displayed some of her unquestionable ability in art in a crayon portrait of her little neice. She is standing with her little cap untied, showing a sweet little round face, and is holding a bunch of daisies loosely in her hand.

—Miss Mary Stewart's pictures in still life able works of art. In one, two large ears of corn, partly surrounded by their husks, are lying on a table. One is in shadow, and the direct rays of the sun fall upon the other, coloring it a brighter yellow. In a second picture a gray vinegar jug and a pan are standing on a table side by side. Some onions are in and scattered around the pan.

—Miss MacDonald's marine view is a truly grand sight. In the distance can be seen a light house, around which the wild waves are dashing. The white caps are casting their spray over the entire view. A cut glass bowl, in which large pink, red and yellow roses are carelessly arranged, makes a very rich picture.

—Miss Little has ably portrayed a thunder storm in crayon. A dilapidated barn is standing on the edge of a lake and on the opposite bank a few trees seem to add to the loneliness of the scene. Lowering, threatening clouds darken the entire view. In the distance three people are seen fleeing for shelter.

—A dainty little study of pansies is one of Miss Beth Borland's recent works. The pansies are thrown loosely into a flat dish, and consist of all those rich colors in which this exquisite flower appears. Two large dark ones lie just beside them, adding much richness to the already delicious cluster.

—A large branch hanging heavy with russet brown pears makes a picture which is so natural that one involuntarily wish he could take them from their resting place. An old barn is the subject of another of her studies. It stands on the bank of a quiet stream, on either side of which shrubby bushes and trees extend. The blue and white sky above enlivens the calm and loneliness of the scene.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The musical spirit still exists among students of Westminster. Both the Philomath and Adelphic literary societies have organized a glee club and employed Prof. Thelen

to instruct them. The members of these clubs, although most of them are beginners, are making rapid progress and the day is not far distant when each society will have a glee club that the institution may justly be proud of.

—Prof. Thelen has begun his work in earnest. He has already proven himself a thorough teacher. He requires everything to be done exactly right. Better get a little thoroughly than a great deal only half. Promptness is another thing he emphasizes, and rightly. One of the main things a student spends time and money for is the formation of regular habits. Nothing is more essential to success in the business world or in professional life than promptness, and unless this habit is formed in school it never will be formed.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The latest thing out—spring.

—An Adelphic Glee Club has been organized.

—These pleasant afternoons are well suited for botanizing(?)

—Mr. Elliott, '92, visited in Washington county in vacation.

—Miss Whissen visited her friend, Miss Shannon, during vacation.

—Miss K.'s favorite song is said to be, "Gaily We're Marching."

—Miss Mary Graham spent easter Sabbath with friends in Mahoningtown.

—Prep. to Junior: "Say, Mac, are you going to take telescopic botany?"

—Prof. to Mr. L: "Name another kind of a curve." Mr. L: "The eclipse."

—J. A. McLaughry, Esq., of Mercer, spent Sabbath with his mother recently.

—Mr. S. in botany: "I do like to work with a mocroscipe (microscope)."

—Mr. Robert Veach, who has been detained at home by illness, is again in college.

—New Wilmington's greatest novelty for a short time was the man cook at the boarding hall.

—Mr. W. B. Anderson, '94, who has been teaching since December, has returned to his studies.

—Miss Margery McCartney, who has been teaching during the winter, has returned to college.

—Miss Belle Comin and Jean Robertson attended the Westminster alumni banquet at Pittsburg.

—Misses Janet and Sara McNitt and Madge Nelson, and Mr. Q. A. Hamill, remained in town during vacation.

—The Philo Glee Club recently entertained the ladies of the hall with a serenade, which was highly appreciated.

—Miss Elliott and friend, Miss Orr, teachers in the schools of Mercer, spent Sabbath at the former's uncle a short time since.

—Misses Carrie and Alda Kraeer and Alice Semple passed a pleasant vacation with Miss Latimer at her home in West Newton.

—Prof. McGranahan has returned to his work in the class-room, and his substitute, Prof. Barr, has returned to the seminary.

—Prof. Thompson has finished furnishing his botany laboratory. He now has a light, cheerful laboratory, thoroughly equipped.

—At the burning of Mr. McElwee's house Mr. S. did great service in carrying an empty ink bottle out and placing it carefully on the fence.

—Rev. Thorne, an alumnus of Westminster, has moved from Youghegheny to New Wilmington, recently, and intends making this his future home.

—Remember McKinley & Haley's new soda water fountain when wandering along the street and thirsty. They will satisfy your

greatest longing with cold, sparkling and delicious sodas of any fashionable flavor.

—The Philomath Literary Society are making some extensive improvements on their hall in the way of painting, papering, fixtures and furniture.

—Miss Libbie Chamberlain, '92, is unable to pursue her studies on account of weak eyes. She will return in June and graduate in the literary course.

—The Y. M. C. A., at a late meeting elected the following officers: Pres., Mr. Houston; V. Pres., Mr. Berry; Sec., Mr. Sowash; Treas., Mr. Owens.

—Rev. F. A. Campbell preached in the college chapel on the evening of the 10th, in the absence of Dr. Ferguson, who filled the pulpit at Sewickley.

—Prof. Jackson and his quartette furnished some excellent music at the entertainment given in the Presbyterian church, Thursday evening, April 14th.

—Mr. M.—"Emerson thinks that by the nose one can tell how much a man knows." Prof. McL.—"Yes, and by their teeth they tell their faults." (They are false.)

—Mr. McN. now carries his checkerboard on his suspenders so that he and his friends can amuse themselves before entertainments begin in that harmless game.

—McKinley & Haley call the attention of students and their friends to the fact that they have placed a new soda water fountain in their store and invite their patronage.

—The Chrestomath Literary society recently held a special meeting for the entertainment of friends. The hall was filled and the performances were highly creditable.

—Professor in literature class, which has been studying the features as an index of character: "Mr. M., what does the nose show?" Mr. M: "It shows how much one 'knows.'"

—Miss W., a former German student, to Miss M., after glancing at a circular announcing Dr. Hedley's lecture, the printing of which closely resembled German: "Please translate this for me."

—Some of the prominent citizens of the town have organized a "Village Improvement Association." This bids fair to create a greater business prosperity and to thereby enhance the interest of our college.

—Mr. J. to Mr. H: "The professor said for you to go over to the hall at 4 o'clock." Mr. H: "I shall go at 3." Mr. J: "What will you do in the mean time?" Mr. H: "I never have a 'mean' time over there."

—The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. social was held Friday evening, April 15th. After a short program, consisting of music and addresses relative to the work of the associations, an enjoyable evening was passed socially.

—A tendency toward athletics seems to be developing as the spring advances. We hear that a very exciting foot race took place between several young ladies lately, between the residences of Mr. Black and Mrs. Campbell.

—The annual preliminary contest will be held in college chapel the evening of the 29th. We are all looking forward to a good contest. The literary standard of Westminster has always been high, and it promises to be fully realized in the coming contest.

—A township Sabbath school convention was held in the First church on the afternoon and evening of April 13. The program was interesting and instructive. Mr. Q. A. Hamill,'92, addressed the convention on "How to draw the young men into the Sabbath school."

—Prof. Thompson's Sabbath school class, consisting principally of ladies from the hall, and numbering about forty, has adopted a new course of study. Instead of the international lessons, the study of the life of Paul has been

begun, and will be continued during the present school term.

—The HOLCAD extends sympathy to Miss Jennie McElwee, '93, whose home was destroyed by fire on Friday, April 15. The alarm was sounded about 11:30 A. M., but it was too late to save the house, which had ignited from an unknown cause, in the interior. Mr. Anderson, who roomed in the house, sustained a heavy loss.

—Quite a tragic event occurred in the hall recently, in which the victim, Miss A., nearly lost her life from fright. When Miss N. entered the room, she was horrified to discover Miss A. on the highest chair, repeatedly screaming, "Chase it out." On looking around, she found the cause of the disturbance to be a small rodent, which had retreated to the farthest corner of the room to escape the sound of Miss A.'s voice. The young lady has entirely recovered.

EXCHANGES.

A star,
It shone in the far off heaven, after the close of day,
Bridging the infinite darkness with the light of a golden ray.

A though,
It shone on a grief-darkened soul, where joy had passed way,
Gleaming through voids of sorrow from the love that lives for aye.

The star forever shines, but unseen in the light of day;
The thought is never known until joy has passed away.

In the exchange column of the March number of the Washington *Jeffersonian* is an item to which the exchange editors should direct their attention.

The youngest college president in the country is F. A. Turner, of Lincoln University, in Nebraska. He is twenty-nine years old and is now filling his position the third year.—*Ex.*

In the March number of the *Lombard Review* is an article entitled "Physical Culture," which should be carefully read. Frances Willard believes it to be a changeless law that none but the beautiful are loved because they only ought to be. If beauty of person is denied, then the more enduring loveliness of character, of mind, or of achievement, is found in those we love. George Eliot once said, "It is hard to be unlovely when everything else is so beautiful."

The University of Minnesota has adopted a plan of electing speakers for commencement. There will be a series of oratorical contests during the year, to ascertain the oratorical merits of the senior class. The ten members standing highest in these contests will represent the class as orators on the commencement stage. Honor men will not appear unless they be numbered among the ten.

Chicago University will be formally opened next September with probably about eight hundred students. It will cover four blocks in the southern part of the city, near the lake. The work upon buildings is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Many of them will be modeled after similar structures at Eastern colleges. It is intended that work shall continue throughout the year, interrupted by no general vacation, but each student will be permitted to choose two terms (twelve weeks), at whatever season he may deem advisable, for his own recuperation, an arrangement that cannot fail, we think, to destroy all regularity of class work.—*Dickinsonian.*

JOSEPH K. PEARSON. DAVID W. PEARSON.

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TO DO well, is good, but he who does his best, does better.

TO DO an evil act, however small, leaves its impress upon one's character; while to do a good act, no matter how trifling, has an elevating influence upon one's character.

OUR students seem to have forgotten that they ever played tennis. The ball field is now the center of attraction where many athletes are diligently working, inspired with the hope of possessing the victor's crown on the coming field day.

NO ONE who is brought into frequent contact with students can fail to recognize the same difference between them that is to be observed between persons engaged in the ordinary vocations of life. Some do their work thoroughly and in the best manner possible to them, while others do their studying in a superficial, listless manner, either in the hope that they will not be called upon to recite or that perhaps they may be questioned upon the only thing that they have learned in the lesson. It is unnecessary to say that this is a pernicious habit that should be guarded against by everyone. A great amount of valuable information is not only missed in this way, but the evil consequences in after life of such a habit cannot be estimated. A student should always study every lesson so thoroughly that he can feel able when he enters the class room to answer every question that may be asked him. The good results in after life of the habit thus formed are almost incalculable.

THE enterprising genius who has been adorning the pavements at irregular periods for the past year has given another exhibition of his talent fully up to the standard of his former efforts. It is to be regretted that the presistent modesty (?) of this person has hitherto prevented his identity from being disclosed as he would certainly meet with the warm reception his talent deserves. Truly we would commend

the person on his originality, since underhand and cowardly slander has only been in vogue since the father of evil introduced it into the Garden of Eden. It is also perfectly safe, as the smallest cur may bark at a king with impunity if the cur is too small to attract his attention or merit his resentment. It would be useless to speak of honor or dishonor in connection with these inscriptions as the person who perpetrated them would not in the smallest degree understand the meaning of the terms.

But if the efforts of the pavement scribbler furnish him any amusement let him keep on as he is beneath the notice of respectable people. And enclosed like the oyster in his shell of ignorance and self conceit, the waves of public contempt and opprobrium may roll around him, but cannot reach him.

At a recent chapel service President Ferguson read a letter from a committee of the students of Allegheny Theological Seminary, in the first part of which college students were urged to more earnest effort in the removal of certain evils which greatly hinder the advancement of spiritual life in colleges. The second part was an exhortation to students to give the gospel ministry a favorable consideration in the choice of a profession. Such a letter coming from such a source cannot fail to have a great influence.

While one's success in life depends so much from his choice of a profession, since everyone has peculiar aptitudes and inclinations, it is a singular fact that very few students give it any serious consideration until they have almost finished their course of training. Perhaps it may be accounted for partly from the fact that some young men attend college merely because their parents desire them to do so. It is to be hoped, however, that such cases are exceptional, since the professions are only encumbered by such men. Others who have difficulty in making a definite choice of a profession have at some previous time unconsciously persuaded themselves that they are unfit for any profession. The consequence is that when they graduate and feel that they should enter some profession, they enter whatever one the circumstances and exigencies of the situation seem to demand. In this way many a brilliant young man is led to enter some other profession than the ministry. It is a mistake. True enough, as Dr. Owens said in an address to the students in chapel a few days ago, "A young man should not enter the ministry unless he feels that he cannot help it; nevertheless he should endeavor to persuade himself that he cannot help it."

No one well acquainted with college students can fail to recognize the difference in their attitudes toward their respective colleges. Some are extremely zealous and loud in their praises of their alma mater, while others who attend equally as good schools can scarcely find words adequate to express their disapproval of the management and methods of their schools. This, of course, is to be attributed in a very great degree to the difference in the dispositions of different students. However, it does not account for the phenomenon entirely, since zeal for their alma mater characterizes the work of nearly all the students of one college while that of nearly all the students of another college is pervaded by a feeling of indifference and discontent. The true explanation seems rather that the false notion has been handed down by one class to another in certain colleges that the interests of faculty and students are not identical, while it has been abandoned in other colleges as a relic of barbarism; just as certain traditions and customs are bequeathed by one generation to another in certain nations, while they have been abandoned long ago by other nations as marks of brutality and ignorance. It is a matter for rejoicing that the last decade has witnessed a marked growth in the sentiment against this false idea both in our com-

mon schools and higher institutions of learning. It is now seldom necessary to resort to corporal punishment in the one or to suspension or expulsion in the other in order to maintain proper discipline. Students are steadily coming to a recognition of the fact that their interests are not antagonistic to, but identical with, those of their instructors, both because every one is interested in the prosperity of all educational work and because every student is benefited by having his alma mater bear a good name.

THE time is drawing nigh when the "grave and reverend Senior" will begin to rack his brain in search of a theme for his graduating performance. This is a task that is fraught with many discouragements and difficulties. No one who attempts anything of this kind can fail to be impressed with the fact that "There is nothing new under the sun," and probably will not need to listen very closely on commencement day in order to have this fact still more vividly impressed upon his mind by some such remarks as these: "Why can't they give Martin Luther's bones a rest?" or, "That subject cannot be treated properly in less space than a book of twelve hundred pages." At first thought one would think that these criticisms were just in many cases; but by a little sober reflection he is reminded that anyone who can advance any new ideas in an age of such wide dissemination of literature is well nigh a literary prodigy, and that it is impossible to please every one, because what may be a trite theme to some is entirely novel to others. Even though one's line of thought has been the theme of poets, statesmen and philosophers thoroughout the ages, this is no valid reason for rejecting it. Nearly all of us listen from Sabbath to Sabbath to discourses upon the plan of redemption, yet no one would be so audacious as to recommend the abandonment of this means of conversion simply because it is old. Neither can a writer afford to abandon a theme because it is simple or too recondite or because it cannot be treated properly in a limited space. Some of his auditors are almost certain to criticize him in the one case because his thoughts are too simple, while others in the other instance will complain that they are too abstruse. The best that anyone can do is to present some vital truth in the most attractive manner possible, and if, perchance, he may thus carry conviction or some thought of encouragement or joy to the mind of even one of his hearers, humanity will be greatly benefited.

THERE are many habits against which every student should guard himself most assiduously, because his work is of such a nature that, however beneficial its results may be in the main both mentally and morally, there are certain evil tendencies fostered by it. Not the least among these is that of heresy-hunting. One needs only a casual acquaintance with college students to discover that this habit has become almost chronic with many, and by a little reflection he will readily discover that it is but the logical result of a persistent cause. The work of students is necessarily in the direction of the development of the power of discrimination rather than that of invention; and consequently we may expect all those that develop into cavillers who have a natural tendency in that direction since it receives a great impetus from continuous training. However, this disposition to find fault may be overcome by a little self-inquisition and self-control; and certainly everyone who is thus inclined, would be desirous of overcoming this tendency if he would but consider for a moment how disagreeable he is to his associates. Although the typical fault-finder is unworthy of more than passing notice, yet he possesses the peculiar faculty of causing annoyance and chagrin to everyone who may perchance be in his pathway; and very few are so fortunately situated as to be free from

the more or less fierce attacks of this negative character. He may be found in the church, the class-room, the parlor or any of the different places of amusement. Especially does he seem to derive supreme satisfaction from his caustic remarks about the minister's sermon or the singing of the church choir. Apparently he has the adage yet to learn that "Charity begins at home," that he should be an adept at sermonizing or singing ere he assumes the role of critic, seems never to have occurred to him. It is by no means an unusual thing to find such an one entirely ignorant of the ten commandments, and who would make sounds weird enough to cause Mozart to writhe in his grave if he should attempt to sing the first line of "Old Hundred." This habit of petty fault-finding is not only to be deprecated because of the annoyance it causes to one's associates and the undesirable impression it gives of the one who has acquired it, but also because it discourages honest effort and destroys whatever beneficent effect it might otherwise have. Its root is generally to be found in a vindictive disposition as is clearly shown by the frequent use of the expression used by the old lady when her husband came running into the house and told her that the cow had eaten the grind-stone, "I told you so." Everyone who is addicted to this habit should stop and consider whether a positive or a negative existence is the more useful and which is the more conducive to genuine manhood or womanhood; certainly no one after a little reflection would hesitate to choose the former. In searching after truth instead of error, the benefit to be derived is not only in the object attained, but also in the reflex influence upon the character of him who puts forth the effort; and since truth is strong next to the Almighty, no one need be alarmed about the result of free competition between truth and error. Who ever knew truth to be vanquished in a free and open encounter. For this reason we need not waste our energies in encountering the inferior power, but should make a positive effort on the side of the superior. As a celebrated divine once said, "We should love truth a thousand times more than we hate error." Of course it must be expected that as long as humanity is so constituted as it is at present there will be differences of opinion and different creeds; but to overlook the distinction between vital and non-vital truths; to build up partition walls out of trivial differences of opinion; to raise the cry of heretic at every man who prefers progressive to antiquated ideas, to hold up to suspicion every man who professes to have discovered some truth, is contrary to the spirit of progress. Even where there is palpable error, the constant denunciation of it is generally self-defeating. It gives to false ideas a prominence and importance which they would not receive otherwise; deepens the conviction of the one assailed, and especially does it create a sympathy for the object of such attacks. This is clearly exemplified in the result of the tactics adopted by one political party of making prominent every imaginable objection to the candidate of the opposite party. Such a course seems generally to strengthen his candidacy, because it enlists for him the sympathy of many who might otherwise be indifferent. A great majority of mankind have the truth yet to learn that a great reform can be brought about more easily by the method of substitution than by radical opposition.

—"This new soap," said the barber, "is very nice. It is made largely of cream, with just a dash of alcohol in it." "Well, remember I'm a temperance man," remarked Dobbers, "and don't put any more of it in my mouth than you can help."—*Dundee Courier.*

PERSONALITY PERMANENT.

The history of humanity is replete; the life story of the individual has never fully been written. In memorial record and in monuments of achievement the life of humanity is exemplified; in grand and awful procession it passes in review, while the majesty and true nobility of the individual is for the most part unrecognized. The tests of science have never discovered the individual soul, philosophy has never sounded its depths and the dream of the poet has left unanswered the yearnings of the single heart. Proclaiming the soul's reality, its destiny and priceless worth, Christianity widely desseminates the seeds of individualism, yet even in the light of possibilities emanating from the cross, the great majority falsely estimate the soul and regard with indifference and irreverence its profound nature, high origin and its solemn destiny.

To a conception of the individual soul the human mind but slowly comes. A knowledge of the individual must begin with a knowledge of self and complete self realization presupposes the full development of all the powers of the soul. The mind which is spirit must be developed in order to comprehend spirit. Hence it is only by gradual development that the individual, attaining a conviction of personal identity, ultimately comes into a conception of the grandeur and majesty of his own self-hood.

> "The infant new to earth and sky
> Has never thought that this is I;
> But as he grows he gathers much
> And learns the use of I and me,
> And finds I am not what I touch
> And other than the things I see,
> So rounds he to a separate mind."

The separateness of the soul from all other creation is established by revelation. It is also an intuitive conviction confirmed by the universal consciousness of the race. Man is not his own author; he is not the personality of another, nor is he a being absorbed in any other life, but he is a spiritual entity, separated by impassible bounds from every other existence in the universe. In its intrinsic nature every soul is unique. A personality bearing the impress of God, stamped with the lineaments of the divine original, man stands in majesty of individuality, the crowning work of God. The speculations of reason but imperfectly establish the conviction that human personality is permanent. The problem of human destiny transcends the reach of science, the loftiest flight of intellect and the range of human experience. But when once confirmed by the teachings of revealed truth personality permanent becomes a profound reality, the only ground which satisfies alike reason, intuition, hope, faith and the longings of the human heart.

Is the soul but a ray of light wafted from some distant orb, lingering for a moment in its transient flight to mingle its celestial beauty with the ocean of radiance flooding the universe? Is it a stray note of music from creation's harp touched by the fingers of Divinity—a simple harmony to be lost amidst the sublime symphonies of nature? Or, is man the mountain, whose base in firm-set earth, and whose hoary summit, towering heavenward, form fitting type of eternal permanence? Is he the fixed star illuminating space and time with celestial flood of eternal radiance? Or is the soul a spark of the Divine life, the ultimate element of man's being not to be wasted by time nor essentially altered by external conditions, a supernal entity more enduring than the mountain, more lasting than the sun:

> "The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age and nature sink in years
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth."

Individuality linked with the idea of permanence imparts to human personality a moral grandeur beyond conception. In distinctness of individuality and in point of continuance man's life is on a parity with God's.

His personality he cannot obliterate, he cannot exchange it for any object in the universe, nor can he exile himself from it, but, wherever he is, whatever his conditions in life he must still retain his personal identity. Time may stamp its impress on the outward form but the spiritual self is essentially unchanged. The tomb may hold the body in its silent confines but the soul not mingled with the wandering wind nor lying in the dust nor yet confused with any other life wings its flight to God who gave it, and in that far off eternity the same individual character shall have survived, old experiences shall still be his, old memories shall linger in all their vividness. Even from those unseen spirit realms voices come, influences survive, thoughts and actions are still the harbinger of life. The man, the individual, is there himself.

For not in the outward form does the true nobility of man lie, but, back of external personality is the unity of mind, the life of inner consciousness and the throne of the monarch I, ruling by right divine. The outward is but the manifestation of the inner and the real. The soul is the man.

"Back of the canvass that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast, the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
And up from the pits where these shiver and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward and the essence of life is divine."

A triune nature, intellect, sensibilities and will, constitute human personality. What wonderful phenomena does this life of inner-consciousness reveal! From the deep recesses of this being what thoughts arise! From this abyss of feeling what tempests of emotions come and go! From the mandates of this will what acts of virtue take their rise! The intellect gives to human personality a wondrous significance. With manifold powers it holds the universe in its grasp. With marvelous capabilities the mind is ever rising to higher planes of development in its line of progression parallel with God. Intuition establishes the conviction that human personality is free. Throughout the realms of nature law reigns supreme. The growth of the plant is determined by necessary conditions; the planets moving in majestic sweep are governed by law; the human soul alone is free, and this it is which gives it a greater power than all the universe besides. Self-determination makes human personality sublime. Every moment the individual must decide the questions of right and wrong. His dread responsibility he cannot abdicate. Every man is master of his thoughts and of his actions, the arbiter of his destiny.

A knowledge of the powers and of the nature of the soul reveals to the individual his innate nobility and gives him a true conception of his position in the universe. When one comes into a recognition of his individuality, his freedom and his unbounded capacities, he is no longer enslaved by external conditions, but is capable of moulding his environment into conformity with the laws of his being. A recognition of one's manhood linked with faith in the powers of his soul makes him resistless. Give a man faith in himself, and though his character be debased by selfish ambition, yet before a master intellect and an unbending will the Alps of difficulty shall disappear and nations shall tremble at the mention of Napoleon. Let a perfect nature appear, actuated by faith divine and love to humanity, then diseases are rebuked, human souls are redeemed, the modest water blushes into wine, for the ideal personality has appeared—a perfect human soul, the man divine of Nazareth.

Before the majesty of the individual science and philosophy must bow in reverence. The

hightest reality in the universe, the abiding person, give potency to all ideas. Back of all the institutions of human society, and greater than they, is the individual soul. All theories of culture and of education, government, ethics and religion are not only founded on the nature of human personality but they must recognize as their highest mission the harmonious development of its powers. When, by their agencies, every man has become imbued with a sense of his freedom and his responsibility, his destiny and his worth, a goal in human progress shall have been attained. Selfish, sordid ambitions shall no longer actuate the masses, antipathies shall be extirpated, crime and sorrow shall disappear, for an age of true philanthropy shall have dawned upon the world. When the conscience of nations is quickened and men are moved by a sense of individual rights, the vexed questions of industrial civilization shall be settled, greedy, grasping corporations shall cease to oppress, every form of injustice shall disappear, for love shall be arbiter in human affairs. When every lowly soul has been raised to the high planes of moral and spiritual manhood, when the latent powers of the mind have been fully revealed and the great problem of humanity has been solved, then government, education, ethics and religion shall have fulfilled their missions and perfected personality shall have made possible perfected human society.

As yet human development has but begun. Ever rising in the scale of progress the mind goes onward towards perfection, towards the realization of the ideal personality. All the parts of the intellectual being advance in power and the mind is raised to higher planes of thought. What shall be the high plane of man's spiritual advancement when he stands in the freedom of a perfectly rounded individuality and his spiritual unfolding has been complete! What shall be its possibilities when the soul has burst the bonds of finitude and all its limitations have been removed! The earth shall melt as with fervent heat, the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, but unseen powers shall cast the veil aside and reveal him there, a center of concentric circles of eternal being, a perfect soul, the man individual, personality permanent as eternity and the life of God.

C. S. McKinney.

INSTINCT.

It is with feelings of wonder and admiration that we notice certain motions of plants; and these feelings are increased when we discover that such motions are common to whole species, and adapted perfectly to the attainment of certain ends; for instance, the folding of petals at night for the protection of certain parts of the flower. We wonder, perhaps, because we are accustomed to think of adaptive action as prompted by reason or judgment, while here we know there can be no act of judgment on the part of the actors.

But turning from the vegetable to the animal world we find phenomena which are even more interesting. The lowest grade of animal life is scarcely to be distinguished from the vegetable organisms, being possessed only of those organic functions necessary to life, growth and propagation, which distinguish organic from inorganic creations. But the ascending scale of existence is marked by an ever increasing variety of function, specialization of organs, capability for action, and, highest of all, reason in its varying degrees. As it is difficult to determine where plant life ceases and animal life begins, it is also difficult to fix a line where reason may be said to be first manifest. Not only this, but there are many actions of animals of the highest grade, nay, even of man himself, which baffle all efforts to decide whether they are due to reason or not; or if partially due to reason, to what extent. "Those faculties of the mind which lead to the conscious performance of actions that are adaptive in character, but

pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the end attained," are called instincts.

The most fundamental and hence the most general instincts are those leading to the self-preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species. These are manifested in a vast variety of actions, according to the nature and needs of each species. They are performed similarly under similar circumstances by all members of a species. On the other hand, of those acting on reason, each individual may act in a way peculiar to his own individuality, and differently at different times. To the extent that individuals are governed by instincts, their actions under given conditions may be accurately predicted. But it is difficult or impossible to foretell the actions of rational beings, because we can never be entirely sure as to what will be the procedure of their reason or judgment, or what will be the prevailing motive in any particular instance.

But while contrasting instinct with reason, we must not fail to distinguish it from "mere structure, or organic functions." For these the vegetable world has in common with animal life, but it has no instincts. By organic functions, life, growth, and reproduction are carried on in all their various phases. But, in the words of another, "instinct supplements structure and functions, putting them to their best use, making a higher type of life possible than could be manifested by structure and function alone. The bee has a structure fitting it for gathering honey, and the rings of the body have the function of secreting wax. Instinct is needed to impel the bee to gather the honey, and form the scales of wax into the honeycomb."

The intincts of self-preservation is variously manifested in the choice of foods, and storing them away for winter use, and the building of structures for protection. The instinct leading to the continuance of the species is shown in many curious actions of parents in caring for their young. "The bird sits for weeks upon its eggs to hatch them—a service which, however plainly it is a means to an end, breaks abruptly across its usual habits." After hatching the bird cares for its little brood in the best manner possible, and all this, though the bird "itself has been artificially hatched and reared," proving that the impulse it has followed was part of its very nature and not the result of imitation or experience. An insect, not carniverous itself, yet stores up flies and other morsels for the use of its larvae which are carniverous. Some kinds of fish go long distances to deposit their spawn in places best suited to their development, though the place is quite unlike the home of the parent fish. Besides these instincts there are some that are very mysterious as to their use: Such as the migration from clime to clime and a practice called homing, which leads certain animals to find the place whence they were taken even though land and sea were traversed to bewilder them.

Under the head of "Rational Instincts," some have classed those "incomprehensible spontaneities in ourselves of which the primary facts of consciousness are the manifestations." And "what is conscience," says Pres. Hopkins, "but a rational instinct, a guide without comprehension, but rational because it reveals itself as the voice of God, which all instinct is without thus revealing itself."

As to the origin of instinct there are three theories. One is that they were implanted in the very nature of the species by the Creator's hand. This theory is held by those who believe in the immediate creation of species. Another theory is called "The Lapsing of Intelligence." According to it the actions which now appear as the result of permanent instincts were originally, in the remote history of species, the result of intelligence. Being performed frequently they became fixed habits and then permanent instincts characteristic of

the species. This theory is not tenable, however, because these are instincts peculiar to species, which do not, nor can we suppose, ever did possess intelligence.

A third theory explains the origin of instincts by the "Survival of the Fittest." "Those actions which though not intelligent were yet of benefit to the animal which first performed them," being favorable to the continuance of the species, in the course of time, became characteristic of the species it has been instrumental in preserving, and is called an instinct.

But however the presence of instincts may be accounted for it is impossible to regard them in relation to the ends which they are so peculiarly adapted without recognizing the unmistakable marks of intelligence—intelligence belonging not to the individual, or to the species, indeed, but existing behind and above it, an invisible power overruling and directing toward a definite end. Indeed in no domain of nature is final cause more manifest than in the instincts of the animal world. The bee builds its incomparable storehouse, the wonder and admiration of the most acute mathematician, and gathers honey from those flowers only which are suited to it, and stores it away for winter. And this is but one instance among many that may be cited showing the adapting of means to ends in the actions of creatures incapable of exercising such a power, and especially to such a degree of perfection. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork," but not less truly do the blind impulses of his creatures fulfill and manifest the great purpose born in the infinite mind of the Creator.

JEAN A. ROBERTSON.

THE ORIGINAL KNOWLEDGE GIVEN BY THE SENSES.

Man is a being fashioned after the image of God, but falling infinitely short of those capacities and powers, which belong to the all-wise and all powerful. God is infinite, knowing all things. But almost all that man knows has come through some effort on his part to acquire it. I say almost all, for there is some knowledge common to all men, which is not acquired. This we term original knowledge or the original knowledge given by the senses. Just what this knowledge is has been a subject of study and diversity of opinion for years.

Different theories and modes of explanation are given. Some advance the "ideal theory." According to it, the mind does not perceive the object, but something intervening, known as the idea. This theory was established to cancel the difficulty arising from mind acting on matter. It was that like could act only on like.

"Some look on the idea perceived as a sort of material figure, like the image in a mirror or that formed on a retina of the eye when an object is before it." This, as any one far short of a philosopher can see, would remove no difficulty, for if this be a material figure, how could so different a substance as mind act on it?

Others have resolved it into a spiritual form, making the idea an affection of the brain. Those taking a most sensible view have made the idea and mind coincident. Thus in reality making the mind perceive the object and not the idea. Locke confused his realistic philosophy by speaking everywhere of the mind, perceiving the idea rather than the object. Out of this confusion of Locke's grew the question as to whether an intermediate substance was necessary or not, and was discussed by such eminent minds as Thomas Reid and Sir William Hamilton, and also by the others of the Scottish School of Philosophy. No grounds could be shown for maintaining the view that an idea intervened, and further it made the act of perception only more complex. For the body had to act first on the idea, then the idea on the mind. The

most simple conclusion, and no doubt the one which these men reached, is "that body acts on mind, and that we perceive the very thing."

Another theory advanced is the "inferential theory," which contends that there is a sensation in the mind and an inference that it is caused by some external object. "For example, the child notices what it afterwards learns to characterize as the face of its mother." It cannot reproduce its mother's face at pleasure, and so finds it to be something external to its own little body. It is supposed that we receive our idea of the external or material world by an accumulation of such experiences. This supposed process admits of many assumptions. The first of which is "that everything beginning to be must have a cause." But, says McCosh, it might be difficult, however, to prove that if a child were shut up within its own self it could at an early date, or at all, arrive at a belief in invariable causation merely from experience, for its experience would habitually be of events without a known cause. But still further the question arises, how can the mind know the external world of which it has had no experience? It is a conceded fact that we regard the external world as extended. But how could we come to this conclusion through the experience of a sensation, which has no extension? So we see the unreasonableness of the theory, and reach the reasonable conclusion "that we perceive extended objects at once and intuitively."

The "Phenomenal and Relative Theories" do not have much weight but are worthy of being mentioned. The phenomenal theory maintains that we perceive appearances and not the objects themselves, and that we become acquainted with the external world through a roundabout method. But this method of reaching the external world by appearances is defective, as "it begins with appearances and culminates with subjective forms." According to the relative theory we perceive relations only. But this is contrary to nature. It is true we perceive relations, but we must first perceive objects in order that we may perceive relations. We cannot have relations without we have something to be related. But lastly, and the most generally accepted theory of the present time is "natural realism, or immediate perception." According to it we perceive the external object directly.

We have come to this same conclusion again and again in our consideration of the other theories mentioned before, and this theory but emphasizes the fact in our minds that we have immediate knowledge of the object. By knowledge we do not mean that we know all about the object by the original perception, but that we know that it exists in some form or other. This seems to us the most reasonable theory, because man is so constituted both physically and mentally that the organs and mental powers reach the required results in the most simple manner, and we can conceive of no reason why the original knowledge given by the senses should be an exception.

A. M. S.

A DISEASE AND ITS REMEDY.

The introduction of evil into the world divided the motives which inspire men to action into two classes. On the one hand were separated all the influences that tend to lift humanity upward; on the other, all that degrade and oppress. Between these two principles, good and evil, truth and error, there exists a never ending hostility. Assimilation is impossible; warfare is inevitable. Though they may seem to go down the ages in parallel lines, yet with the unerring certainty with which two great circles on the surface of a sphere intersect, so must these two opposites meet, and wherever they come together, vital conflict must ensue. Every nation is a battle ground; every generation feels the shock

of collision; the converging point marks a crisis in national life. If truth prevails, the nation's permanency is assured; if error, her star of progress has reached its culmination. Our own nation has been shaken to her foundation by these conflicting elements. In the history of 1861-5 is recorded the struggle for supremacy between the "Angels of Freedom" and the "Powers of Darkness." On the field of Gettysburg, amid the boom of cannon and crash of musketry, was rung the death knell of that gigantic embodiment of evil, under which men, women and children were made articles of merchandise. American slavery is a relic of the past—it exists only in memory as a historic reality, but the blot upon our nation's record yet remains, and like the crimson stain on the hand of Lady Macbeth, it "will not out." The injuries and outrages perpetrated under governmental sanction have been unrequited. We, as a nation, owe the persecuted negro a debt of almost infinite proportions. Revolting as are the recitals of injustice and cruelty inflicted by the American slaveholder, they sink into insignificance when compared with the horrible atrocities connected with the traffic in the negro's native land. Central Africa is one of the most beautiful and productive regions upon the earth's surface. The fertility of the soil, the abundance of water and the partiality of the day-god, whose vitalizing rays paint the landscape with a luxuriance baffling description, combine to make Africa an earthly paradise. This magnificent garden of matchless beauty and grandeur has become the hunting ground of human flesh. Men who have sunk to the very lowest depths of degredation alone engage in the traffic. Their occupation blots out every tender feeling, smothers every noble impulse, violates the law of justice written upon the tablet of every heart.

No man can stand before the high tribunal of human conscience and defend the right to get gain by selling the bodies and souls of men. These insatiate vampires, led on by the bloody hand of avarice, penetrate the most secluded regions. No village is safe from the ravaging scourge. Expeditions are made under cover of darkness. In fancied security the doomed inhabitants lie wrapped in undisturbed repose. Suddenly the fire-fiend leaps exultingly from every grass covered hut. Terrified the natives flee for safety. But there is no escape. Pierced with rifle bullets the men fall weltering in their own blood. The women and children are taken captive. As the cloud-dispeller raises his shining disc above the horizon, the veil is lifted from a scene, grand, yet sad. The glorious landscape, made gorgeous by the lavish hand of nature, rivals the mystic scenes of fancy. The trees lift themselves in majesty. Among their massive branches, teeming with flowers and redolent with perfume, feathered songsters echo and re-echo their morning salutations. Nature is clothed in her brightest colors. But alas! The hand of the destroyer has been there. The beauty of the scene only serves to bring out an awful contrast—the depths of infernal blackness into which the soul of the slaver can sink. That once peaceful, harmless village is now a mass of smoking ruins. The dead and dying lie here and there upon the bloodstained sod. Agonized cries from the wounded ascend to an infinite God of justice. Think you that he who said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," will not pour out the vials of his wrath upon the perpetrators of such a heaven-defying, God-reviling, soul-destroying butchery."

Silenced with wooden gags, the sorrowing captives begin the march of death. Fearful to contemplate is the mortality of these caravans of human flesh. Weakened by insufficient food, the emaciated wretches fall to the earth with a groan of anguish. The brutal drivers attempt to force them onward. Horrifying shrieks of agony which penetrate the heavens, are answered by the execrations of the fiends

incarnate who ply the lash. The highway, o'er which this mournful procession is passing, is fairly bridged with whitened skeletons and festering corpses. Not more than one-fourth of the company can hope to reach the coast alive.

This is no fancy picture. Its reality is being enacted every year. During the last decade five hundred thousand victims were bought and sold every year. The constant drain is fast depopulating the richest portions of the continent. Unless the plague is stayed, this country, rich in natural resources beyond compare, must relapse into impenetrable jungles. Are these hills and valleys, so gorgeously arrayed in the garments of luxury, to become the abodes of happiness, independence and freedom, or are they to remain the wide prison of wretchedness and degradation? The question forces itself upon every civilized nation. Africa, yesterday little more than a myth, is to-day our neighbor. Her colonies have joined the great family of nations. Whatever affects her welfare, must involve the world's future. Like the deadly cancer, the slave trade has fastened itself upon the vitals of Africa. Is there no antidote for the poison with which her very life blood is defiled?

Mahometanism is at the root of the evil. The traders themselves are followers of the false Prophet. The system is directly antagonistic to the principles of truth and equity embodied in christian civilization. Mahometanism panders the sensual appetite; Christianity teaches temperance and self-restraint. The crescent is the shadow without the substance, an empty travesty on the cross. Islamism and Christianity are mutually repellant. They bear the same relation to each other as do the opposite poles of a magnet. Islamism is exclusive, narrow, sectional; Christianity is inclusive, broad as the wants of the human soul, universal as humanity. The false Prophet fosters superstition, the true encourages rational thought. Superstition and tribal jealousies are the bulwarks of the slave trade.

Africa's malady can be healed only by an application of the doctrines of the Nazarene. History demonstrates that the principles consummated amid the throes of Calvary have been the most potent factors in the evolution of governments and social standards. A crisis is at hand in Africa's jungles. Truth and error are struggling for the mastery. What shall the end be? Reinforcements are needed to battle for the right; evangelization by the white man is impracticable; the climate is fatal to all but the strongest of the Anglo Saxon race; the Caucasian has trodden the icy peaks, almost under the shadow of the North Pole; he has pitched his tent upon the deserts of Asia; India could not prevail against him, neither could the islands of the sea isolate themselves from his aggressive spirit. But the winds of Africa, laden with the seeds of death for the man of the Anglo Saxon lineage, howl defiance in his ears. Livingstone, Gordon and Stanley have laid the corner stones of civilization, but Africa's redemption must be secured by other hands than theirs. The same blood that cries to heaven from her soil, floods the veins of eight millions of United States citizens. To the ex-slaves of America, we turn for the solution of the problem. Freed themselves from the shackles, and enjoying the light of Christian civilization, they are well fitted to effect the emancipation of their race. What mission could be more sublime, more Godlike, than for the freedmen knowing the bitterness of bondage, to sacrifice themselves, to lift their brothers out of its horrid depths. As the truths of the gospel are received into the dull and despairing souls of the dusky natives, Hope will again spread her wings and life receive a new meaning. The man who consecrates himself to this work will not fail of his reward. He will be welcomed in the skies by

the innumerable hosts of earth's reformers, and draw after him the homage of a grateful people. Let the government of the United States afford every facility for the black man to return to the land of his nativity, and bear with him the blessings of Christian civilization. For two hundred years the negro's sweat and blood mingled with American soil that our coffers might be filled. That service has never been repaid. We acknowledge the fatherhood of God, and its logical sequence, the brotherhood of man we can not deny. The warning cry, "Cain! Cain! Where is thy brother?" thunders through our halls of legislation. An imperative duty rests upon the government to offer every encouragement toward the colonization of Africa by Christian negroes. She owes it to the black man himself. Selfish interest would prompt such an action and humanity's welfare demands it. Go forth, ye heralds of Christian civilization, beneath the breeze-fluttered penant of the free, and proclaim liberty throughout the kingdoms of the earth. Let the circle continue to widen until the gloomy caverns of superstitions shall be exchanged for the temples of thought. Breathe into Africa's enervated system the bracing influence of principles, instinct with the breath of freedom, and soon the iron belt of oppression will be replaced by the golden cestus of Liberty.

J. Herbert Spencer, '92.

THE ART OF PERSUASION.

All things in nature are influenced by their surroundings. This is seen in the lowest as well as the highest type of life; in the animal just as certainly as in the vegetable kingdom; in the frigid zone as in the torrid; in the sea as on the land; on the highest mountains as in the lowest valleys; as well in the desert of Sahara as in the most fertile plain of China; in the wilderness as in a garden, but especially is it seen in that wonder of the world, that crowning work of creation, Man. Every plant will grow in the climate best adapted to it. Although it may grow in many temperatures, yet it will reach its highest development in its native clime. The orange will not grow in Canada because of the influences surrounding it. So with man. The Icelander cannot live in the torrid zone, neither can the inhabitant of the tropics endure the icy blasts of the Polar regions. The people of every country have their peculiarities, and the only way we can account for them is because of the influences, physically, morally and intellectually, which surround them. But of all the influences which may surround an individual none are so powerful and lasting as those exerted on him by his fellowmen through the power of speech and action. The tongue is the mightiest weapon in the world. Men who have failed to be moved by any other art have been completely overcome by the art of persuasion. What is the art of persuasion? A noted rhetorician says: "The art of persuasion is eloquence." That eloquence is an art there can be no doubt. Eloquence was highly cultivated in ancient Greece and Rome, and to the cultivation of this art they owed much of their greatness. Take from Greece such men as Pericles, Socrates and Demosthenes, and from Rome Cicero and Julius Cæsar and you change the history of those countries.

Eloquence consists not in polishing a false argument so as to make it appear a good one, or as Plato says, in making a worse speech better. It does not alone consist in speaking so as to tickle and please the ear, but in speaking to the purpose, in such a way as to convince and persuade. One of the first essentials of eloquence is an inborn quality. It is generally agreed that an orator is born, not made. This is true primarily. But allowing that this quality exists, there are other qualities which he who would persuade others must have. The first of these is a good character. We measure a man's influence by his character. We are persuaded by a man's discourse just in

proportion as we think the man consistent or inconsistent with what he says. Eloquence differs from paintings and the other fine arts in this, that in a painting you judge by the merits of the workmanship. You can abstract the painting from the artist and admire or condemn without any reference whatever to the standing of the man in the community. But with eloquence it is not so. You cannot separate the speaker from the speech. The painting is judged wholly by its merits as a work of art, but the oration must have the character of the speaker behind it before it can have its greatest force. This is especially noticeable in a minister. How many souls has an insincere preacher converted? On the other hand, a minister who may not be so learned but sincere in all he says has an influence which shall continue to widen throughout time and eternity. Chaucer says of his good parson: "The love of Christ and his apostles twelve He taught, but first he followed it himself." And in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," in speaking of the village parson the author says: "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, and fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

Then having an inborn genius, and a good character the speaker to be most eloquent must be on the side of truth, and have a firm conviction of the truth. Nothing detracts so much from a discourse as suspected insincerity on the part of the speaker. Let his subject be of the greatest importance, let him present the finest drawn arguments in the most polished language, let him use the most graceful gestures, let him employ every art known to the rhetorician and lack sincerity and the effect of his speech will be greatly enhanced if not altogether lost.

Again, there must be earnestness. Nothing is noticed so quickly by an audience as the lack of earnestness in the speaker, and to be earnest the speaker must feel what he says. Horace says: "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself." In this was the secret of Patrick Henry's success. We know that his language was not of the best. He was not skilled in the use of elocution, logic or rhetoric, yet he was able to hold the attention of an audience for two hours so the time seemed but fifteen minutes, as one man afterward declared.

Another element that enters into eloquence is tact. There may be prejudices to overcome. Notice how Antony overcame the prejudices of the mob inflamed by Brutus. When Antony began his discourse the rabble was ready to tear to pieces any one who dared to speak a word in praise of Cæsar and against Brutus. They said: "This Cæsar was a tyrant," but Antony goes on with his speech and the rabble become interested. Whenever he makes reference to Brutus he says: "But Brutus is an honorable man." He says nothing against Brutus, but gradually brings the noble traits of Cæsar before them and removes their prejudice against him. He mentions Cæsar's will and shows the garment he wore when killed, and when he reads the will the citizens are so won to the side of Antony that they are furious because of the murder of Cæsar, and seek the life of the very man that a short time before they dared any one to speak a word against.

But there is still another element essential to eloquence, without which character, truth, earnestness nor tact can do little, and that is a great cause in which to exercise these other elements. Nothing would be so ludicrous as for a man to make an ordinary statement with all the earnestness and ferver with which he would plead for the life of a friend he believed innocent. But when a great cause is imperiled, the speaker forgets self in the interests at stake and by his impassioned utterances carries all before him. In this way we can account for the absence of orators at one period in history and the number of them at another. Every great cause has had its orators from the time of

Demosthenes to the present, and we believe whenever a great cause arises in the future there will be eloquence to uphold it.

But give us a man with the unborn spirit of eloquence; let him be a man of good charac ter; let him espouse the cause of truth, use tact in his dealings with men, be sincere and earnest in all he does, then let him be brought out by some such occasion as Webster had in his reply to Hayne, or Lincoln had in his campaign with Douglass, or Gladstone had in his opposition to Beaconsfield, and he will speak in language which will echo round the world and reverberate through all coming ages.

G. A. S.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1867.

Mrs. J. R. Wallace graduated from Westminster in June, 1867, she then taught school in Mercer county for five years. She married the Rev. J. R. Wallace, June 20, 1872. She answers the questions of present occupation, "house wife," and when educated for chosen profession, "in my mother's kitchen." Number of children nine, six boys and three girls.

Mr. H. E. Stewart graduated from Westminster and then attended the law school at Albany, N. Y., from which he graduated in 1869, since that time he has been practicing in Warren, O., was married Sept. 7, 1870, to Kate L. Sutliff; three children, all living.

Mr. R. W. Dunn graduated from Westminster in 1867, studied law, and has been practicing at Franklin, Pa., ever since. On July, 18, 1867, he married Martha Francis; number of children, three. Further we quote his words, "I have been prospered and have a good practice. A clear conscience, and am rushing up the ladder of life, with nothing in particular to regret."

1868.

Mr. T. C. Sproull attended the theological Seminary at Allegheny after leaving college, graduated from seminary in 1871 and took a charge at McKeesport, Pa.; he remained here five years, was four years at North Jackson, Ohio, and eleven years at Cedarville, Ohio, where he is still preaching; was married to Sarah A. Lowry Nov. 2, 1871; four children.

Mr. W. F. Waugh studied medicine in the Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia, where he graduated in 1871. He was engaged at the Dixmont insane asylum two years, United States Navy three years, and in Philadelphia sixteen years. Also was a Professor of Practice in a surgical college of Philadelphia ten years while in Philadelphia. Also was editor of The Medical World, Philadelphia Medical Times, Dietetic Gazette, Times and Register from 1886 to 1892 inclusive. Was married in 1873 to Miss Kate Lasher. Number of children, two daughters.

Mr. W. Erskine studied law at the law school at Albany, N. Y., and graduated from that place in 1870. In June, of that year, he began practice in Wheeling, W. Va., where he has been engaged ever since. He has not engaged in politics, but has been at different times a member of the city council. He was married at Stoneham, Mass., Feb. 22, 1872, to Celeste U. Chase. Children, four; two boys and two girls.

Mr. T. G. Peacock studied law after graduating from college. He also taught school from 1868 to 1875. Since that time he has been practicing law at Monmouth, Ill. Was married to Emma Sheller August 23, 1881. Two children.

Mr. Sylvester Fidler studied for the ministry and has been in the Erie conference for twenty-one years. During that time he has preached at the following places: One year at Nelson, O.; one year at Morgan, O.; one year at Ashtabula, O.; one year at Garland, Pa.; three years at Hydetown, Pa.; three years at Cooperstown, Pa., two years at Harmonsburg, Pa.; two years at Springboro, Pa.; two years at Petrolia, Pa.; two years at North

Hope, Pa.; three years at Eau Clair, Pa., and seven months at West Monterey, Pa. He married Miss Mattie E. Steadman, Nov. 18, 1875. One child.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Rev. G. W. Bovard, '90, conducted the chapel services on the morning of May 6th.

—Rev. D. S. L. McNary, '90, has accepted the position of city missionary to Sioux City and will be on the field in May and June.

—William C. Adair, '88, and Paul Stewart, '89, graduate this year from the Xenia Theological Seminary.

—W. M. Barr, T. M. Huston, K. W. McFarland and J. S. Thompson, all of the class of '88, graduated from the Allegheny U. P. Seminary, April 27.

—On April 19, at the regular spring Presbytery at Hanover, Ill., Rev. Ross T. Campbell was installed and ordained pastor of the Hanover congregation.

—The following alumni attended the preliminary contest held April 29th: Messrs. T. W. Kennedy, A. A. Graham and H. C. Swearingen, class of '91; Mr. W. M. Anderson, '90, and Mr. Chas. E. Mehard, 89.

—Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, was recently unanimously recommended to the synod for election to the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, on the resignation of Prof. Thatcher.

—Mr. J. Norman Martin, '81, was recently appointed by the Governor to the position of judge in the place of Judge McMichael, deceased, of New Castle. Few men so young are placed in so responsible a position, yet he is undoubtedly capable to perform all the duties that may devolve upon him in his high position.

—Of the class of '91, the following attended the U. P. Seminary at Allegheny last year: Messrs. T. C. Anderson, H. F. Given, A. A. Graham, H. L. Hood, E. C. Little, W. E. McBride, J. C. Nevin, H. C. Swearingen and M. D. Telford. Messrs. W. T. McKee and M. E. Koonce attended the Western Theological Seminary.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—There are 384 colleges and universities in the United States.

—The faculty of the Chicago University is composed of one hundred teachers, only six of whom are from abroad.

—Yale has 50 per cent. of elective work in her courses; University of Michigan, 75, and Harvard, 80 per cent.

—Nearly 60 per cent. of the higher offices of this country are held by college graduates.

—An Englishman recently sent $50,000 to the United States to be used in the University extension movement.

—It is said that there will be a convention of the classes of '93 from all American Colleges at the World's Fair at Chicago.

—Prof. Richard T. Ely, author of "An Introduction to Political Economy," and several other works on political economy, has been called from his chair at Johns Hopkins University to the University of Wisconsin.

—The alumni of Darmouth have agreed to make an athletic field, rebuild the gymnasium and aid in the support of all athletic teams, if the faculty will allow them control in athletic matters.

—Yale University is to have a preparatory school near Sharon, Conn. The ground and present buildings, a fund of $150,000 for building, and an endowment fund of $500,000 have been given for this purpose by Mrs. Hotchkiss, widow of the manufacturer of the Hotchkiss gun.

—A seminary has been established in Philadelphia for the training of lecturers and organizers needed in the university extension

work. This will add much effectiveness to the working of the system, the aim of which is to bring the opportunity for a higher education within the reach of those unable to attend a college or university.

ART NOTES.

—A pretty study of flags in blue and white has been completed by Miss Moore.

—Miss Barr is working in crayon from a cast, a branch with two pears surrounded by their leaves.

—"An Old Water Mill by Moonlight," by Miss Wilson. A boat is anchored near the mill, which is on the edge of a forest.

—A crayon by Mr. Russell. In the middle of the picture flows a quiet stream, and on either side trees extend thickly to its banks.

—The number of students in art is continually increasing and the studio is crowded for space, especially during the afternoon period.

—"The Little Pilgrim" is the subject of a picture done by Miss Stuart Her head is encased in an old-fashioned pointed cap, which comes in folds to her face.

—The anti slang society organized by the art students has been the source of much enjoyment as well as profit. The funds raised have enabled them to enjoy two feasts, at the homes of Miss Chapin and Miss Donaldson.

—Miss Lytle's study in Crayon, "Shoeing the Bay Mare," is from a copy of Sir Edwin Landseer's. This English artist is known as the greatest animal painter. The smith is holding a foot of the noble animal, whose head is turned knowingly in his direction. His faithful dog is laying quietly in the rear.

—Among the pictures finished recently is "The Dashing Wave," by Miss Chapin, which makes a grand picture. Some large rocks are in the centre of the view and the waves dash high over them. Her picture in still life represents three bottles standing on a table and some celery lies just in front. One is an olive bottle containing milk, and the other two, of red and brown glass, are empty.

MUSIC NOTES.

—A pupil's recital will be given in about a week, and the graduates will give theirs this month.

—A system of grading based on the proficiency, dilligence and attendance of the pupil has been adopted. Cards will be sent to the parents or guardian at the close of each term announcing the standing of the pupil.

—The musical department is in a flourishing condition, keeping the teachers constantly employed. Mrs. Thelen is very proficient in voice, and instructs all the ladies. The practice periods are being rapidly enforced, and a marked progress is being made by the students. Quite a number come from the neighboring towns to take advantage of the thorough instruction given here.

—The recital given by Prof. Thelen and Miss Whissen in college chapel, April 27, was a success in every sense of the word. The program was varied enough to keep up a lively interest throughout the entire evening. The vocal solos of Mrs. Thelen were highly appreciated. The audience was the largest we have seen for a long time, in fact the house could hold no more. Following is the program:

1. Hungarian Fantasia.....Liszt
 For two Pianos, { First Piano, Prof. Thelen. / Second Piano, Miss Whissen.
2. Carneval of Venice, with variations.....Benedict
 Soprano Solo, Mrs. Thelen.
3. Air varie',.....Bellini
 Violin Solo, Miss Whissen.
4. a, Bauerntanz.....Wilm
 b, Valse.....Chopin
 Piano Solo, Prof. Thelen.
5. a, By the Beehive in the garden.....Ehlert
 b, Constancy.....Webber
 Soprano Solo, Mrs. Thelen.
6. Rhapsodie No. 2.....Liszt
 Piano Solo, Prof. Thelen.

HON. JOHN M'MICHAEL—HIS RELATION TO THE COLLEGE.

True greatness is service. As the world advances towards a larger and more complete realization of the meaning of the Second Table of the Law and the Golden Rule, greatness is inseparably linked with goodness, with consideration of others, with serviceableness to mankind. Judged by this standard our departed friend was great. He *served others.* As a lawyer he was an indefatigable servant of his client. As a judge he spared not himself in serving the public. As a friend he left no stone unturned to serve his fellows. He diligently fulfilled every trust committed to him in church or state or social life.

It is expected that another more closely connected with his life will furnish a sketch of his useful career. I am asked to say a word concerning his relation to Westminster College.

He was not only one of her most distinguished graduates—receiving his diploma with the class of 1857—but an intelligent, unswerving friend of the college. His interest in his alma mater never flagged and all his gifts and acquirements as a lawyer were cheerfully placed at her disposal without thought of compensation. For many years he was a member of the Board of Directors, attending whenever his more important duties would permit. And the same industry and conscientiousness which he brought to the consideration of cases in court he gave to matters of college finance and discipline. He was a friend of the largest and best education, advocating progressive measures such as would place the college in the front rank in this region. When financial stress would suggest economy he was accustomed to say, "Let us run the college well while the money lasts, and then quit if need be."

Naturally I was brought into somewhat intimate relations with him, and often I sought his counsel in times when knotty questions were to be settled. I shall miss him greatly. I never knew another who could come to the consideration of any question with such freedom from bias. He brought none to you; he caught none from you. He gave an independent judgment, such as one in perplexity might desire. His judgment was not only independently reached, it was as candidly given. He could be frank without being discourteous; he could be courteous without being false to his conviction. As I knew him from personal fellowship, he was a cordial, kindly, conscientious, manly man.

The Board of Directors, too, will note his absence with sorrow. His judgment was relied on; especially in all questions having a legal side to them his opinion was sought and accepted. Already I have heard several members of the Board express their sense of the great loss sustained by the Board. He did good service to the cause of education as represented by Westminster College, and in these days when education is so highly prized among us, perhaps it will be admitted that no part of his service to mankind was more valuable than this.

"After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Suddenly his energetic career came to an end. As one of his brethren in the law expressed it, "The finger of God touched him, and he sleeps." Farewell, dear friend, till the resurrection morn, when all who have done good service will rise to hear the approving words of the Master: "Well done, good and faithful servant: faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." R. G. F.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Tennis again!

—H. B. Tyler is back to work again.

—Miss Fannie Beggs spent Sabbath, May 1st, at home.

—Senior examinations are announced for May 17, 18 and 19.

—Miss Sarah Madge spent the first Sabbath of May at her home near Bethel.

—T. M. Moffat, '89, was recently married in Scotland to a young Scotch lady.

—Miss Mary Frue, formerly a Westminster student, visited friends in town recently.

—Prof. T.—"Mr. S., what is coke?" Mr. S.—"Coal with the smoke taken out of it."

—Miss Kate Adams will serve as pianist in the Philo orchestra during the present term.

—A member of the Sophomore Botany class is said to be in search of an olive for pressing.

—A number of lady students are studying French with Mrs. Edgar, who has proved an efficient teacher.

—Miss Jennie Love, of New Castle, an ex-member of the class of '92, visited friends at the Hall recently.

—President Ferguson attended the commencement exercises of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Miss Anna Currie, '89, was united in marriage on May 10 to Mr. Paul Stewart, '89, both of Xenia, O.

—Editor Donaldson, of the Holcad, recently spent a Sabbath at the home of his friend, Mr. Magoffin, of Mercer.

—The evening of April 30 was thoroughly enjoyed by a small party of students at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pettit.

—President Ferguson and Prof. Mitchell were absent on the 3d, attending a meeting of presbytery at West Middlesex.

—Mr. Q. A. Hamill, '92, intends going as a delegate to the Young Peoples' Convention at East Liverpool on the 19th.

—President and Mrs. Ferguson will give a reception to members and friends of the Senior class on Monday evening, May 16.

—On Friday evening, May 6, an excellent entertainment was held in the M. E. church to help defray expenses of the Village Improvement Association. Music was rendered by Prof. and Mrs. Thelen.

—The Senior German class passed a delightful evening at the home of Prof. McLaughry on the evening of April 23d.

—A number of students drove to Mercer through the rain to have their countenances immortalized by Ryder's famous Photographs.

—Prof. McGranahan was absent several days attending and taking part in the graduating exercises of his class at Allegheny Seminary.

—Rule in mensuration—(Revised by a Prep.) "The square of the hypothesis is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides."

—President of Senior Class—All in favor of making this party a leap year party will give their consent by the usual sign. Class—Aye!! Mr. B.—No!!!

—Miss Mary Stewart and the Misses Little intend remaining in town during Senior vacation for the purpose of continuing their studies in music and art.

—The Sophomore's have adopted Nile green and lavender as class colors. Judging from the former color the Sophs evidently do not believe in contrast

—Prof. Thompson recently gave a very instructive talk before the Village Improvement Association on the "Best varieties of shade trees and mode of setting them out."

—At the Hall—First Young Lady—How much do you weigh? Second Y. L.—Make a guess! Mr. X. guessed I would weigh about seventy pounds. First Y. L.—Oh, but your feet would be on the floor.

—The Botany class is taking great interest in its work. The opening of each new blossom is hailed with delight by the enthusiastic specimen seeker and if the specimen is rare he is never satisfied until he has converted his surplus blossoms into a boquet which he dis-

plays before the envious eyes of his less fortunate fellows.

—The Adelphic Society has sent congratulations to J. Norman Martin on his appointment to the judicial bench left vacant by the death of Judge McMichael. Mr. Martin is perhaps the youngest judge in Pennsylvania and the society is proud to number him among her alumni.

—The Village Improvement Society show that they are in earnest in their efforts to improve the condition and appearance of the town. They have been engaged for the last few days, under the supervision of Prof. Thompson, in setting out shade trees near the public schools.

—Dr. Hedley delivered his lecture on "Wanted—A Man," in the College Chapel, on Tuesday evening, April 12. His lecture, though not of profound thought, was practical and entertaining, and, though abounding in humor, contained none of the vulgarity so common among lecturers.

—As field day approaches the interest in athletic sports increases. The field has been graded and made ready for the 14th, and in nice weather is the scene of almost constant training. The committee have spared no pains to get everything in the best possible condition, and our coming field day promises to outdo all former attempts.

—The third annual preliminary contest was held Friday, April 29, in the Second U. P. church. The orations were all of a high order, showing deep thought and careful training. The judges were: Mr. McCarrell, Harrisburg; Rev. Campbell, of this place, and Rev. Dunlap, of New Castle. They awarded first place to D. W. Berry, Eighty-Four, Pa., whose subject was, "The Shadow on the American Landscape." The second place they gave to Percy H. Gordon, Pittsburg; his subject was "Man's True Environment."

—The crayon social held by the art students at the home of Miss Franc Donaldson was in every respect a success. Neither talent nor industry could be said to have been displayed in the animal portraits exhibited on the walls, but much amusement was afforded. The first prize, for having guessed the greatest number properly, was awarded to Mr. Magoffin. It is a beautiful water color, painted by Miss Hodgens, prettily framed in white and gilt. The "booby" prize was awarded to Mr. Fulton, who guessed but one right. It, also, is a painting, but as the authors say, "it beggars description."

EXCHANGES.

We read with special interest the *Abby Student*, a new exchange. It comes in a neat cover, is a thirty page volume and its essays and orations are good.

"A Scotch girl, twenty years old has carried off the honors of the entrance examination at the University of London. Over 1,600 men took the examination."

The students of Leland Stanford, Jr., University have taken the congress of the United States as a model for forming the first library society of the institution. The society is known as the Students' Congress of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

We have the pleasure of adding to our exchange list *Our Animal Friends*, published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York City. The present number contains an interesting description of the beaver and its habits, which is illustrated by several cuts, also a brief account of the society's work.

Arrangements have been made with the Columbia Fair Excursion Company, of Chicago, for special rates to Princeton students attending the World's Fair. The company

agrees to furnish each student with a return railroad ticket, seven days boarding and lodging, six days admission to the fair and transportation, including baggage, to and from the hotel upon arrival and departure, at the reduced price of $44.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The new Chicago University has been offering large inducements to the leading professors of the country to have them accept chairs in the University. Prof. William J. Knapp, for thirteen years in charge of modern languages at Yale, has accepted the professorship of romance, languages and literature; Miss Julia E. Buckley has been appointed dean of the woman's college; Prof. Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, has been offered the head professorship of chemistry, and Prof. Edmund J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, the position of head professor of political science. The Brown faculty requested President Andrews to decline the call given to him. Prof. John Williams White, of Harvard, was elected to the professorship of Greek, but declined the position. — *The Dickinsonian.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—William Astor Chanler, a young American, has his record as an African explorer to complete before his country can point to him as a second Stanley; but his plans to penetrate from the east coast to the country of the Galla and Somals with a company of 200 armed natives are attracting enough attention in scientific circles abroad to warrant following his movements closely. He thinks two years will be required to make the circuit he outlines, returning to the east coast; and as the natives he will meet have the reputation of being the ugliest in all the Dark Continent, the chances of tragedy are large. But his safe return and completed observations will, for that reason, be the greater triumph Best wishes for the fearless Chanler.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—W. T. Stead, in his notable review of the career of Gladstone, quotes that great man as saying, "There is not enough of searching preaching in any of our pulpits. They (the preachers) do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations and probe their hearts, and bring up their whole lives and action to the bar of conscience." There is especial need of preaching of this vigorous description in our great cities, where there is prone to be a loss of the sense of individual responsibility.

—A striking evidence of modern tendencies in society is found in a memorial recently sent by the Troy Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Church asking for a modification of the Methodist discipline which forbids dancing, card playing and similar diversions. The memorial was signed by Bishop Foster and a number of prominent presiding elders.

The *Critic* tells of a man who bought $14,000 worth of rare books from one firm in the month of March alone. The fact that they were "rare" books indicate that he was not filling up library shelves by the so-much-per-running-foot method too frequently adopted by rich people who choose their books by their binding and display them as proofs of their literary taste and wealthy means.

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THE HOLCAD.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

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EVERY student should guard himself most assiduously against every tendency toward laxity in morals. His temptations are many and subtle in their influence, while the restraints placed upon him are fewer and less powerful than those to which he has been subjected in the home circle. Nearly every one who has attended college for any considerable length of time will testify that those things which were at first shocking to his moral sensibilities have since ceased to make any impression upon him; hence the need of greater watchfulness.

WE are on the eve of an exciting political campaign. The issue between the two great parties is clearly defined, and it is only natural to expect that those who are strongly partisan in their views will permit their zeal to obtain mastery over their good judgment. Let every student be on his guard since it is the educated men of our country and not the politicians who are the moulders of political thought and opinion. It is one of the most discouraging features of our national life that intelligent men make assertions and statements contrary to their reason and judgment for the sole purpose of counterbalancing like assertions and statements made by their political opponents. No one who has made a study of the tariff reform issue can fail to have been impressed with the extravagant claims made by one party for protection and against free trade, and vice versa. Conditions and results are frequently attributed to protection or free trade which are entirely attributable to other causes. Let those of us who are students study this great question from a non-partisan standpoint and demonstrate to the world that we, at least, are truth-seeking, truth-loving people.

WITH this issue we close another year of successful school. The attendance has been greater than that of previous years, and the work done has been fully up to the standard Prof. E. P. Thompson and Prof. Thelen and wife have proven themselves adepts in their respective departments, and certainly in point of teaching force Westminster is now very efficiently equipped. There are many instances, however, on the part of the students where im-

provement might be made. While the amount of work done by the majority of the students has been very gratifying, yet in many instances it has lacked thoroughness because of want of system. Every one should guard against the ever increasing tendency during his college course to take up a great many lines of work. The danger is that the whole will lack system and none of it will be efficiently done. Providence has been singularly kind in his dealings with us during this year. There has been less sickness than in former years, and only once did the Angel of Death enter our halls and take away a dear and true friend. Even this bereavement was not without its admixture of joy; for

"To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven."

The students have all gone to their respective homes for the summer vacation and we wish them many pleasant hours of fellowship with friends and loved ones in the hope that they may all return refreshed and invigorated for the work of the coming year.

PROHIBITION AND THE MILLION VOTERS' AGREEMENT.

EDITORS HOLCAD:

In the editorial briefs of your issue of April there is a reference to the above caption with which I beg leave to take issue, and ask your indulgence to be heard in your columns. In the first place you speak of the supporters of prohibition being discouraged by the signal defeats that the cause has recently suffered and as a consequence their adoption of the million voters' agreement; and in the second place you condemn the "agreement" as "injudicious and unworthy of a great cause."

In reply I wish to say that while statutory prohibition has not carried in any of the States in which it has recently been voted upon, its supporters are not in the least discouraged thereby, for very few, if any, of the prohibition workers who were acquainted with the political power and practices of the old parties and their affiliation with the rum power, expected or even hoped for a different result. And the true prohibitionist is no more discouraged at such defeats than the true Christian is discouraged because of the defeats of Christianity during its history. He who leads in the one, leads in the other, and where He leads, though defeats may come in the conflict, victory is sure to come in the end.

And as to the million voters' agreement being started because of the discouragement of the Prohibitionists over their late defeats—that is truly an error, it was just the reverse; it grew out of the *encouragement* which was given by the large vote which was cast in every case for the prohibitory amendments, showing that there was a large element in the old parties who really desired prohibition; whose convictions were with us, if we only had some means of centralizing and holding these convictions true to the cause; and instead of being "injudicious and unworthy a great cause," as you claim it to be, certainly seems to be the very reverse.

You say that "it savors too much of an effort, wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side. It says to them, 'Would you have convictions if they were only contagious?'" Nothing of the kind! Its object is not to *create* conviction, or to ask men to *vote contrary to their convictions*, provided so many other people do so, or with a hope to be on the winning side. There is nothing of that in it at all. It is simply an agreement which says, If a million of voters are willing to lay aside their convictions regarding the dead issues between the two old parties in 1892 and will express their convictions regarding prohibition instead, I will do so. It is only in the end a preference of convictions already existing in the voter's mind. The object sought is largely to meet the one argument so often met with against voting the Prohibition ticket, that "it is throwing away my vote to vote such a ticket. If I thought that it would accomplish anything I would be with you." Such a voter no doubt is honest in his excuse for not voting the Prohibition ticket, and can there be anything wrong in our attempt to show that man that while honest in his excuse it is yet false, even by a million witnesses? The effort is simply to strengthen conviction; to centralize conviction; to anchor conviction on prohibition which already exists.

Does "it savor too much of an effort, wanting courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side" for the master of the ship to ask his men to anchor it safe to the rock while the storm is upon them?

Does "it savor too much of an effort, wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of

desiring to be on the winning side" to appeal to a man who is under the power of strong drink, and desires to lead a better life, to sign the pledge?

Does "it savor too much of an effort, wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side" to seek to influence a man who believes he is a sinner and wants to be saved to believe in Christ and unite with the church? Neither does "it savor of an effort wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side" to seek to influence men who believe that legalized drunkenness is wrong and prohibition is right, to anchor their convictions to the rock of their belief, and to pledge themselves that they will come with us into the Prohibition ranks, and vote with us and a million more in the campaign of 1892. I. T. WRIGHT, '69,
Wheeler, Pa.

We do not desire to enter into any political discussions through our columns, believing that anything of the kind is out of place in a college paper. However, since our position in regard to the Million Voters' Agreement seems to be rather imperfectly understood, and feeling that our views will be received by our genial friend, Mr. Wright, with the same consideration with which they are given, we take this opportunity to define our position a little more clearly. We object to the movement chiefly because it compromises the cause of prohibition in the minds of the people, no difference what may have been the intention of its originators. We do not claim that this movement was originated because of the signal defeats that prohibition has suffered recently, yet we think that we are reasonable in saying that this would be the natural inference to anyone not well acquainted with the policy and working of the Prohibition party. Again, we think it "injudicious and unworthy of a great cause," because the Prohibitionist is not logically bound to recognize the argument of those weak-backed individuals who claim that they would be throwing away their votes by voting the Prohibition ticket. If a man has a conviction on the subject, he is morally bound to vote it because this is the way recognized under our form of government of asserting political views. Again, we think that it compromises the cause of Prohibition in the minds of the people because no other great party in the history of the country has ever resorted to such methods; but instead have left the issues which they upheld to commend themselves, asserting that they were paramount to all others; while the prohibitionist by this action virtually acknowledges that he believes that the issue which he upholds is subordinate to that of the other great parties. Imagine the Democrats going to the voters of this country before adopting their platform at Chicago and asking each one if he would vote for tariff reform next November provided a certain number of others would agree to do the same thing. They would be made the laughing stock of the country. Our friend wants to know also, "if it savors too much of an effort wanting moral courage and appealing to men's baser propensity of desiring to be on the winning side" for the master of the ship to ask his men to anchor it safe to the rock while the storm is upon them? Certainly not, but it is their business under such circumstances to anchor and not merely to agree to anchor provided so many others do the same thing. He also asks the same question in regard to influencing "a man who believes he is a sinner and wants to be saved to believe in Christ and unite with the church?" In answer to this we would say that that is the greatest service that anyone can do to a fellow creature; yet we think that he would belittle the dignity of the cause which he represents very much if he would endeavor to bring the argument to bear upon the one whom he was seeking to influence that 999,999 others had agreed to do the same thing.

THE inter-collegiate oratorical and athletic contests are things of the past. The one was held in Carnegie hall, Allegheny, on Friday evening, May 27, and the other in Recreation

Park on the afternoon of May 28. While we did not win first place in the oratorical contest, yet our representative did us credit, and we still live to fight another day. We hereto append the score of the judges as given on the evening of the contest. The first score is that of Rev. W. J. Robinson, D. D., of Allegheny, Pa.; the second is that of Prof. J. C. McMichael, of Indiana, Pa., and the third is that of Major E. A. Montooth, of Pittsburg, Pa.:

	Thought.	Style.	Delivery.	Total.	Rank.
Grove City	93	93	92	278	6
Westminster	95½	95½	94	285	2
Geneva	97	97	97	291	1
W. University	95	95	93	283	3
Waynesburg	94½	94½	91	280	4
Wash. and Jeff	93½	93½	92	279	5
Grove City	94	95	94	283	2
Westminster	94	91	92	277	6
Geneva	91	93	98	282	3
W. University	91	92	96	279	5
Waynesburg	95	92	94	281	4
Wash. and Jeff	95	94	95	284	1
Grove City	90	75	70	235	4
Westminster	80	85	60	225	5
Geneva	95	100	100	295	1
W. University	90	90	75	255	2
Waynesburg	80	90	78	248	3
Wash. and Jeff	80	75	60	215	6

If anyone ever had any doubt that there is as much uncertainty connected with the decisions of judges on oratorical contests as there is in a lottery, an examination of the above scores should certainly dispel it. It will be observed that the orator placed first by Prof. McMichael is placed last by Major Montooth, and fifth by Dr. Robinson. Grove City is first in style with Prof. McMichael and last with Major Montooth. Our own man is second in thought with Dr. Robinson and second with him in total marking. The method of marking by the different judges is quite unequal; the differences between persons being quite small, in Prof. McMichael's marks, while in those of the gallant Major they spread out into great spaces.

We do not "eat any sour grapes" and make no objection to the award of first place on the contest. Mr. Cox, of Geneva, delivered a fine production in a natural, forcible manner; yet we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the astute Major for something that we never knew before; i. e., that a speaker who fails for a considerable length of time to remember his speech on the platform has a perfect delivery. The Geneva representative was not the only one who made this blunder. There were others who did the same thing; and there is a strong suspicion in the mind of the writer that the decision of last year put a premium upon this hesitation in the midst of a speech. There is no good excuse for such a blunder. Any young man of moderate ability, if he has written his oration himself should be almost able to speak it without any effort at committing; and if this hesitating is done for the purpose of enlisting sympathy, it cannot be too severely condemned. Such conduct is very far beneath the dignity of intercollegiate oratorical contests; and if an intercollegiate oratorical contest should be held next year and this same thing should occur again, we hope that the judges will teach the young men such a lesson that the likelihood of its occurring again will be precluded.

The work done on field day by Westminster's representatives was eminently satisfactory. They won the pole vault, 9 ft.; the standing broad jump, 9 ft. 11½ in.; the hammer throw, 80 ft. 11 in.; the running broad jump 18 ft. 11 in.; and the running high jump, 5 ft. 3 in. They tied for first place with Allegheny College in the standing high jump, 4ft. 8 in.; and with Geneva in the running high kick, 9 ft. ½ in.; they also won second place in the 100 yds. dash and 440 yds. dash. We could also have easily won the running hop, step and jump, our representative jumping several inches farther than any of his competitors but he was ruled out on a technicality. We broke the Western Pennsylvania intercollegiate records in the following instances: The running broad jump, the running hop, step and jump, the standing broad jump, and in

the standing high jump our representative dividing this honor with Allegheny's representative. The Western University won sixty-six points, Westminster forty-one and Geneva twenty-seven. We feel safe in predicting that if Westminster has the same advantages as her competitors in the way of a gymnasium and training, she would take first place in the athletic sports next year.

It seems to be Westminster's fortune to receive a great deal of advertising of an undesirable kind. Interviews and correspondence appear from time to time in the leading newspapers of Pittsburgh and vicinity, authorized, doubtless in most cases, by the best friends of the institution, yet they are of such a tenor as to give the impression to the general reader that even Westminster's alumni and friends are discontented with her conditton. Recently an attempt was made by a member of the Pittsburgh alumni to start a movement toward the removal of the college to a more central location, probably in the vicinity of Pittsburgh and Allegheny. For a while this afforded news items for the daily papers, but lately nothing has been written or said about it. The fruit of all this labor is, that we have succeeded in giving the impression to the general public that we are in financial difficulty and would like to move if we only could in order to secure the patronage of a wealthier class of people. Let us be more charitable hereafter in criticising and censuring others for giving false impressions in regard to the condition and standing of our college. True enough, we, like nearly every other institution that is dependent upon public charity for its support, could use more money very advantageously. Yet we are not financially embarrassed and the prospect of a largely increased endowment through the efforts that are now being put forth by our alumni, is very encouraging. At any rate, the propriety of locating educational institutions in or near centers of population is questionable. We can raise the cry of "fogy" and "mossback" at those who advocated the location of Westminster college in New Wilmington, because they thought that on account of the quietude of this cozy little village and its remoteness from centers of population there would be less here to divert the student's mind from his work than elsewhere; yet no one well acquainted with the habits and inclinations of students can fail to recognize the wisdom of their theory. Even here in tranquil "Saints' Rest" the great mistake made by the majority of students is that they keep "too many irons in the fire." How much worse would this tendency be if the college were located near Pittsburgh or Allegheny. The only apparently valid argument that can be adduced in favor of removing the college to or near to a large city is, that we would thereby secure the attendance of a wealthier class of students, and consequently in the course of time our alumni would represent more wealth. Would this, however, be the case? We think not. The wealthy parents whom we would expect to patronize our college, under these circumstances, we believe, would still send their sons and daughters to Eastern colleges, while the expense to those students who now attend it would be greatly increased. Again, there would be no advantage secured in a social way, but rather a disadvantage. Everyone is well aware of the fact that city society is divided into castes, and it would not be natural to expect that the best of these would be eager to receive such a transient class of persons as college students. The only alternative left then to the student would be to associate with an inferior caste or to have no associates. Thus, we believe that we would have everything to lose and nothing to gain by removing the college. The position that our students would then occupy reminds us of the story told of an attorney living near the city who directed his son one morning to take his cows out to pasture on some of those

river hills. When the boy returned his father asked him if the cows had plenty to eat out there. "No, dad," replied the boy, "but they have a mighty fine view." Such would be the case of the students if the college were located at Sewickley or Bellevue, as has been suggested. They would be excluded from the best society and would have poorer accommodations at an increased expense. But, of course, they would "have a mighty fine view." We do not wish to be understood as endeavoring to depreciate the efforts of our alumni in behalf of their alma mater. They have always been liberal in their responses to her calls for aid; yet, we believe that from a prejudice inadvertantly formed in the minds of our students and alumni against the town where the college is located, and because this prejudice has been handed down from class to class and from generation to generation, more has arisen to hinder Westminster's progress than from any other cause. We can see no good reason why this should be the case. To our mind, New Wilmington is one of the most desirable locations for a college. It is of very little advantage to a college that a great amount of business be transacted in the town where it is located. The advantages thus secured are rather exceeded by the disadvantages. If much business be done in a town, property is, of course, valuable, and rent and boarding, and all other expenses which a student is liable to incur, are consequently high. For this reason we do not hesitate to say that we believe that as good accommodations can be secured for the outlay in New Wilmington as in any other town west of the Alleghenies. In addition to this, the society is good, the location healthful and the scenery beautiful. Let us all endeavor, hereafter, to cherish an unwavering zeal for our alma mater, and to uphold her honor and reputation under all circumstances, and Westminster will continue as heretofore to rank among the first colleges of the country

"O. Y. P." IN BLACK.

One is always interested in the work in which he is engaged, or, if he is not, very little of worth can be accomplished. One always talks of the things which interest him; so at the risk of being considered a person of one idea, I have chosen Our Young People in Black as the subject of this paper, trusting that it will not prove devoid of interest to you.

There is, perhaps, no other people which has done so much for this country and at the same time received so little from it as the Afro-American. True, his condition to-day is very much better than that of his brother in his native wilds of Africa, but that is rather the result of a kind Providence than of good intention on the part of others.

The training of young people in parts distant from the mission schools has been almost entirely neglected. The home, if one can apply the term to that which bears so little resemblance to our idea of what home is, often consists of a miserable hut with but one room and an attic. In these homes "the chinks are wide where the cold comes in," and there is plenty of cold even in the Sunny Southland. Although so small and comfortless, there is apparently no limit to the number of ragged, dirty children that can be accommodated. These children are happy after a fashion and live and thrive on sun and air and the scraps of more digestible matter that fall to their lot. In stories we read of the poverty stricken child whose face is pinched with suffering but whose clothes are clean and neatly patched, and we all accept the moral that even in the poorest home there is no excuse for dirt or rags. This is doubtless true —sometimes, but imagine yourself with a family like John Roger's wife's, working in somebody's kitchen from morn to night for four dollars or less, usually less, a month and board, the four dollars paid at least partly in old clothes at a good round price and the board consisting of remnants, and eaten from

a clothless table in odd moments. Not a great amount of wealth with which to feed and clothe and educate a growing family, and old clothes will wear out, and a thorough cleaning once a month—were the mother granted leave of absence for the purpose—is not sufficient for even a bonny Saxon lassie. But the children should be trained to help themselves! So they should, but who will teach them and when? Even near the missions the home influence in but few cases is really good, in many it is indifferent, in some it is altogether bad. It is true of this people as of all others that the hope of the people is in the home. Only in a Christian home can strong Christian character be built.

At the missions the young colored people have received many advantages, and in some respects seem to have an equal chance with our Northern boys and girls. But when we consider what the mission influence must contend against we think it is not strange that their advancement is not more rapid. The parents, born and bred in slavery, have received nothing in the way of education and, however willing they may be, are unable to help their children. In school work the young people are as quick and intelligent as our average Northern children. Of course the total lack of intellectual training in the home has its influence here. They do not have so much general information and their language is very poor, but in the text-books many of them excel The work among them is hard because of this lack of outside help. As some one has said, "In the North the school teacher has a soild foundation on which to build, here he must build the foundation" Such a foundation built only in the schoolroom cannot but be shaky—it is not a solid rock, it must be to some extent of sand. We cannot hope to remedy this evil in this generation. Influenced as they are by the relics of slavery, it will take more than school room training to counteract the evils of the slave system. Being compelled by that system to lead impure lives, impurity is still among them. Being trained to lie, they are still untruthful. Getting nothing for their work but scanty clothing and the food necessary to sustain life and the little they could steal, many of them still think whatever they can get is theirs. Having even at the present time no possible means of securing justice except as they take the law into their own hands; seeing their fellows lynched for any real or imaginary offense they have but little idea of the sanctity of human life.

If one offends or injures you, shoot him. If you offend any, look for no mercy for none will be shown. As they grow to manhood the injustice of their position forces itself upon them. They cannot ignore it if they would, and they bear but little love for those who have so long oppressed them. Perhaps the wisest thing would be to give up the struggle for political power until as a race they are better qualified to wield it. But they feel that the right is theirs, and like many another, that is their dearest right, and they will not relinquish it. We who stand outside can see how it might be better for the present generation to suffer and be silent, to submit quietly to the wrongs that are multiplied by resistance, in order to secure the welfare of the generations that are to come; but individuals are ever slow to see how their action or inaction, their resentment or self-sacrifice, will help or hinder those who follow them.

There are many theories in regard to what we should do for our dusky Southern brother. It is a problem difficult to solve. Why should we do anything for him? Why not do as the Southern white man desires us to do? leave him to the mercies of those who know him best and who are best fitted to care for his needs and to keep him in his place? Why? Ask your own heart the question and if you receive a doubtful answer turn to your bible and say with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Read for your answer, "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." Then read the story of the Good Samaritan and there will be no more need of question.

I have often thought how much trouble and worry we should have been saved had that enterprising Dutchman's vessel sunk in mid-ocean with its cargo of slaves. But annihilation of the race is now impossible and Christianization is the next best thing. If we love our country we must see that this problem of the South is speedily and rightly solved. The colored man is even now a power and the rising generation will not be so docile as their fathers were. If we would keep them from rising against us, we must help them to rise with us. They are willing and anxious to learn, and they are making rapid progress in spite of the many obstacles in their way—obstacles that to one who did not believe in God and his providence would seem insurmountable. Not the least of these is this same poverty—hard, grinding, almost hopeless poverty. Perhaps they are a shiftless people, but we do not realize what it is to work for nothing and have the payment of that deferred.

Many of the ambitious young people leave their homes in the summer and come north to work in hotels and other places where they can earn more money. They become accustomed to Northern ways, imbibe some of the Northern spirit and are not willing to return to the customs of the South. This in itself is good but there are two difficulties here. One is that in accepting Northern ways many of them take too much. They do not choose the good and abstain from the evil; but along with the energy and industry of the North, they grasp the vices. Then too, some of them desire to make their home in the North instead of returning and spreading among their brethren the knowledge they have gained. They have learned somewhere that "charity begins at home." It suits their purpose and unconsciously they adopt it as their motto, forgetting or careless of the fact that the quickest way to cut down the tree of ignorance is to utilize its own branches as ax handles. But they are not all selfish or thoughtless. There are many among them who are earnest, active, helpful Christians; forgetting self and striving with all their might to uplift their race.

We conclude that the Young People in Black are very much like other young people in intellect, in heart, in life, and though we cannot predict their future we believe they are part of the promised inheritance of our Lord and as such will receive His love and care.

HATTIE E. SHONTZ.

THE SHIP IS LAUNCHED, BUT WHERE'S THE SHORE.

VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF '92.

This is a gala day in our history. To-day there is to be launched into the sea of activities the classis of '92. At the Westminster yards, for many years, the preparation has been going on. Daily, weekly, yearly, the material has been brought to the noted place. Rough and untrained, young and unpolished, it seemed. It has taken long years of hard work to accomplish the cherished result. One, two, three, four years seems long, but five, six, seven, longer. All great achievements are not accomplished in shorter time. Aye, it takes longer. Part of the material has been prepared at other yards and comes here to be formed into our building. In the process of construction, there have been many discouragements. Much of the material has needed much working over and polishing. Sometimes it has seemed that failure must be; when strikes were frequent and union seemed impossible. Yet the one grand aim in the mind of each has accomplished more than all else It is the purpose, the goal ahead, that

leads and lifts above the storms of strife and bears us safely on.

We meet here to-day to enjoy the pleasures and to feel the sorrows of another commencement day. Employees have a holiday. Beautiful decorations meet you. The triumphs of the painter's brush may awaken your love of the beautiful. Science opens her treasure-house and adds her portion, and beautiful specimens of flowers and rock from all parts of the world are before you. And to-day, from the world of thought, have been given unto you noble specimens, the products of active minds.

You all seem to enjoy this day. But the gayest of all are those who to-day are to step from the solid earth of college work on to the gang-plank of the ship, Westminster's classis of '92. A crowd of friends gather round us to press the hand of friendship and send their hearty good wishes for a successful voyage with those they love. And methinks it is the heart's wish of every member of this class that they may have been prepared here for all the work which awaits them. But there is a desire to be off, to prove themselves men and women.

The preparation for this has been long and faithful. By the guidance of tender parents we have trodden the rugged paths of childhood; under the influence of noble teachers our wild natures have been curbed and trained; watchful eyes have guided every movement; friendship's hands have kept us in the paths of rectitude; sympathetic hearts have responded to every impulse; a healthful atmosphere filled with love and music has overshadowed us; we have listened to nature's teaching and have beheld a marvellous beauty in all its parts; we have been awakened to a realization of a higher life; by constant research in science, in mind itself the thought of man is daily broadened, trained, in fact elicited by the higher literature of nature.

The result attained is not a great compilation of useless material, unfit for the building, but a simpler and better kind, made beautiful even in its imperfectness by its true surroundings of the closing of a college life. Beautiful! Aye, examine deeper and see that it is not mere surface polishing, and that the purpose of a higher education has been attained. Prepared for the building, placed in position, each part in its place, let the building fitly joined together be an honor to those who have labored so nobly for its completion, and a monument to true honesty and manhood, of life's sacrifice for humanity.

Thus has the preparation been going on, and to-day the launching of the ship is taking place. The imposing ceremonies long to be remembered by all who witness them are fast drawing to a close. There only remains a few blocks to be removed. To our esteemed President belongs the last address and christening.

Now all is ready. The eager throng seems to hold their breath. How fitly the beautiful lines of our poet express it:

"Then the master
With a gesture of command
Waved his hand
And at his word
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spars,
And see, she stirs, she starts, she moves,
She seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms."

The sound of music falls upon the ear. What meaneth those shouts of triumph, those rounds of applause! Ah! upon the waves that proud vessel rides superbly grand. A beautiful example of workmanship and mind's powers.

But the practical test is yet to be made. Will the classis of '92 stand the test. Wait and see. The standard is a high one: "Each day's business in its day." There have

been failures. Sometimes work was neglected. So much was lost. But will the future find '92 doing its work in its day? "For the people, by the people and of the people" it is launched. "For the people" it goes with the purpose to elevate mankind, by elevating the thoughts of the masses. "By the people" it is sent out. Kind parents and noble overseers have guided its construction, and by these is sent with relief for the needy. "Of the people;" yes, we are one with humanity, our hearts beat in sympathy with theirs. Can we benefit them? Yes, then read from the future records and see if '92 has stood the test.

The ship is launched, but where is the shore? "Sailing over the sea of life's duties can the classis of '92 ride safely over and reach the shore? But where is the shore? It is beyond our present ken. Yet we know there is another, for others have gone before, for the sweet music of their successes has been wafted back upon the breezes from distant places. The classis of '92 will reach the shore if it has been built of proper material and is kept in course by skillful means. Yes, it will reach the shore if the needle of the compass always points toward truth. How can it fail of making the harbor then! But many things will deceive. Let us ever be watchful. "Truth is not the product of the intellect alone. The body is engaged in it and the mind and the soul." Its most powerful counter-agent is selfishness, which keeps truth beneath the gaze of others. It is that which leads us to say, "Who is my neighbor?" and seeks him not, and again, "Am I my brother's keeper," and does not prove a friend. Oh! How can anything pull the honest man away from truth? But however true the compass points, unless the ship is kept in its course the port will not be reached. Let conscience be a rudder which guides among the shoals of doubt and keeps the right.

But conscience and truth are not sufficient. For mind is at the helm and will is over all. Yet our ship does not move, the motive force is lacking. Man's qualities and abilities will furnish the sails, his true manliness, nobility and determination the masts. But our vessel is better rigged. A surer power is given in man's higher power to think. This is being attained and its methods of use constantly improved. This is that that never fails. For thought does not stop with the finite, but when that is attained still reaches out and would grasp that which is beyond. With every thought its power is increased. Truth keeps it ever regular. Its motion is enlarged just as a pebble cast into the pond causes waves to form in circles wave after wave, circle after circle, pressing outward, bounded only by the limits of the pond. Thus thought goes on and on, wave of energy after wave of energy, thought following thought, circle outside of circle broaden and expand until the power can no more be limited by finite means, and enlarges into infinity. As the soul is immortal so thought can never cease. The problem of perpetual motion has at last been solved.

Every force follows some law. For long years it was impossible to find anything in accordance with which thought acted. But science again shows itself and asserts the law of influence; that principle by which one thing tends to become like that with which it is associated or by which "we become like those whom we habitually admire." Yes, thought is governed by this law. Think of one whom you admire and around him or her will cluster memories which time cannot efface. Think of what is taking place to-day, and around the the whole school of life will come thoughts held fast by chains of memory's casting. Fuel is constantly added. For once in harmony with our environment we will more and more fully realize our higher powers. By thought we will be born above the waves of doubt, and cast anchor near the other shore; from that which we have just passed over into the broad expanse, eternity; from the facts which are seen

in our daily lives to the supreme law; from the weaknesses of superstition and ignorance into the strength of our higher powers and there we will reach the shore in safety.

With every part correctly formed, placed and polished, just fitted for the work required of it, the weak upheld by the few strong ones, with compass pointing toward truth, conscience as a rudder, mind and will to guide qualities and abilities as sails, true manliness for a mast and the sure powers of thought, governed by influence as motive force, shall the ship sail with state rooms and cabins finished in Greecian architecture, and with beautiful forms from the sunny Latin as well as old Mosaics from ancient Briton, beautiful memory pictures adorning their walls, and all the conveniences which science can offer, in position, all fitted with the life preservers of eternal life. Thus complete, it shall be as a mission of love to suffering humanity to whom it goes, to elevate the fallen and point them to a "better country." Within the chart room is a library of collected thought. The courses of former lives are traced that by by their successes we may find the true way, and that by their failures we may pass the dangers through the straight but narrow channel of obedience to law, guided by the only safe pilot, love. But daily upon the log book is recorded our progress, our spoken words, our deeds, our soul's desires, and there is stereotyped upon our very natures the course we are living. The lines and features of our faces betoken the soul within. Would you learn the course of ages past? Study words and languages. Would you learn life's present pathway? Go to humanity and study how best to benefit mankind. Infuse into their lives new purposes, transfuse them into the purer metal by your influence. Point them to one whom by admiring they will become like him.

The voyage has been begun, and part of its course has been traced, but there remains many parts to be touched and acts of love done before the course is run and the shore found.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked sailor,
Seeing may take heart again."

The waves of temptation will assail. The mists and fogs of many perplexing duties will trouble and deceive, but may the fog rise and reveal to the soul the shore of man's true environment in the world of thought. The day has past and gone forever, night draws on apace, and again many days and nights have passed away, and night once more follows day. A sailor of the classis of '92 has dreamed a dream. He dreamed he saw a beautiful craft, sailing over the ocean of Time; at its masthead floated the white and blue of the Westminster yards; its penant was tripartate of pink, golden brown and bronze, an ensign which reads, "Each day's business in its day," met his searching eye. Mind is at the helm, Perfection at the figure head; at the bridge a watcher who is shouting. What? Listen! Ah, 'tis "Land ahoy! Land ahoy!" Now it is rounding the cape, the distant murmur of wave after wave upon the beach is heard. All rush on deck. How many there? Not one is lost; the last circle of life's course is run; the anchor, the "Rock of Ages," is holding Westminster classis of '92 firmly. Aye, standing there upon the shore of eternity is Truth personified, that which has always kept the compass needle right. The sailors step ashore. At first they feel as strangers in a foreign land, but finding rest from their labors they feel at home. After a long journey of helpfulness to

human kind, they awaken to their true environment on the shore of eternity, in a better country and recognize God. The dream is ended, the sailor awakened. 'Tis but a dream, but dreams are true.

Farewell. A pleasant yet sad duty devolves upon me to-day; pleasant, because of your kindly faces, and the thoughts of past accomplishments and progress; sad because it is hard, yes it is hard, to tear oneself away from pleasant circumstances and relations. Words will fail I know when it comes to say the last farewell, but the face will express what the mouth fails to form. We can scarcely yet realize what it will be to be separated from you, and methinks you do not realize what a change will take place when '92 leaves for the shore beyond.

Kind friends, citizens of New Wilmington and vicinity: When we came here to begin our college work you welcomed us into your little village and into your homes. For this you won our hearts at first; since then you have aided us in many ways. In one or two years lasting friendships may be formed, but when for three or four, or even seven years, we have been together we say it is hard to part. Our relations have been pleasant. Nestled among the hills you live in calm retreat. Your town is fast becoming more beautiful by your laudable efforts to improve it. May the blessings of God rest upon you and yours. May no flood or fire make your homes desolate. And when we have set sail upon the sea of life's duties, we will look back with kindly thoughts upon our college home, New Wilmington and vicinity. If we have benefitted you by our presence we are satisfied. There are those among you who are dear to us; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends. Do you wonder why our hearts turn toward you? Never again will we meet in these same circumstances. This causes sorrow. We go to our work while you remain. May you aid those left behind, and may prosperity be yours. Kind friends, we bid you a last and heartfelt farewell.

Fellow students, you who are engaged in the same grand work. You look forward to your graduation day as the attainment of your hopes; and yet you can hardly realize as you attend this day's exercises that in another year or years, you, too, will stand upon the platform and another classis will be launched.

Although there have been class rivalries, yet our relations have all been of a friendly kind. You are traveling the path we have just passed over, but may the grades be easier and obstacles removed. But yet there is one thing which by observing, successes will be more frequent and your knowledge greatly increased, that is, hard, honest, individual work with a high aim in view. From you who have been our companions in college work, we hesitate to part, but it must be so. You may be glad to be rid of us, but when all our differences and strifes are covered up by absence from each other we will think of those friends of former days who were with us in all our pleasures and urged us on to triumph within these old walls May you be earnest in your work and attain unto true wisdom. May pleasant memories of the class of '92 cluster round your lives, as we will remember you Fellow students of Westminster college we bid you a fond farewell.

Alma mater, thou art sanctified in our affections. Beautiful thou art in our esteem. To thee we have come for training and culture. Thou hast planted in us the seeds of virtue and intelligence. Thy watchful eyes have guided us. Thou hast sought to prepare us for the duties and conflicts of life, and to-day art ready to launch us into the world with blessings and with prayers. Shall we not honor her who has so honored and cared for us. Lo! we present our regards and heartfelt thanks to her representatives, to those by whom she is personified. To our esteemed and worthy President, who has

watched over us with a father's care. Thou hast fed our souls and intellects; thou hast been lenient with us, yet thou hast sought to keep us in right paths; and to thee, noble teachers of languages, our apprenticeship under thee has fitted us to work in Grecian sculpture and Latin architecture; and to thee, aged botanist and geologist, thou teacher of nature's laws, thou hast trodden life's rugged pathway, and become old in your service to mankind. And to her who hast taught us how to use our mother tongue, thou hast read to us the history of ages past and taught us sweet melodies from German song books; and to him who teaches us to measure the earth, to make forms and analyze the hidden things of nature; and last, but not least, to you who have stirred our souls by your fine technique and hast given us sweet songs and beautiful choruses, to you all we extend our deepest thanks. There are those who have left for other fields of work, these also we praise. Whatever trophies we win in honorable competition with others we will hang upon these walls, and if all her alumni could each bring his share, and be with us to-day, what a galaxy of honor would we behold. But where are they, those children of thy former days? In almost every State their banner floats; upon the sands of both oceans are their footprints. In distant lands their voice is heard—they cease not to give thee honor. Westminster, thou art a noble institution. A characteristic tendency of thy students is to think and to learn for themselves. Your depth and breadth, your Christianity and liberality bear witness of thy usefulness. And now, honorable faculty and board of trustees, friends, in these closing remarks we would humbly and solemnly implore the Divine Goodness to continue his smiles and blessings upon your institution and all connected with it. Hoping that honor will return to you by this day's launching and success in future buildings, we bid you a final and affectionate farewell.

My classmates—I have reserved this saddest part of all until the last. We can part from this place with its pleasures, but when we think of it long the hardest part is to part from each other. For many years the most of us have been together; daily we have entered the class room together; our aims are the same, and our differences will soon be forgotten in separation. As we step upon the gang plank and look backward upon our college work, it seems that it cannot be we who are being graduated to-day. We feel our imperfectness and our lack of preparation for future work. But looking toward the ship our hopes rise, our past failures are forgotten in expectation of the future. There are those who were with us for many terms who do not graduate with us to-day, not because of their unfitness, but on account of other work. We go to different kinds of labor, it may be. There may be among us rulers of the nation's government. There are those who will tell of a "better country" in our own and other lands; some go to college and other literary work. Music will be furnished for the recitals of the class. These will stir the hearts by their touch. Some to be scientists, for these are needed. Literary life will draw some into its pleasures, for artists are needed in every line of work. But men and women most of all are needed—good, honest, high cultured men and women. May not ye be depended on to furnish these?

Something unprecedented in the history of our college, the ladies far outnumber the gentlemen of the class, which is a mark of high honor to womankind, and accounts for the men being gentlemen. The hope of the country is in the home. Ladies, may you have the high honor of being queens of households. Thanks be to those who through their sacrifice and effort have given us this culture. We part but may we be true to ourselves first, true to our fellow men, and true to our God.

Let us keep as our life's motto that to which we have looked in our college life, "Each day's business in its day." Then sail on, oh, class of '92, for others are waiting for us. We go to our homes, to those we love. May the future find '92 doing its work in its day and may Westminster's classis of '92 reach the other shore as good if not better prepared for work than when it is launched. June 22, 1892, will be a day long to be remembered by us. Dear classmates of '92, we bid you a tender and affectionate farewell. 'Tis hard to part, but may we meet again. Farewell, farewell.

NOTHING LOST.

Longfellow never penned a truer line than when he wrote, "Things are not what they seem." Nature in her surface riffles is very deceptive. The still depths must be sounded to discover real facts. The surface glance creates false impressions which a deeper insight dissipates. Nature appears to be losing her elements. Material, energy, effort, disappear. Are they lost? No. It is only change, transformation, a combination in new relationships. Nothing is lost. In proof of this fact, not only the physical world, but also the intellectual and moral spheres stand as perpetual monuments.

The physical universe is a constant scene of change. Proportion and relation vary incessantly, but there is not a single atom destroyed, not the slightest diminution of force. The conflagration with its irresistible power may lick up the royal palace, but there is only dissolution, not loss. Ashes, smoke, heat and gas constitute the exact equivalent of the material burned.

The sun generously floods the earth with light and heat. These rays fall into the ocean. Are they forever buried in the liquid depths? Then how account for the mysterious force which lifts the vapor, marshalling it into rain-giving clouds? Mechanical power, you say. Yes, but that very power is generated by that heat which fell into the ocean. Heat, power—a change in form, only. The sun with its charming influence kisses the landscape. Vegetation springs forth. The plant buds, the flower blooms, the tree decks itself in foliage. The energy of the sun in light and heat has been expended on these. Where is it now? Look within them and ask what is that something, called life, that vitalizing force which adds germ to germ, cell to cell, tissue to tissue, and the reply comes, "a transformation of the sun's energy." What became of the sun's heat which ages and ages ago warmed vegetation into most luxuriant growth? Our extensive coal fields, the vast store-houses of heat are silent witnesses to its present existence. Again, in insect, bird, beast and man, the whole animal kingdom, there exists force or energy in some form which has been transmuted from the sun. This energy, it is true, comes indirectly. It must first pass through vegetable life. But yet it comes admirably adapted to conserve the best interests of animal life. It develops life and activity in beast, and in man with his highly organized constitution, intelligent energy. Were it not for the energy of the sun in the manipulation of the powerful forces of chemical affinity in the proper balancing of these, one against the other, vegetable substance would not be suited to the production of so high an energy, such a delicacy of construction as man possesses. The influence of the sun lost in vegetable matter? Nay, see it reappear in the vigor and activity of both man and beast.

Life merges into death, living material passes into the dead. The plant, the shrub, the tree decay and crumble to their elemental dust. But decomposition is not loss. Decaying matter enriches the soil for future productiveness. The force generated by former life accelerates future growth. Life, death, the one impossible without the other. A ris-

ing here necessitates a falling there, and so on until the whole world is one continual ocean of waves and undulations.

And so, it matters not where we look, what forces in nature we examine, observation and reason must inevitably teach us, "They are not lost, but changed." But what of the intellectual sphere? Are not talent, effort and mental energy frequently lost? They may fail to produce the desired effect, but they are never lost. It is no more certain that the sun will arise in kingly splendor to banish the gloomy night than that effort and energy expended will result in an equivalent. It may not be in material, tangible form, but yet it is real. The realm of the intellect obeys this same principle. But here is a difficulty. How incomparably small is the material actually gathered from the field of education. How little we know of what we have studied. Yet would we stigmatize all effort as lost? We remember little of mathematics and logic, but how account for the development of sound reasoning powers? How much do we remember of the classics? But yet there is an increased facility of expression. Chemistry and botany are largely forgotten, but how came that keen observation and the highest appreciation of the æsthetic? The profound philosophy and acute reasoning of metaphysics remain in the books where printed, but who would affirm in the face of a finely discriminating, well disciplined intellect, that the effort was lost? Mental effort is not lost, but is simply transformed. But passing into the moral realm we would note the existence of the same law.

Two principles here confront us. Indelibly stamped upon man's nature are the words, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But written with the same unerring hand is that other principle, "He that doeth these things shall live by them." Sin, death; obedience, life. Effort in the moral world must be either virtuous or sinful, moral or immoral. It brings life or it incurs the penalty of death. The effect inevitably succeeds the cause. Effort in the moral sphere is not lost, therefore it is only converted into the effect, which may be either good or bad. Note the immoral word, the reckless oath, the malicious act. Buried in oblivion? No; crystalized by the powerful agency of habit into a vicious character. But just as certainly do the kind word, the pure thought, the loving, sympathetic act leave the impress of virtue.

Man, however, is not entirely given up to either virtue or vice. The virtuous man has his vices and the vicious man his virtues. But this does not falsify the truth of our principle. Virtuous actions are not lost in an immoral life. They are only a rubber block to slacken the downward tendency. At the same time the vices of the good man perpetuate themselves in burdens and obstructions. His progress upward is seriously hindered. Effort in the moral world is no phantom which appears and is not. It is a reality, born to live. In words of another, "The air is one vast library on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered." Nor need we wonder when it is said that every thought of the mind is indelibly registered upon the atmosphere of the soul.

Were it in the power of man to command the mathematics of that infinitely superior intelligence, every atom set in motion, every element of the intellect, every particle of the moral nature could be traced through its various changes as unerringly as the pathway of the celestial orbs may be marked out by the astronomer. The world—physical, intellectual, moral—nothing lost, only changed. ANNETTA M. LITTLE.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Following is a synopsis of the baccalaureate sermon preached by Dr. R. G. Ferguson from Matt. 12:37, "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be con-

demned." It was discussed under three main divisions as follows:

I. A man's words are the chief exponent of himself.

II. The place of words in the judgment.

III. Some classes of words that specially show character and determine the issues of a perfect judgment.

Under the last division special consideration was given to the following classes of words: (1) reverent or irreverent, (2) pure or impure, (3) true or false, (4) kind or unkind.

The sermon closed as follows: "The phonograph registers and reproduces the sounds which it receives. It catches the cheer of the crowd, the shout of victory, the strains of music, the eloquent sentences of the orator, and gives forth each again with such exactness that recognition is easy and immediate. The individual is reproduced and seems to say, 'I'm with you once again.' As the invention is perfected we may expect results of more wondrous accuracy; yet in its full perfection it will but foreshadow the perfect reproduction of the judgment. How it will startle one to hear again before the universe his own angry retort, his own lewd talk, he would not now have published for the world, his own refusal to do good, his own branded falsehood! How it will delight one to have recalled the words he spake to serve the right, to cheer the desponding, to build up the broken-hearted, to honor the Lord. Then shall ye discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.

"Young ladies and gentlemen of the class of 1892, pleasant intercourse have we had with you by reason of this divine endowment of speech. Your main business here has been to learn how to use it with readiness and effectiveness. You go out from us, let us believe, not only with minds trained to think, but with skill to express your thoughts clearly and forcefully. By your words you will impress yourselves on your generation. You dare not be careless about them. You must be circumspect in speech as well as in behavior. That your words may be right, keep your heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life. Jesus spake as never man spake because he was unique in his sinlessness. Spurgeon's words were weighty because back of them was a strong earnest soul. If you would be heard be in yourself deserving of a hearing. Be a man or woman first and a speaker or writer second. Be of the same mind with Christ and rest assured God will not let your words for Christ fall to the ground. May it be true of every one of you in the day of Christ, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified.'"

CLOSING WORDS.

Following is the address of President Ferguson to the class of '92 on commencement day:

Members of the Class of '92: You compose the eighth class upon which it has been my privilege to confer the several degrees that have been earned by years of college life and labor. Let me speak to you also a brief parting word. I am not conscious of any effort to say something new as these occasions return. Usually some thought springs into mind that seems adapted to the situation and it is generously accepted, not according to its worth, but according to its kindly intent. My word to you in brief is this: In your undertakings distinguish between the little and the great. There are many things not worth doing. There are others desirable enough that are not worth their cost. There are so-called trifles that contribute to perfection. There are so-called great things that involve great waste of one's resources.

First of all settle it in your mind that nothing immoral is great. The profoundest fact of psychology is that man has a faculty we call conscience. We speak of it as the voice of God—the vicegerent of God in the

soul. It speaks; it rules; it reveals the moral law and impels to obedience. A soul in full harmony with God cannot violate the moral law written on his heart without an immediate sense of degredation. As soon as he touches the unlawful thing there is an instant recoil, a sudden loss of self-respect. Whatever worldly glory may attach to the unworthy act, he is belittled in his own eyes. Keep on good terms with your own conscience if you would accomplish anything really great. Dare to be an uncompromising Daniel and refuse to defile yourself with the king's meat, whether the king be alcohol, secresy, or mammon.

2. Further settle it in your minds that that only is great that serves some worthy purpose in life with reference to yourself or others. We have a right to inquire what will be the influence of any undertaking on our own development, mental or moral. Should we consider the malarial character of a climate, the physical hazard of an enterprise lest we jeopardize health or life? Not less seriously ought we to consider what will be the mental, moral and spiritual outcome of what we do. Will slovenly or superficial mental habits be formed? Will the more important things be sacrificed to the less important? Will spiritual life be depleted rather than perfected? Will enmity and pride and selfishness be cherished or subdued? Will a larger manhood result or a less? "What am I becoming?"—is a test we do well to apply frequently as we go.

No doubt there is a limit to such considerations as these that is very soon reached. Personal interests may rightly yield to the public good. What we would not do for our own sakes, we may be bound to do for the sake of others. Ties of friendship or kindred may hold us. The claims of truth or freedom, of purity or religion, of God and home and native land may be imperative. Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister. But surely any course we pursue ought to be able to justify itself at the bar of reason as either beneficial to ourselves or serviceable to others. Whatever fails of this is waste, barren, useless, wicked waste of the powers with which we are endowed. The end of our existence is ignored; the handiwork of God is marred; the glory has departed. Remember that no life can be really great that loses sight of the eternal life beyond. How vast the contrast between the littleness of the present and the infinitude of the future. In the present there are mighty results of living. But more momentous still are the consequences that will appear in the external world, which in a profounder sense than can be said of any time this side is the "heir of all the ages."

When this world and all the marks of man's greatness are consumed what will you have left? The final verdict of history concerning such a man as Cromwell or Napoleon or Bismarck may differ widely from the judgment of his own time. But the final perfect judgment is reserved for the "great white throne" and from it they only shall be pronounced honorable who are great in the sight of the Lord. Distinguish between the littleness of the present, its profit and homage and applause, and the greatness of the future—its palms and crowns and thrones that never fade nor tarnish nor crumble. "Rejoice in hope of the glory of God." When the Lord makes up his jewels may every one of you be among them. May you all at last be included in that blessed company of whom it is said—"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

SIDE GLANCES AT THE TRANSFIGURATION.

LUKE 9:30.

One October I was roaming
With my father in the gloaming
Of a lovely Sabbath evening through the city of the dead,
Where the dust of our relations
Sleeps in seven generations
All obliviously smouldering in its isomeric bed.

Here the visions of the past
Moved before us till at last
Turning homeward, father, scanning the prospective, ventured thus,
In a manner and a tone
I have never yet outgrown,
You remember that the end of time is not far off with us.

Solemn thought! All must confess
Dampening our happiness
And posing like a nightmare on our energies—but why?
Is not that we portend
The beginning of an end?
That it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die?

Oh, if we could only peer
Beyond the confines of our sphere
And acquaint us with the certitudes of heaven and of hell—
Yet through strange infatuation
All sufficient information
Is continually lost to those who wish to know so well.

Turn aside a little, please,
Go with him who has the keys
Both of Hades and of Heaven, watch him scale old Hermon's height,
Where he sets the gate ajar—
Gate of glory quite so far
As should satisfy the minds of men about the saints in light.

There he calls them forth and shows us
Elijah glorified, and Moses—
Moses who was dead and buried fourteen hundred years or more,
And Elijah who was carried
By the fiery horse and chariot,
By a whirlwind into heaven full nine centuries before.

There we see they are *alive*,
All the host whom we survive,
They have left us for the present but they have not ceased to be.
That their spirits are secured
We may rest as well assured
As if their angel convoy had been seen by you and me.

There we see they are *united*,
Though on earth they were divided,
This Moses and Elias by five rolling centuries.
And we grasp the hint with pleasure,
Over there they are together
Undisturbed by tho't of severing in the blest eternities.

There, also, *consciousness* appears,
Fuller than in former years.
T'was not a vision of the dead or glorified unknown,
But of spirits in accord
And acquaintance with the Lord,
Now recognized tho' never seen by Peter, James and John.

And what a double grief it were
When gazing on the vacant chair,
The empty crib, the little half-worn shoe to think that one
Who had loved us on this shore
Should remember us no more
After entering the ecstacies of that eternal home.

Alive, *united*, *conscious*, *free*—
Yes, heirs of heaven have *liberty*
The range of which we vaguely guess, and heaven touches earth
More closely than we apprehend
Since ransomed visitants attend
Scenes once to them familiar grown by a terrestial birth.

But the inference which pleases
Best of all—they are *with Jesus*,
And no earthly creature has a line to fathom or to guage
What this means to the redeemed,
As no soul has ever dreamed
Of the goodness stored in glory for Christ's favored heritage.

What then if we be dead and buried
Like as Moses, or be hurried
Like Elijah, up thro' ether fields to meet the Lord above!
Where the glorified are free,
Conscious, live, in unity!
Should the end of time annoy us, or its thoughts distressful prove?

Ah, the question's not of this
There's no doubt the bliss;
But shall we share the blessing, and the glory can we see?
Look again at Hermon's summit,
Who were those we saw upon it?
"Men subject to like passions" and infirmities as we.

Truly, as the scripture saith,
They were justified by faith
And endured as seeing him who was to them invisible.
And without this saving grace
They were never in the race
Heav'nward, for, wanting faith, to please God 'twas impossible.

But withal their lives reveal
Traces of peculiar zeal,
Counterparts of which should certainly appear in us,
If we would assure our souls
Of a place upon the rolls
With Moses and Elias in the realm of Paradise.

The trait of Moses was devotion,
From the day he quitted Goshen
Till the hour his spirit left the flesh in Moab's lonely dell;
That self sacrificing zeal
For divine and human weal
Was the shining fundamental in the life he lived so well.

Then of Elijah's name make mention,
And the scene of Baal's contention
On Carmel's height spontaneously rises into view.
Yes, Elijah's prime distinction
Was the strength of his conviction —
His positive pronounced affiliation with the true.

Therefore let us banish fear,
And enjoy our sojourn here,
Anticipating jubilee with heaven's blessed heirs.
Elijah-like let's be decided,
And like Moses be devoted,
And as a consequence our destiny will be like theirs.

REV. J. D. LYTLE, '77.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1866.

Rev. S. J. Crowe attended the United Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny after graduating from Westminster. He was president of Geneva College from 1867 to 1871; pastor in New Castle 1872 to 1882; pastor in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1882 to 1886; financial agent for Geneva College for two years; pastor in Mercer, Pa., 1888 to 1891, and has since then been State Secretary for American Sabbath Union. He was married October 31, 1866, to Miss Amanda R. Geddes. Children, five.

1867.

Mrs. S. J. Crowe was a teacher of music for two years and taught in Geneva College for one year. She has lectured occasionally for W. C. T. U. Married in 1866 to Rev. S. J. Crowe.

Rev. Andrew Henry graduated from United Presbyterian Seminary in 1870. He preached in New York city two years; Perth, N. Y., sixteen years, and in Lisbon Center, N. Y., two years and six months. Married March 25, 1874, to Mary J. McGay, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Four children.

1868.

Mrs. Pinkerton taught a country school in Pennsylvania, also in McClean's Seminary, Beaver, Pa., for a short time. Went to Illinois in 1873, and taught there until 1875. She then removed to Monmouth, where she was teacher and then principal in the city schools until 1881, when she was married to Wm. M. Pinkerton. Three children, two daughters and one son.

Rev. W. H. McMaster graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary. Was engaged as pastor in Bethel, Pa., Princeton, Ind., and Blairsville, Pa. He was also principal of the Blairsville Academy two years. He was married in June, 1871, to Lizzie J. Stewart. He adds that he is a third party prohibitionist.

Rev. S. M. Black graduated from Westminster in 1868, and his first charge as pastor was at Lake, where he stayed three years; was at Johnstown, Pa., three years, and at New Florence, Pa., ten years. Was married July 4, 1872, to Melissa M. Martin.

Rev. D. R. Imbrie graduated from Allegheny Seminary in 1871. He preached in Allegheny presbytery seventeen years, and Wheeling presbytery four years; he also had charge of an academy in Ohio for two years. Married May 12, 1874, to Callie M. Hamilton, of Allegheny county, Pa. One daughter.

1869.

Judge S. S. Mehard studied law with Hon. John Trunkey, in Mercer, and was admitted to the bar in 1872. Practiced law in Mercer from 1872 to 1874; he then went to Europe, spending some time in the University of Heidelberg, Germany; returned in 1875 and continued his practice in Mercer till in 1883, he was appointed President Judge of the 35th

District. Married July 1, 1880, to Miss Ida A. Brown. One son. He lost his wife on May 29, 1883.

Rev. J. D. Irons graduated from Allegheny Seminary in 1873. He was pastor at Verona, Pa., 1873 to 1887; president of Muskingum College, New Concord, O., from 1887 to 1891, and is at present pastor of the Dallas United Presbyterian Mission, East End, Pittsburgh. Married July 6, 1870, to Miss Lizzie M. Sterling.

Rev. W. R. Moore graduated from Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny in 1871. Was engaged as pastor at Girard, Pa., fifteen years and six months, and at Centralia, Ill., five years. Married October 19, 1871, to Miss S. A. Dinsmore. One son and one daughter.

Rev. J. C. Hammond graduated from Allegheny Seminary in 1875. Was pastor at Meredith, N. Y., from 1876 to 1883; also at Howard, N. Y., 1884 to 1887; New Salem, O., 1889 to 1892. He served in the Illinois volunteers during the war from October, 1863, to September, 1865. Married September 9, 1870, to Ella B. Morgan. Died February 8, 1892.

Rev. Joseph Calhoun graduated from Xenia Seminary in March, 1873, and since that time has been teaching at Indianola, Iowa. Married August 11, 1874, to Miss Emma Speer. Children, eight; five boys and three girls.

Rev. J. S. Dice taught three terms of school at Darlington, Pa., after graduating from college. He graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary in March, 1873, and was ordained in Bethel, Pa., in April, 1874, where he has been preaching for eighteen years. Married June 29, 1875, to Miss Margaret D. McQuigg. Four children, two boys, and two girls.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Mr. R. L. Alter,'90, is preaching as a supply in a church at Rushville, Neb.

—Miss Minnie Lewis,'89, has been seriously ill for some time at her home in New Wilmington.

—Rev. Samuel Huey,'88, preached in the college chapel on Sabbath evening, June 12.

—Mr. W. T. McKee,'91, has gone to the Indian Territory, where he will spend the summer vacation in missionary work.

—Mr. E. J. Alter,'89, received the degree of M. D. at Western Pennsylvania Medical college, March 24, and is now located at Aspenwall, a town near Allegheny City.

—Mr. R. K Aiken,'89, delivered an eloquent address at the memorial services in the chapel, May 30th. He has been practicing law in New Castle, but will soon remove to Ellwood, Pa.

—Harry B. VanEaton,'90, died at the Children's Hospital, Oakland, on Sunday evening, June 12. He was in his twenty-fifth year, a student of medicine and a young man of great promise. His many friends of the college and community were greatly shocked to hear of his sudden death.

—A meeting of the alumni of Westminster College in attendance on the general assembly was called after the evening session of May 30. Rev. J. A. Douthett was called to the chair. After prayer by Dr. John Telford, addresses were made by Dr. J. D. Irons, Rev. R. W. Kidd, Dr. W. S. Owens, Rev. W. C. Dunn, Dr. J. M. Jamison, Rev. W. S. McClure, Rev. Geo. Carnahan, Prof. W. H. Dodds, Prof. J. L. Snyder, Rev. A. G. King, Galt, Canada; the president, Dr. R G. Ferguson. The following resolution was offered by Rev. W. M. Story and unanimously adopted by the alumni: *Resolved*, That renewed efforts be put forth by the alumni of Westminster College as here represented, to advance the interests of the institution in every way possible. About one hundred were in attendance.

—At the annual meeting of the alumni on Tuesday, the 21st, the following performers

were elected for next year: Historian, of class of '78, Rev. H. W. Lowrey, Wellsville, Ohio; Orator, Rev. James D. Rankin, Denver, Col.; Alternate, Rev. C. H. Robinson, Baltimore; Essayist, Miss Eliza Russell; Alternate, Mrs. Donaldson, Greenville, Pa.; Poet, Rev. J. A. Duff, Chicago. Judge Martin, of New Castle, was elected a member of the board of trustees. The following resolution was adopted: WHEREAS, There has of late been a good deal of agitation in regard to the removal of our college from its present location, and as we believe that this agitation is injurious to the interests of the college, and as we believe that the college should be retained at New Wilmington, therefore resolved, that this alumni association ask the board of trustees to take such steps as may be within their power to quiet the agitation looking to the removal of the college.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Following is the action of the Board of Trustees of Westminster College on the death of Judge John McMichael, late of New Castle:

It was the will of our heavenly Father, since our last meeting, to call unto himself our friend and fellow member of the board, Hon. John McMichael. We seek by this minute to express our sorrow and deep sense of loss at this dispensation of providence. Judge McMichael was one of the first graduates of this institution and a member of this board for about twenty years. He was a man of the highest intellectual gifts, excellent scholarship and noblest character; he was true to his duty in every place in life, and won the profound respect of all who knew him. In his upright life and beneficial influence he did honor to his alma mater; in his deep interest he showed in the affairs of the college, in the prudence of his demeanor and in the wisdom of his course he rendered great and valuable service to the institution we represent.

We do, therefore, mournfully record the death of Judge John McMichael, a worthy graduate of this college, a valuable member of this board and a noble Christian gentleman.

It is recommended that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of Judge McMichael and also to the press for publication.

S. S. MEHARD,
J. A. BAILEY, } Com.
JNO. S. MCKEE,

MUSIC NOTES.

—With the thorough and competent instructors in each line of the music department, the prospects for a still more successful year are encouraging.

—"The Angel's Serenade," sung by Mrs. Thelen with violin obligato, on Wednesday evening, moved the audience to silence, so grand was the rendition of it.

—Prof. and Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen gave a concert in New Castle Friday evening, June 18. They expect to give others in different places shortly after commencement.

—The exercises Tuesday evening were opened by a piano duo by Prof. Thelen and Miss Whissen. The music that night was of a high order. The old Westminister quartet, consisting of Messrs. W. M. and J. D. Barr and W. M. and J. M. Robertson, was the success of the evening.

—The pupils' recital given at the Conservatory, Tuesday, May 25, spoke well for the standing of the musical department. Each performer had thoroughly mastered his selection, and by his execution gave much credit to himself as well as to the competent teachers. The following is the program:

1. Priere a la Madonna.....Morley
 Miss Annie Caldwell.
2. Valse Noble.....Meyer Helmund
 Miss Maud Haney.
3. Tailor's Prayer.....Mattei
 Mr. W. H. Fulton (bass)
4. Dame Moderne.....Dennee
 Miss J. Foster.

5. Slumber Long.....Schumann
Miss Bertha Black.
6. There Is a Green Hill.....Gounod
Miss Martha Lytle (alto).
7. Scherzino.....Parker
Miss Gertie Clark.
8. Mazurka.....Porter
Miss Kate Adams.
9. The Two Grenadiers.....Schumann
Mr. W. A. Jackson (baritone).
10. Charge of the Hussars.....Spendler
Miss May Chapin.
11. Soiree de Vienne Waltz.....Liszt
Miss McCreary.

—The graduating recital by Miss Chapin and Miss McCreary was given in college chapel, June 10. Their selections were well chosen and brilliantly rendered. The program is below:

1. Phantasie, C minor.....Mozart
(The second piano part composed by Edvard Grieg.)
1st piano, Miss May Chapin. 2d piano, Prof. Thelen.
2. Il Bacio, valse.....Arditi
Soprano solo, Mrs. Thelen.
3. a. March.....Hollander
b. Valse, impromptu.....Liszt
Miss May McCreary.
4. Thou Art So Like a Flower.....Thelen
Soprano solo, Mrs. Thelen.
5. a. Novelette.....Schumann
b. Ballade.....Chopin
Miss May Chapin.
6. O, That We Two Were Maying.....Nevin
Soprano solo, Mrs. Thelen.
7. Capriccio, B minor.....Mendelssohn
1st piano, Miss McCreary. 2d piano, Prof. Thelen.

—A concert, mostly by the undergaduates of the Conservatory, was given in Second Church on Monday evening of commencement week. This was a brilliant success. An immense and enthusiastic audience greeted the performers. The symphony at the close deserves especial mention. Prof. Thelen also furnished the music for Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and at the latter the symphony was repeated. The following is the program for Monday night:

1. Romanze for Violin, Piano, and Liszt Organ Lynes
Prof. Thelen, Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen.
2. { By the Beehive.....Ehlert
{ Hark, Hark, the Lark.....Schubert
Miss Elizabeth Borland.
3. Nocturne.....Field
Miss Anna Caldwell.
4. Flower Song from Faust.....Gounod
Miss Alda Kraeer.
5. Impromptu.....Schubert
Miss Maud Haney.
6. The Dove.....Arditi
Miss Bertha Wilson.
7. Sextette from Lucia.....Donizetti
Mrs. Thelen and Messrs. J. D. Barr, tenor, W. A. Jackson, baritone, W. H. Fulton, basso.
8. Polouaise.....Moszkowski
Miss Emma Elliott.
9. O, Rest in the Lord.....Mendelssohn
Miss Jennie Foster.
10. Valse Etude.....Morey
Miss Bertha Black.
11. Two Spanish Dances.....Moszkowski
Misses Clark and Caldwell.
12. Slumber Song.....Gounod
Miss Mary Graham.
13. Polonaise.....Jadassohn
Miss Jennie Foster.
14. Dost Thou Know.....Thomas
Miss B. Clingan.
15. Jupiter Valse.....Kavanaugh
Miss Kate Adams.
16. Come Unto Me.....Barri
Miss Ada Laughlin.
17. Symphony for Piano at four hands, Violins, Double Bass, Cornets and Toy Instruments Romberg
Piano, Misses Elliott and Black; 1st Violin, Miss Whissen; 2d Violins, Miss Clark, Mr. Bigger; Double Bass, Mr. King; Kukoo, Miss Adams; Nightingale, Mrs. Thelen; Triangle, Miss McNaugher; Rattle, Miss Maxwell; Cornets, Messrs. Smith and Ferguson; Drum, Mr. Fulton.

The seventh number, the "Sextette from Lucia," rendered by the best talent of the college, received hearty encore.

—Following is a letter from Prof. Austin, former director of the music department of the college, published in *Sunshine*, which we reproduce:

ERIE, PA., December 26, 1891.

Rev. R. J. Kent:

MY DEAR SIR—According to your request

I send you the following expression of my ideas.

I have plans and views about the way that the music of a church should be conducted that are somewhat different from many others, and I put them before you.

I believe that a church service should be in perfect harmony in its entirety. To be so, the music should be studied as well as the sermon, *i. e.*, if the sermon is tender, it should not be ruined by a boisterous anthem or organ voluntary, however good in itself it may be, but the music should partake of the nature of the sermon and by means of it carry the intent of the sermon farther on.

In order to have such a service the pastor and music director should be in perfect harmony and both work for the highest ideal in church service. I believe that the music director should know at least the theme of the sermon in order that the music may be selected to suit the service.

In order to do this the entire music should be under the charge of the director, organist, as well as choir. I do not mean that the director should be arbitrary, and, of course, he should be a reasonable man, and there should be full harmony between organist and director, but the latter to be successful should be handicapped in no way.

Music in a church I believe to be a devotional act.

The act of worship by means of it is twofold. It is first receptive, or the act of worshipping through another, as by means of a fine choir or organ music, which act compares with the prayer of the minister.

Then there is the real act of worship in which every person should not only have an opportunity to participate, but should be urged from pulpit and choir to do so.

I believe thoroughly in congregational singing and believe, also, that every one should feel that it is not only his or her privilege, but also duty to sing. To bring this about I think a part of the service (that is the hymns) should be distinctly understood to belong to the people, and in no case should the choir take this from them. And they should understand that minister, director and choir recognize the fact that this portion of the service belongs to the people.

Good congregational singing means an attentive and receptive audience for the minister.

But then, I just as thoroughly believe in good choir singing, especially in chorus choir which is taken from the congregation, so that the members have a common interest in the cause, and whenever practicable the singers should be Christians, or at least in sympathy with religious work.

Everything offered in service should be good, therefore all singing should be as cultivated as possible and still answer the purpose of service, but it should always be churchly and never step over into the concert room or opera house.

My plan would, therefore, be to form a choir, perhaps small at first, but to enlarge it as fast as possible, ever keeping in view the end, so that no mistake may be made, of having ultimately a choir of thirty or forty voices or more if it could be kept good.

Then to select from the choir those who are capable for solo, duet, quartet work, &c. By means of such a choir, and also personal work, the aim would be to bring the congregational singing to a higher level.

Hoping my views may be clear to you,

I remain yours, T. M. Austin.

ART NOTES.

—An oriental street scene, by Miss Sadie Wilson, was one to be noticed.

—Miss Bertha Wilson's wild roses in water colors made a very dainty picture.

—A pastoral scene with sheep grazing over the field, was a recent work of Miss Stewart.

—"The Sightless," a crayon by Miss Little,

represents a blind girl standing on a lonely beach. This central figure of a group of crayons was especially admired.

—A study of California trees, crayoned by Miss Dickson, was one of the finest of her works.

—A part of Rev. McElree's orchard, sketched and done by Miss Hodgen, was recognized by all.

—Miss Chapin's crayon picture of one of the figures of the "Angelus" contains much that can be studied.

—"Ships at Sea," a large one in the foreground and others in the distance, was painted by Miss Donaldson.

—The old stone bridge taken from Squire Sampson's lawn, was at once recognized by the observer. This, painted by Miss Stewart, was taken from a sketch by Miss Hodgen.

—Miss Borland ably portrayed an evening scene of the sun upon the clouds, rocks, and lake, with the vulture flying in quest of prey. Every detail is brought out as natural as life.

—A landscape, by Mrs. Thelen, with beech trees on the banks of a lake, portrays the beautiful spring time. Wild flowers dotting the grass clothe it in rich and variegated colors

—We regret very much that more cannot be said of the works on exhibition. But to those who have visited the studio, it argues better than words. Truly can we say that Westminster's art department is on a par with the best of any of our schools.

—One of the finest and most attractive pictures in the art display was a rural scene painted by the efficient instructor, Miss Hodgen. It is a scene taken from Scalp Level, very plainly showing a country road upon which the sun is shining as it winds through a grove of maples, one of the most difficult tasks to portray by the brush.

—The flowers and fruits here displayed were as natural as life. Though all deserve mention, space permits only a few. Mrs. Thelen's study of water lillies, Miss Chapin's grapes, a rich purple in color, and surrounded by their green leaves, Miss Sloss' nasturtiums, lying carelessly in a bowl and falling over its side, Miss Moore's three large roses in pink and yellow, and Miss MacDonald's lemons, part of which were still wrapped in their packing paper, were among others that were worthy of notice.

—"What a fine display this year." "The finest display we have ever had." Such were the comments to be heard in the art room during commencement. About eighty pictures, in crayon, water-colors, and oil, covered the walls of the studio. One side was hung entirely with crayon, and the pictures there attracted much attention. Among the oils, those in still life, which have been spoken of in former issues of the HOLCAD, were greatly admired. The water-colors, though few in number, did not escape the notice of the visitor.

—Among the animals in crayon were Mr. Russel's lion's head, a fierce looking fellow; a stag standing on an open prairie, by Miss Sadie Wilson; a large dog lying on a stone step, by Miss Barr; "Shoeing the Bay Mare," from Sir Edwin Landseer's, by Miss Lytle; three rabbits, by Miss Chapin; a donkey hitched to a cart, by Mr. Russell; cows in pasture close by a small brook, by Miss Lytle; the head of a large dog with hair falling shaggily over its face, by Miss Little; a dog with a dead bird in its mouth, by Miss Chapin; a horse's head with eyes turned intelligently toward you, by Miss Dickson; two fox hounds, one with its head on a bench, the other standing quietly by its side with eyes bent to the ground, the work of Miss Chamberlain; two dogs, one standing, the other crouching at its feet, by Miss Sadie Wilson; Miss Chapin's picture of two cats crawling over a bench, seeing some rats at play beneath it; the head of a large dog lying on a table, a little shaggy one nestled close to its face, done by Miss Lytle.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Why are the boys so averse to the two seated rigs?

—Miss Lewis has been dangerously ill for several weeks.

—Miss Agnes Dickson was quite sick the last two weeks of school.

—Baccalaureate sermon was preached Sabbath evening by Dr. Ferguson.

—Miss Ella Purvis,'92, has been elected to a position in the Butler high school.

—Miss C. prefers "sweet solitude" when she drives out in a two seated vehicle.

—J. B. Haley, our enterprising druggist, is the possessor of a fine horse and carriage.

—A very interesting athletic contest was held on Tuesday morning of commencement week.

—The college students contributed $54.60 to the relief fund of the Oil City and Titusville sufferers.

—Miss Lou Seley, '95, has been detained at home for several months on account of ill health.

—A number of Westminster students attended the Young Peoples' Institute at East Liverpool.

—Mr. D. P. S. asked Mr. R. if he was going to ride an automatic (pneumatic) bicycle on Field Day.

—The Alethean medal was awarded to Miss Annetta Little. The subject of her essay was, "Nothing Lost."

—Miss Jean Robertson,'92, has been elected as musical instructor in Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn.

—Miss Lizzie Houston has been elected for the coming year as teacher in Norfolk Mission, Norfolk, Va.

—A. L. Russell, '92, has been severely afflicted with a bealed jaw. But he has pulled through twenty-five pounds lighter.

—Miss Dyer and Mr. Beaver, State secretaries of the Christian Associations, made their annual visit to the town in May.

—Mr. F. A. Gailey was recently surprised by a visit from his father, who was on his way to the general assembly at Pittsburgh.

—We hope some of our more wealthy alumni will realize how essential to our success in athletics is a well equipped gymnasium.

—A few days ago the residence of 'Squire McCready took fire, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

—Mr. G. W. Bovard, '90, visited with his wife at the home of the latter, and filled acceptably the pulpit of the Second Church on May 8.

—The overflowing houses which packed the various audience rooms of the town during commencement week show the necessity of a town hall.

—We were handed an extra edition of the *Globe* on the 10th, printed just eight minutes after the nomination of Benjamin Harrison for President.

—The annual sermon to the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was preached by Rev. Dr. White, of Xenia, O., who gave an excellent discourse on Bible study.

—Mrs. Adams, of Millersburg, O., recently spent a week with her daughter in the hall. Fortunately Miss A. was not in mischief when her mother arrived

—Miss Knestrick, instructor of physical culture in Thiel college, has conducted classes in the college chapel on Tuesdays and Fridays during the past term.

—Mr. McNabb, who has found the first bunch of marsh marigolds of the season: "Veach, let us take them all, so no one else can get any of them."

—One of the most interesting features of commencement week was the Junior contest. The orations were all excellent. The first

medal was awarded to Mr. Sowash, the second to Mr. J. G. Houston.

—It is gratifying to know that without any apparatus or trainer Westminster was able to take second place in the intercollegiate athletic contest at Allegheny.

—A larger attendance was at the commencement exercises this year than has been for many years previous, and it was difficult to obtain accommodations.

—The invitations to the wedding of Miss Etta Reed, of New Wilmington, and Mr. Ray, of the firm of Laird & Ray, of Pittsburg, are out, to take place on the 28th.

—The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are preparing a hand-book, which will be a great aid to new students as a guide in everything pertaining to the college work.

—Prof. Thompson, who is trying to photograph the tableaux given by the Chrestomath Society: "I am so sorry that I cannot take the tableaux without your faces."

—Messrs. Donaldson, McClymonds and Magoffin should shorten visits at the hall or should at least carry their watches and so save embarrassment for all concerned.

—Mr. Snodgrass, Sr., while practicing pole vaulting, fell and was seriously injured, one of his limbs having been broken in two places. He is not yet able to be out.

—The parting of a senior from his best girl as watched by a spectator was surely very loveable and the explosion that followed resembled very much the smack in school.

—Mr. James Robertson and Miss Eva Porter, both of New Wilmington, and both graduates of Westminster, were married on June 23. We wish them much happiness.

—Miss B., while working in the studio, tilted her chair back to admire her work when over she went with palette, picture and all. Moral—A haughty spirit goeth before a fall.

—On Tuesday morning, the 21st, the bright orb of day revealed the effigy of the High Constable suspended from a tree on a street corner. It was soon removed by Burgess Caldwell.

—The Y. W. C. A., at a recent meeting, elected the following officers: Pres., Miss Adams; Vice Pres., Miss Barr; Rec. Sec., Miss Dickson; Cor. Sec., Miss Reed; Treas., Miss Nelson.

—On the 13 inst., eight couples picniced at Trout Island. The day was spent very enjoyably in rowing and on the pretty little steamer which runs between Sharpsville and Trout Island.

—Messrs. Donaldson, Stewart and Magoffin and lady friends picniced on the campus Thursday afternoon. The menu was quite elaborate, consisting chiefly of peanuts and lemonade.

—Miss Blanche Cooper, while attending an entertainment on the evening of the 17th, received the sad intelligence of her father's death. She has the heartfelt sympathy of all her college friends.

—The large numbers who yearly attend the exercises of commencement week show that Westminster College is widely known, and that it has many friends who take a deep interest in its success.

—Mrs. Rev. Hill,'87, of West Fairfield, died on May 20th, just one year from the date of her marriage. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hill in New Wilmington sorrow with the bereaved husband.

—The Adelphic Society held her annual graduating exercises in the Second U. P. church, after which the alumni and members of the society adjourned to the society hall, where a splendid banquet was served.

—Commencement day witnessed one of the largest crowds that have attended for several years, and the order and attention paid by the audience to the performances show that it is in hearty sympathy with the cause of education.

—The college museum is greatly indebted to Mr. Fulton for an admirable collection of birds' eggs, including nearly a hundred species. Mr. Fulton is an enthusiastic student of bird lore, and his contribution to the scientific part of the museum is a valuable one.

—On Friday evening, June 17th, the Chrestomath Literary Society gave a very interesting and instructive entertainment, which consisted of a farce, recitations and beautiful tableaux. The entertainment was under the direction of Miss Knestrick, who teaches elocution and physical culture.

—The Westminster base ball team played six games this spring. The following are the scores: West Middlesex 3, Westminster 8; West Middlesex 0; Westminster 2; Grove City 8, Westminster 3; West Middlesex 10, Westminster 3; Grove City 9, Westminster 17; Alumni 3, Westminster 13.

—The Sophs challenged the college, including Third Preps and Freshies, to an athletic contest for Tuesday before commencement. The challenge was accepted and afterwards withdrawn. The Sophs deserve a gold medal for their courage and the rest of the college a leather medal for their want of nerve.

—Recently Mr. R., '88, called on his friend(?), Miss McL., at Stewart Station. He did not know the exact house at which she was staying, but upon being directed to a house he represented himself as her (Miss McL's) brother, practicing law in Mercer. The lady of the house entertained him for a little while, and said she was so glad to see him, not having seen him since he was a baby. The conversation became too hot for him so he "fessed up." Moral—Do not represent yourself as a brother when calling on young lady friends.

—The alumni were getting their picture taken. Some one (not an alumnus) from the rural district, and who had evidently walked in from the look of his shoes, took up his position in the group. Prof. Thompson invited him to step out. But he said he would not object at all to be in the picture. The Prof. insisted fearing that the glass would be broken and hence a fine picture spoiled. Hoosier gave way. The picture was taken and was almost perfect in every respect. Later in the day some other alumni and friends tried it and the plate did break. What a motly gang it must have been.

—As would naturally be expected, on the evening of Junior contest after the decision had been given, the friends and admirers of the victorious contestant proceeded to give vent to their feelings in the usual manner. Presently the High Constable, "dressed in a little brief authority," and accompanied by the Burgess, appeared on the scene. Instead of requesting the boys to disperse as prudent officers would have done, they arrested three of the number and took them before Justice McCready for a hearing. There being no ordinance against cheering on the street, and because the charges did not come under any statute, the boys were immediately released. We would recommend that the citizens of New Wilmington petition the court to have these officers removed, because their incompetency is the chief cause of the cheap notoriety that the town and college have acquired recently.

EXCHANGES.

The total number of Chautauqua graduates is now 29,020. The class of '92 contains 3,459.

The Seniors of Pennsylvania State College have decided to appear in cap and gown on graduation day.

The Bema, in an editorial, severely condemns the use of tobacco, which is all right of course, and then on the same page inserts no less than half a dozen business locals, advertising the

different brands of cigars and tobacco.—*The Illini.*

The faculty of Cornell College, Ia., have found a way to dispose of the forty-two seniors on commencement day. They have left the choice to each member of the class to deliver an oration or write a 1,500 word thesis. We understand the majority will write. This will do away with the possibility of the two days' commencement.—*Ex.*

Indiana was represented at the Inter-State contest this year by Miss Nelson of De Pau University. We take the following from the *Transcript*:

In spite of the request of the president a round of applause greeted Miss Jean Nelson as she stepped on the stage. Her oration was entitled, "The Industrial Problem." As her voice, clear, musical, but not strong, uttered the sentence, "All that is self-active, self-determined, originates in the world of spirit," everybody knew that one of the strongest rivals in the contest was before them. Her closing words, "In palace or hovel, surrounded by wealth or crushed by poverty 'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free and all slaves beside,'" are the key to her whole thought. Her delivery was convincing, at times inspiring, and the audience was her willing servant.

Ohio's orator, Mr. Geyer, took second honor. His oration is published in the May number of the *Transcript*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is never too late to mend. Here is a North Carolina woman, 82 years of age, who is learning to write. She thinks she could die happier if she could write a letter with three postscripts to it and sign her name to her own will.

—Secretary Tracy is credited with the desire to call the next new cruiser the Alabama. This would be rather rough upon the Kearsarge, which yet flies the flag she so nobly upheld when the old Alabama crossed her path.

—Kissling, the sculptor of Zurich, has had his design for a monument to William Tell accepted, and Altorf will be enriched with a worth of art which will be as magnificently real as the hero of it is sentimentally and prettily ideal.

How Many People Read Thoroughly?—There is a great deal of truth in the remark made by the dean of St. Paul's in the Morley hall, Hackney, while distributing prizes to students of Lady Hollies' middle class school, that "education in these days is, to a great extent, superficial, a considerable portion of it being required merely for show and immediate appearances rather than for usefulness in life." But, after all, this wail is nothing new. Did not the Earl of Chesterfield advise his son to devote himself to the acquisition of literary scraps which he could quote in company, and thus acquire the reputation of a well read man at a small expenditure of the midnight oil? And did not the late Lord Neaves express the spirit of the time in the query, "What's the use of knowing unless others know you know it?"—*London Telegraph.*

Expert Criticism.—"I see you have written your poetry in gas meter, Mr. Rimer."

"Gas meter, sir?"

"Yes, there are many redundant feet."—*New York Sun.*

G. E. Garner. G. A. Brown.

Garner & Brown

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THE HOLCAD.

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HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '77.

The members of the class of '77 will please answer to their names.

B. S.—

Cornelia Ann Andrews, Frances Mary Katz, Anna Mary McKee, Nina Frances Means, Mary Emma Mehard, Ella N. Reed, Ina Q. Stewart, Christopher Q. Mullen.

A. B.—

William Cochran Allen, James Auld Anderson, James White Clark, James C. Elliott, John Campbell Gilkerson, Seth Wilson Gilkey, Leslie Elliott Hawk, James Douglass Lytle, Davis William Lusk Joseph Kennedy McCance, William Sloan McClure, George White McDonald, Duncan Murray McKinley, Anthony Alexander Mealy, John Addison Shannon, Miller Virgil Stewart, William Murray Story.

Taking the class in alphabetical order, we speak first of the Rev. W. C. Allen, of York N. Y., known in school days as Will and Bill. The mildness of his nature and the evenness of his way in life are perhaps accounted for by the fact that he was born in Balm. He entered college a freshman, and at graduation was made to carry a great burden—even half the second honor. Will writes: "I roomed two years with J. D. Lytle. What a time I had to keep that boy at his studies—to wean him of his pranks and keep him away from the girls? We used to try poetry: J. D. would write it, and I was his Pegasus. But somehow I would always come down with a crash while he would sail serenely on." After college Will was one year principal of the New Wilmington village school; then attended the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny and graduated in 1882. In May of that year he accepted a call to become pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian congregation of York. In June of that year he married Miss June Black, of his native town; in September of that year he was ordained and installed pastor at York, where he yet labors. He writes: "I am thankful for the kind providence that led me to Westminster College and to the Christian ministry as a profession. I have enjoyed life and its labors. I would not know I was any older than when I left college did not four bouncing boys gather around me in attitudes of veneration."

J. A. Anderson; a native of West Virginia; a good, live, wide awake fellow, who always enjoyed a good joke and never let pass an opportunity to perpetrate one. Jim left college to teach with W. M. Story for three summer terms, and attended the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Allegheny, where he graduated in 1880. Married his wife, Miss Julia M. Francis, of New Wilmington, Dec. 30, 1879. We attended the wedding; we enjoyed it and can recall it to-night. Anderson became pastor of the United Presbyterian congregation of Mansfield, Ohio, in Nov. 1880, and there remained for over six years. During this time he saw completed a new church building costing some $2,500.00. He was pastor at Beulale, N. Y., for two years; then called to the First Presbyterian church of Leroy, N. Y., where he now labors. He was a delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly, which met this year in Portland, Oregon, and has been made a member of the

Assembly's standing committee on education. He visits this month California and Washington, so can not meet with us, but desires to be kindly remembered to each member of the class. Except a few months of nervous prostration, he has had excellent health and grown from 125 pounds in college to 165 in Leroy. He is the hopeful father of three vigorous boys, who furnish music enough to satisfy and gratify the paternal ear.

Comie Andrews, of Evansburg, is the first of *our* girls. We will not attempt to describe these girls. Might make mistakes and might say things they would not believe or appreciate. We will just tell you the little secrets they have told us. Miss Andrews writes from Helena, Montana, May 9, 1892, giving these items of history: "Since college I have spent a great portion of my time in the oldest Home Mission in the world—Home. During four years I was at the head of the Young Woman's Temperance work in my own county. In '84 I traveled through the Southern States, visiting a number of the principal cities, seeing something of plantation life, and learning much of the ways of the people in the South. In '91 I came to Helena and have had charge of the Young Woman's home in this city; resigned here a few weeks since, and am going out to the country to learn something of ranch life in the 'wild and wooly West.' Expect to visit Boulder and National Park. All through life I have tried to get as much pleasure as possible, and at the same time to do some one good." She likes the climate of Montana and some of the people. Says they do things on a large scale. Make money fast and spend it fast. When they drink they drink to desperation. "When they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid." Comie says she would like to be with us and hear the history of the class. We hoped she might be here, and are sorry she is not.

Jim Clark, counselor at law and mayor of Wellsville, Ohio, was a native Buckeye, who came a bashful youth from his home at Richmond into the Sophomore class of Westminster College. After college he taught school and read law until admitted to the bar in Steubenville in 1879. Removed to Wellsville in 1881; was city solicitor for three years; is now mayor and continues in the practice of law. Was married in 1881, and has four children, two are boys and two are not. He says: "I have become neither rich nor famous; in fact am not making frantic struggles in either direction. Except that my hair is slightly gray I don't think my appearance has changed since '77. These are the facts. Could I furnish any statistics, plans or diagrams useful to the alumni I would cheerfully do so." He does not tell who his wife was, but we know that she is Mrs. Mayor Clark, of Wellsville, Ohio. Jim was a good student, a good fellow all the way round. We are glad he is mayor; we don't know his politics, but if they are right we could wish he were president.

James C. Elliott—another Jim. Born at New Wilmington he could not help being good, pretty and successful. He spent three years at Princeton Seminary, declined two calls in Pennsylvania and located at Keyport, New Jersey, where for two years he was pastor of the Presbyterian congregation. Health failing, he gave up the ministry for the time and became bookkeeper in a wholesale fruit house in New York city. However it was with Jim, we can appreciate the fact that there are times and places and peoples who make fruit by the wholesale more conducive to health than the privileges of the pastorate. In 1882 Rev. J. C. Elliott wed Miss Duncan, the daughter of his employer. After a trial of eight years the old man made him an equal partner, and the firm name is Duncan & Co. Jim now lives in a three story brown stone house in Brooklyn, for which he pays no rent. He has a little daughter, and her parents think, and even assert, that she is the prettiest and

brightest girl in that city. Brother Elliott preaches occasionally. He has twice declined calls from the vicinity of New York. He says: "I have never given up the idea of yet preaching Him whom I prize above all else, and want—when I am able—to start a mission among those who are not able and not willing to bear the burden that attends the church." His firm does a flourishing business in nine States. May the day of his mission soon come!

John Gilkerson stood head and shoulders among us like Saul among the brethren. John is well preserved: physically, because he was born in Saltsburg; spiritually, because he took the regular diet of Princeton theology. John never seemed belligerent, yet he was licensed by Kittanning presbytery, ordained in Sioux City and was pastor at Battlecreek. He organized a church at Mapleton, Iowa. Having lost none of the savor of Saltsburg and Princeton he came out of the creek in '83 and was nine years and six months pastor at Calliope, Iowa. There he built a church and made the mission field self supporting. He organized a congregation over in South Dakota, built a church and received two hundred members. Went to Seward, Neb., where he is now pastor. Brother Gilkerson has not been idle. He has organized two congregations, built two churches and filled four pastorates. He was married in September, 1882. Two boys and two girls call him father. From Seward, April 28th, he wrote: "Am sorry I can not meet with class this year. I send greeting."

Seth W. Gilkey, a good, honest, diligent young man, began life at Wheeler and has been rolling on ever since. Born near to Mercer is something from which he does not recover, as that place is now his home and field of labor. After college he taught for one year; went to United Presbyterian Seminary, Allegheny; preached as supply in the presbyteries of Boston and Argyle, then hied away to Kansas. Was pastor of the united charges of Greeley and Berea almost four years; was three years editor of the Greeley *News;* married Miss Lydia McCall, of Washington, Iowa, in May, 1883. In 1885 he was elected a professor in Tarkio College, where his work extended over nearly the whole curriculum. On account of impaired health and a desire to return to the work of the ministry he resigned his position in the college in 1889, came east with his family to visit his aged parents, and accepted a call to the First United Presbyterian church of Mercer. Wils Gilkey we knew well, having for two years in seminary life divided with him our lodgings. He was a good student and a good fellow in social life—he liked a good story and a hearty laugh. He was true to friends and kind to enemies. Like all good men, he believed in theology and philosophy; he studied science, mental, moral, political and social. It was sometimes hard to determine which weekly prayer meetings was most pleasant, attractive and edifying—the one over in Pittsburgh or the one in lower Allegheny. Wils is here to-night, genial and jolly as of yore. A son and daughter bless his home. May they live long and prosper.

Leslie E. Hawk is a small subject of which we hesitate to write. Coming via State Lick, he was solid and thick, without any trick to annoy the professors; but when in the school he was set on the stool, and used as a tool by wicked transgressors. The boys gave him the Latin name *Hic*, as more appropriate to his sex than *Hock*. He was one of the fellows who always had a good time and still has. He believes this is a good world to live in and a good time to live in it. Like Talmage, he is glad he got aboard this planet. The principle of "laugh and grow fat" has with him been a success. As the lay delegate said of Dr. W. J. Reid, "He looks as though he agreed with his victuals." Realizing that we will not pass this way again he takes his share of the work and the fun and seeks to get out of life all that it has for him. He has been farmer, post-

master, teacher and preacher. He has written some raw poetry, which was fortunately suppressed and never appeared to disgrace the class or afflict humanity. Hawk followed the straight, orthodox course from Westminster through Allegheny Seminary, teaching in two summer vacations. In October, 1880, he was sent to Delaware church, on Delaware river, in Delaware county, Delaware presbytery, New York State. The mission grew; a church was built, a blessed revival enjoyed and one hundred and sixty persons received into the church during the pastorate. Another congregation was organized near by that secured a church building and received sixty members. In July, 1879, this member of the class removed to Aneareta, N. Y., where he is now pastor of the United Presbyterian congregation. A new church is building there this summer and we are praying the Lord to do great things for us. The subject of these remarks was married in October, 1886, to Miss Nettie M. Gray, of Hamden, N. Y. In the home nest are two little Hawklings, whose chirp and song are music for the parent birds by day, and alas! by night.

Frances Mary Katz—whom we always knew as Fannie—says that, "Writing items for a class history is like writing your own complimentary obituary. After graduation I taught two years in Irwin, when I became a victim of nervous prostration, from which I suffered much for years. I taught one year in Pittsburgh and for a time in Mansfield. Spent summers on the farm and at Chautauqua. Got the Western fever and "followed the star of empire" to Brookings, South Dakota, taking a position in city schools as principal; after a time returned to Pennsylvania and have been doing home mission work and teaching again in Mansfield." Miss Katz takes part in the work of the church, the Sabbath school, the missions, temperance and all the reforms of the day; says she is a Prohibitionist, and is glad to learn that nearly all New Wilmington people have become Prohibition cranks. Surely the college is doing a good work. It should not be removed!

Next in line is J. D. Lytle—known to us as "Little Jimmie Dudgeon—a blond youth from Fairfield, who entered the prep. department and had the audacity to graduate with first honor. However, we never envied Lytle—we knew he deserved first honor and would get it. He was a good boy every way, and had the most conscience about study and good recitations that we ever saw in any son of Adam. He writes: "I quit New Wilmington June 21, 1877. Spent the summer in rusticating and courting; entered Allegheny Seminary September 5th." Whatever became of the courting the rusticating was not in vain, as he was married by Dr. Cooper on Christmas day, 1878, to Anna Bell Smith, of Ligonier, Pa. Good and grand old Dr. Cooper, in his later life, was sometimes absent minded. On this occasion he got the vows exchanged and made Lytle promise to obey his wife for life, and now, after fourteen years, he is going on under the weight of that promise, for so conscientious is he that having made the promise, he will carry it out if he has to fight with his wife all the time for the privilege of so doing. Brother Lytle was a successful teacher in several schools; was pastor at Lyndon, N. Y.; till 1886; at Norwood, Ill., till 1890, and is now at Hanover, Ind. He tells me a great sorrow came to his home when little Grace died in March, 1891. "And now we are seven—four dear ones here and one in in heaven." Brother Lytle is an exact man. He has not missed an entry of the day's doings in his record for fifteen years. He can tell you how many sermons he has preached in public and how many lectures he has endured in private. He has a big heart and a clear brain, both of which incline to poetry, as you see to-night.

Davis W. Lusk, alias "Davie Jarvis." He was a talker and not a stammerer, though he

came from the town of Kammerer. He graduated from Union Seminary, N. Y., 1880; settled in United Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J., 1881; was called to the Seventh United Presbyterian congregation of Philadelphia in 1883; became pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church of Newark in 1885, and there he is now. He has just completed one of the prettiest and most convenient churches in that city at a cost of about $50,000 He is a hard and successful worker. He married Miss Louise Ninans, of Newark, an accomplished lady, who, like himself, is earnest and efficient in all good works. Three children have been given to bless this home. The first born, Edith, on returning from church the first time, was asked: "Who preached to-day?" "Papa." "What did he do?" "He hollered." "What did he say?" "Oh, nothing." A son, Davis, three years old, calls his father "Mr. Lusk;" little Miriam suddenly took her flight from earth a few months since, "A sweet bud of earth gone to blossom in heaven." Brother Lusk spent the summer of 1889 in Britain and Western Europe. He lectures some in season. He says, "Barnum is right; the American people like to be humbugged." The facts are, his lectures take well, are successful and satisfactory. He writes: "I am doing about the best I know how. I might describe the Jersey musquito, but it would be superfluous—give him a chance and he will describe himself."

And now comes Joseph Kennedy McCance —Dr. Joe; a bright fellow, fond of an argument and bound always to have the last word in a talk with the faculty; good natured, well liked and kindly remembered He took to medicine; unlike most people, he likes medicine—likes it so much that he sticks to it and makes it the business of life to give it to others. He does not report the number cured or the number killed. The doctor is a blissful bachelor, seemingly without matrimonial ambition or inclination. Possibly the pressure of public and professional life leaves no time to arrange for domestic happiness. He is a worker, as shown by the fact that when dunned for items for the class history he actually sent a postal card with this diagnosis of his own case: "Am still practicing here; unmarried, with no prospects; about the same I was in college, except that I am a year or two older. Yours truly, J. K. McCance." Our advice to the doctor is that of Lincoln to the Marquis of Hartington, when he brought the notice of the marriage of the prince. "Go thou and do likewise."

Will McClure was a good specimen of the physical man, and possessed a vigorous mind as well; attended seminary at Allegheny; licensed to preach in 1880; Ordained and installed pastor at Sugar Creek, Ohio, Jan. 4, 1881; married in August, 1883, Miss Nannie L. Imbrie, of Beaver, Pa.; went with her over the ocean, and spent his honeymoon and his money in Europe; not satisfied with sweetness he returned to Sugar Creek. He says: "Out of the goodness of God and the long-suffering patience of the people I am still where I began." Will was (and is) an orator. He took the first gold medal in the Stewart class contest, J. A. Anderson taking the second. Mc. had grit. Deprived by accident in childhood of one hand, he would with the other sew on a button as well as a woman, and play base ball equal to any man in college. One day he was naughty. He unloaded from his pocket upon the seat in the recitation room a bach of live toads, that proceeded, forthwith, to frighten the girls into fits, make the professor furious and render that recitation a dangerous one. I understand that Will has among his earthly possessions two daughters, a good road horse, a Jersey cow, and some Brahma chickens worth a dollar each. Probably he has the last named because he has no ministerial neighbor bearing the name of the author of this history.

George W. McDonald, as the name indi-

cates, is from the land of Burns. In college life he was called "Gordie" and "Big Scotchman." He was an earnest, industrious young man, and has done a world of hard work as a pastor. He attended seminary at Allegheny and married Miss Aggie Fife of that city, who has proved a helpmeet in more than name. He labored successfully in missions of our church while in seminary, and when the Seventh United Presbyterian church of Allegheny was organized he became its pastor and has filled that position ever since. The work has grown from a helpless mission to a congregation of about 300 members, who are just now building a good, substantial, new church. This is the monument of his effort—the evidence of his industry and success. He has one son and one daughter, and feels *sure* there are no children of the class equal to his laddie and lassie. We remember Mc. as a true friend, a good neighbor and a gallant fellow. His favorite study was English Literature, though he was fond of Hebrew and Calculus and sometimes took issue with Dr. Mehard on these subjects.

[*Continued in next issue*]

AMERICA: WHENCE, WHITHER.

The past molds the present. The present sways the future. History has decided what is; the action of to-day determines what shall be. The records of the past are ours for instruction, for admonition. The advantages of the present hour demand improvement.

Man is the central figure of history. Blot his name from its pages and you destroy its power, nay, its very existence. Man wrote history, man must read it. "The sphinx must solve her own riddle." Its glory is to record his triumphs and its duty to coming generations; to write down his disgraces and failures. With him it sprang into existence, and by him its volume will be closed to all eternity.

Man is a religious being; he instinctively looks to a higher power. In all ages he has bowed before some god, and laid his best gifts on some altar. Search the world over and wherever you find man, savage, barbarian or civilized, in tents, hovels or palaces, there you will find religion. You can find cities without walls or without kings, but a city without prayer, without oracle, without sacrifice, without some god, never. The Indian looked forward to the joyful moment when he should first draw his bow in the happy hunting ground of the Great Spirit. The Greek laughed at danger and scoffed at fear if he might only attain an abode among the immortals on the Islands of the Blessed. Man's moral and mental nature is never satisfied with present attainments, but ever seeks perfection. His mind is restless as the billowy sea. As the little plant can scarcely contain itself in the lap of earth until stern winter's snow has left the hillside, so from morn till night, from night till morn, man's mind is ever active. There is no knowledge that he does not seek to fathom. He descends to the bottom of the sea, he scales the highest mountain, he looks off into infinity, and as he beholds the stars, ever moving, never at rest, he exclaims, Whence art thou? Whither goest thou?

Man has within him untold capabilities. As the acorn has within it the embodiment of a thousand forests, so the destinies of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie embodied in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, Paganism, Polytheism, Christianity, all, but the application of man's spirit to the manifold world. America is the youngest of the great countries of the world. The Benjamin in the family of nations. A child of remarkable providences. And although the star of the republic is the brightest in the galaxy of nations and leads the van of civilization, yet is she indebted to the past for the sequel of her success, and, as we see her move with an ever quickening pace, the mind stops and asks,

Whence comest thou, O Columbia? Whither goest thou?

Every nation has a part to play in the great drama of the world's history. Each takes its place, plays its part, and passes from the stage of action, leaving its gains in intelligence, in liberty, and in progress of civilization, as a legacy to those which come after it. The history of the world should be written on an ascending scale. Every century is a long step toward light, liberty and progress. The discovery of America in 1492 was no accident. It was a glorious plan on the part of the God of nations that he might construct on the shores of the new world a mighty republic which would stand among the nations as a spectacle of popular intelligence, of liberty and the rights of man. "A government of the people, by the people and for the people."

The dawn of the 16th century beheld the fire of primitive Christianity almost extinguished by papal power and priestly intrigue. Only a spark seemed to remain. That spark was found in a humble citizen of Florence. He saw in the religion of the pope only ceremony and hypocrisy, and he had the courage to raise his voice against it. Who can estimate the power of one man who has the moral courage to express his convictions in the face of a scoffing world? Yet here was a man in the heart of Romanism who cried day and night, "We must regenerate the Church?" There are times when human nature despises the truth, and its sharpest arrows are aimed with deadly precision at its exponent. He was driven from place to place, dragged before tribunals, tortured and burnt. It is ever thus with the world's liberators. To attain the adoration of future generations, to shine on the heights of history, to reach the apothesis of immortality, they must sweat blood in the garden of Gethsemane, swallow insults in courts of justice, receive the buffets of insolent officials, drain to the dregs the overflowing cup of gall and vinegar. They must circle their brows with a crown of thorns, and expire on the cross. Yet the spirit of Savonarola still cries in that same city, "We must regenerate the church." But such a flame could not be kindled in Italy and its rays not pass beyond the Alps. Scarcely had Savonarola's voice died in the distance when the greatest revival of history took place. Luther published his ninety-five theses proclaiming freedom of thought and the fallibility of the pope. He was summoned to Rome, refusing to go, he was pronounced a heretic and excommunicated, but he had fanned the flame kindled in Italy. The spirit had passed through Germany. Then succeeded the visitations of intolerance, the dispute of the polemic, the embattled field of the warrior, the stake of the persecutor. The wind, the earthquake and the fire, but the power was not in these, but in the still, small voice. The monk began, the citizen finished. Germany stretched out her hands to Northern Europe; it passed the sacred flame to England; the Mayflower plows the billowy deep toward the west; Plymouth Rock welcomed a handful of storm-tossed pilgrims and the grandest republic of history sprang into existence.

Italy owes much of her present prosperity to Savonarola, Germany to Luther, England to Wycliffe, Scotland to Knox, America to them all. When the broad land of America was opened up, the best seed of the Old World was gathered to plant the new and set up a great republic as a light to instruct and elevate the world. So the people who should found the republic were gathered from the Protestants of Germany, the Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland, and the foundation of the new world was laid upon the firm rock of Protestant Christianity. Two powerful Catholic countries have since sought to possess the land—Spain along our southern border and France in these very regions where we are assembled to-night. The French and Indian

war was more than the struggle of two rival nations for supremacy in the new world. It was the struggle between Protestant England and Catholic France, and the victory of England meant that this should be forever a land of enlightened Protestant Christianity. So it must ever be. But not alone to Protestant Christianity is our success due, but to that which in a republic must inevitably follow it, civil liberty.

Only by breaking away from the despotic bondage of the old world could man on these shores develop to their fullest capacity his untold powers of mind and soul. Only here could he unfurl the banner of freedom and establish a government where he might have unmolested his God-given rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The history of the world is the history of liberty. He reads history with but little profit who sees in it only the scenes of bloody battle and the rise and fall of empire. Its true interpretation means the progress and triumph of liberty. Of the fruits of these victories, America has received the largest inheritance and the rights of man are nowhere so clearly recognized nor so largely enjoyed as under our own flag of the free. Protestant Christianity, followed by civil liberty, have laid the foundation for a higher manhood. In breaking away from the fetters of the past the individual was placed on a higher plane. In nations where liberty dwells the people draw a freer breath and rise to their noblest attainments. Under the expansive environment of large liberty and large opportunity men grow to have larger powers of mind and larger hearts. "America," says Emerson, "is but another name for opportunity," and where, under the expanse of God's heaven, are opportunities so great?

These three principles, Protestant Christianity, Civil Liberty and a Higher Manhood, have formed the basis upon which rests the republic of to-day. These are the principles that made the rock touched by a few pilgrims the corner stone of a great republic. These are the principles which inspired the writer of the Declaration of Independence. These principles gave courage to the men who, at Lexington, fired "the shot heard round the world." These principles inspired the words of Canning and Parker, of Whittier and Longfellow. These principles gave Lincoln the faith which called forth the armies to crush the rebellion. These principles have flung the chains from 3,000,000 slaves and set the two and forty stars about the goddess of liberty. But if the sons of the fathers who fought and bled and died to maintain these principles prove false to their inheritance, then like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, America shall fall, as have all before her. If drunkenness and Sabbath desecration, immorality and demagogism rule the land, the star of her destiny will go out in darkness. But the principles which gave the nation birth are the principles which will guide her to a prosperous future. As the acorn has the germ of the oak, as the fountain gives character to the stream which flows from it, so America's future greatness will be in holding fast the great cardinal principles which gave her birth. If she continues upon this foundation, crowning all the civilizations that ever existed, will be seen this daughter of the reformation, the cradle of liberty, the home of the oppressed, the ripe fruit of the Christian faith, the hope of humanity, America.

Claridge, Pa. G. A. Sowash.

– The annual mortality of the human race amounts, according to a French medical journal, to 33,000,000 persons. This makes the average deaths per day over 91,000, being at the rate of 3,730 an hour, or 62 people every minute. A fourth of the race die before completing their eighth year, and one-half before the end of the seventeenth year, but the average duration of life is about thirty-eight years.

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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SEPTEMBER, 1892.

LOAFING and idleness are the thieves of time.

EACH hour of college life is trembling with eternal destinies.

WE are beginning a new year. Let last year's failures be only stepping stones to this year's success.

THE number of new students at the opening of school, although not so great as that of last year, is nevertheless very gratifying. Those who have come this year have entered farther on in the course than those of last year, and therefore there is reason to believe that a greater percentage will remain until graduation.

THE faculty announced in chapel recently that "music would not be allowed as an elective in the Literary Course for any who have not already begun the course." There will still be a course with music as an elective, but it will be given some other name and will not lead to the degree of B. L. This action is certainly to be commended. The desire is manifested among too many students to go through college for the mere purpose of obtaining a degree; and consequently, because the outside world look upon college degrees as all being alike, those who have obtained and merited the higher degrees get no credit for them.

THERE is a sentiment among a certain class of "young Americans" that to be "tough" is something of which to be proud. To draw on nature's reserved force until the system is bankrupt, to give prominence to the baser passions, to degrade the higher powers of the soul seems in their opinion to display the wisdom and shrewdness of a Solomon. What pain for future years they sow, what trouble on themselves they bring. What honor is there in throwing aside the glorious possibilities of manhood and degrading the human mind to that of the brute.

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the college, the contingent fee which has heretofore been six dollars for each term, was raised to eight dollars and an additional fee of three dollars is now collected from all those who take junior chemistry. The action in reference to the term fee will take effect on Jan. 1, 1893, while that in reference to junior chemistry goes into effect this term. These are certainly acts of wisdom on the part of our board. It is well nigh impossible to carry on the work of a college with such a small endowment and tuition as Westminster has had. There is competition between schools as well as in mercantile or any other pursuits; and if a school keeps pace with the times, money must be had with which to do it. Even at the advanced rates, Westminster's tuition is

still far below that of other colleges, when we take into consideration the number of scholarships that are extant. Persons who hold these scholarsbips would confer a great favor upon the college by surrendering them; and certainly there are very few who are so fortunate as to possess them who could not well afford to do so, since they have amply repaid the investment in nearly all cases.

It is interesting to return to school after a long vacation and notice the delight with which each one meets his associates; not only those who have been his bosom friends, but also those who, not more than two months ago, were his most bitter political opponents. There is unmistakable evidence in the cordial greetings that more than an ordinary attachment exists between students of the same school. This same thing may be observed when one has left school. He will experience nearly as much delight in meeting those who were members of the opposing literary society as in meeting those who were members of his own. In view of this, is it not silly for young gentlemen and young ladies who attend school for the avowed purpose of self-culture, to become so embittered at times toward their fellow students as to ill treat them and to say unsavory things about them? Surely it must be a great satisfaction to any one, when he has left school and gone out into the world, to be able to take his old schoolmates by the hand and feel that he was always their friend and never did a mean trick on them.

At the opening of the college year many young gentlemen and young ladies leave home for the first time. With the most of them the attachment to this hallowed spot is very strong. A young boy or a young girl who does not believe that the sod on his or her father's farm is greener and the sky above it bluer than any that can be seen elsewhere, and that his or her mother's cooking is better than that which other boys and girls enjoy, presents an enigma to the mind of every one, and yet how many there are who consider this inability to forget the associations of the home fireside as an indication of weakness of character. They say to themselves that a strong minded person could forget all these ties and form others that were equally as strong. They mistake one of the greatest blessings that the Creator could have bestowed upon them for a weakness, not realizing the gracious and reflexive influence upon their lives and conduct in continually cherishing the associations of a permanent home in this world, which constantly acts upon them as a reminder of the everlasting home reserved for them beyond the heavens and beyond the stars.

We have never yet attained any distinction as a writer of social ethics, but we beg the indulgence of our readers while we attempt to emphasize the timely and pertinent remarks of Dr. Ferguson on social customs and etiquette at a reception recently tendered by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. to the new students. In the course of his remarks he improved the opportunity in his usual happy manner to hint at the impropriety of certain social customs that prevail here, and which, we believe, are noticeable in other institutions where coeducation is in vogue. He said that none of us should have come there with the mere expectation of being entertained, but that we were also to contribute our share to the enjoyment of others, and yet to that of no particular one, evidently alluding to the exclusiveness practiced by certain persons in society. True enough, it is well for every one to have intimate associates, if they be of the right kind, but to be found in their company on all occasions, and to fail to make a friendly recognition of others, betokens an intolerance that deservedly creates distrust in the minds of any one. This habit can be broken up and a

greater catholicity cultivated only by persistent self denial. It is perfectly natural that those who associate habitually should become interested in the same things, and if the association be continued long enough they will begin to even think and talk alike. A still stronger attachment, which can be better observed than described, will be the result if the association be between a lady and a gentleman. A young man or a young lady thus situated, while in school, certainly occupies a very unenviable position, because scarcely one student in a hundred is in such a condition financially as to be able to starve a wife decently, if you will permit the Americanism, or whatever it is. They may have Utopian views of the happiness of married life, but there is danger that they may learn by bitter experience that "Singleness is bliss, but married life is a blister." There are many, we believe, who recognize this fact and who would cease to associate if it were not for the lack of moral courage. They are slaves to public opinion. They fear that their friends will say that Mr. ——— had been rejected by Miss———, or that Mr. ——— has become disgusted with Miss ———. Such persons should have three-quarter inch Bessemer steel rods inserted in their vertebral columns, because any one who makes such remarks about them betrays a remorseless ignorance that would make a three hundred pound hog in a posey bed shed tears of compassion. That a young lady and a young gentleman do not associate on all occasions at school should be considered as evidence of their good sense rather than that they have had any disagreement, or that one has formed a dislike for the other. Patient reader, we beg your pardon for this breach of literary etiquette in giving you some personal experience, (?) and, although we may not continue the story in the next number, and tell you whether or not Alfred married Matilda, yet we hope that you will be stimulated to a little reflection.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Rev. Black, of Tarentum, recently paid the town a flying visit.

—The college roll books contain the names of over sixty new students.

—It is almost incomprehensible that a Junior would forget the class yell.

—Miss Daisy Morris, of Meadville, recently visited her grandmother in town.

—Mr. Warden,'95, was called home on account of the very serious illness of a brother.

—A committee has been appointed to fix the athletic grounds in view of our coming field day.

—Mr. Caldwell, of Pittsburg, who has a daughter in college recently visited his family here.

—Prof. E. P. Thompson was recently called to New Castle as a witness on an oleomargarine case.

—Evidently the campaign has not reached New Wilmington, judging from the quietude of its streets.

—Mr. W. W. Barr,'91, brought a friend to college, and remained in town a short time with old friends.

—A new style of chemistry suits have been introduced this fall. Blue seems to be the prevailing color.

—A meeting of the Freshman class was announced for the 13th. We are all waiting patiently for the yell.

—Prof. Thelen now occupies the house vacated by Mrs. Reed, who is now with her daughter in the West.

—Miss Lillie Moreland, formerly of the class of '92, was elected teacher of No. 3 in Wilmington township.

—The Sophs and Freshmen played the first ball game of the season. The result was a victory for the Freshmen.

—Rev. R. A. Browne, D. D., who was

tor a few years president of the college, recently made a short visit in town.

—The faculty seem to think that the present Junior class is endowed with more cents (sense) than the class just preceding it.

—Mrs. Clark, grandmother of Miss Gertie Clark, of the conservatory, is seriously ill at the home of her son, in New Wilmington.

—Dr. Mehard, so long connected with the college, has been chosen as one of the directors of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—One of our Freshmen does not seem to realize that he has passed out of the State of soulless prepdom and is now a human being.

—Miss Maggie J. Telford,'88, of Wurtemburg, was on the 7th inst. united in marriage to Rev. W. C. Adair, also of the class of '88.

—Miss Maud Hanna, '90, was united in marriage to Rev. Mr. Thompson, who finished his course in theology in the spring, on Sept. 6.

—The college year of '92-'93 opened Wednesday, September 7th, and gives promise of being one of the most prosperous in the history of the college.

—The lady who steals mysteriously up the back stairway with her arms full of apples should remember that there is many a door 'twixt the first and third floor.

—An unparalleled example of economy in the use of chemicals in the chemical laboratory: Miss McLarn holds her finger in the mouths of the acid bottles while pouring out acids.

—We are glad to be able to note that Miss Minnie Lewis, who suffered so long with a severe illness before and during commencement week, has almost entirely recovered.

—Ladies, ponder—You may wear silk, you may wear satin; you may know the languages, Greek and Latin; you may laugh, you may sigh, but you're not worth a — if you can't make pie.

—Some of the visitors present at the opening of college were Rev. J. A. Wilson, D. D., of Wooster, O.; Rev. J. M. Dight, of Evans City; and Rev. A. M. Smeallie, of North Kortright, N. Y.

—Miss Gertrude Latimore, of West Newton, spent a week at the beginning of the term with Miss Alice Semple and her sister, Miss Mame Latimore, who has entered the art department of the college.

—Mr. Huber Ferguson,'91, who last year held the position of Professor of Latin in Tarkio college, started on the 16th inst. for Princeton, where he will pursue his studies a year before entering upon the study of a profession.

—The many friends of J. E. Jeffers, of Pittsburg, were grieved to hear of his death, which occurred on the 6th inst. Mr. Jeffers was a student of Westminster college more than ten years ago, and was a brother of Dr. Jeffers, a former president of the institution.

—We are pleased to see that nearly all the old students are back at their accustomed places, but it also gives us pleasure to note that among them may be seen many new faces of those who have come for the first time to take their places among our ranks.

—J. Y. McKinney,'92, professor of science in Edinboro, had the botany specimens of last spring's class mounted and placed in a large case. When the State examiners came to examine the students, they were so taken with the specimens that they requested the case to be shipped to Beaver Falls for the State convention. The committee of the State fair also asked that it be exhibited at their fair this fall.

—The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception was held the first Friday evening after the opening of the term, and was the most successful one ever yet given. It was opened with an interesting program, which consisted of greetings from the presidents of the associations, talks on the object and work of the

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. by Profs. McGranahan and McLaughry, remarks by Dr. Ferguson, and music furnished by Prof. and Mrs. Thelen, Misses Comin and Caldwell, and the Philo Quartette. After the program, the time was pleasantly passed meeting, entertaining and introducing new students.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Indications point to a large graduating class this year.

—Two new pianos have been ordered for the conservatory.

—The harmony class is the largest the conservatory has ever had. It was necessary to divide the class into two sections.

—Prof. and Mrs. Thelen furnished music for the Y. M and Y. W. C. A. reception for new students, given at the beginning of the term.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—James Whitla,'83, is in town at present.

—James Alexander, '86, visited home recently.

—Arch. R. Robinson,'89, visited friends in town during the latter part of the summer.

—Miss Nettie Bell, '90, will teach school in Pulaski township during the coming winter.

—Rev. K. W. McFarlane, '88, intends to go to India as a missionary in the near future.

—Rev. W. C Adair, '88, and Miss Margaret Telford, '88, were united in marriage on Sept. 8th.

—Miss Flora J. Irons,'87, is teaching in the preparatory department of the college this year.

—Miss N. J. Spencer, '90, has accepted a position at Columbus, Neb., to which place she has departed.

—Rev. Tom Swan, '84, and wife, '86, spent several weeks during the summer at the home of Mrs. Swan's parents, near town.

—C. W. Eldridge, '91, visited friends in town recently. He expects to attend the Presbyterian seminary in Allegheny this year.

—Miss Mary Reed, '90, left for Henderson, N. C., recently, where she will resume her position as teacher in the Freedmen's school.

—J. Norman Martin, '88, president judge of Lawrence and Butler counties, is a candidate for that office at the fall election. As a man of unimpeachable character and high ability as a law judge, he certainly deserves the support of all good citizens without regard to political parties.

—Mr. F. L. Juillerat, '91, and family departed recently for New York city, from which place they will sail for India. Mr. Juillerat expects to engage in mission work. His many friends here wish him great success in the noble work to which he has departed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If you wish to converse with a man with a wooden leg, don't ask him if you may take him apart. He may not understand you.—*Selected.*

—

Professor in Latin (dictating latin composition)—"Tell me, slave, Where is the horse?" Startled Freshman—"It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."—*Selected.*

—

Spring poetry:

"My pen is poor, my ink is pale,
My hand shakes like a little prep's tail."

A liberal reward will be given for the author of the above.

—

M—— had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf." The "binding" was hastily torn off.—*Mus. Review.*

—

A Sophomore stuffing for examination has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a

way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help an ass from a pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

—

During the planatation days a young gentleman, attended by his colored valet, stationed himself one night under the window of his lady love, and to the light accompaniment of his guitar sang the following:

"Your bright diamond eyes
And alabaster neck
Strike arrows to my heart—
O Cupid.

The valet was an attentive listener, and the next evening to the accompaniment of his banjo, saluted *his* lady love with the stanza as he remembered it:

"Your brack diamond eyes
An' yeller plaster neck
Strike horrors to my heart—
O glue pot!"

The dusky belle was offended, and could not be pacified until Sambo assured her "dat dat verse is the identical verse dat Massa Harry sung to Miss Stella only las' night, an' dat's so, fer a fac'!"—*Harper's.*

—

AN INTELLECTUAL MAN.

Would you learn to tunnel through the hills,
Or solve most knotty problems?
Find an antidote for all the ills,
Or dissipate hobgoblins?
Ascertain the distance from the stars
Far in yonder heavenly span
From Jupiter to fabled Mars?
Ask the intellectual man.

Would you know the protoplasmic germ
That floats within our water?
The name of a thousand legged worm,
Or that of Pharoah's daughter?
The fruit that most abundant grows
In Eastern Hindostan?
Why, reference make to one who knows—
The intellectual man.

But if you wish to learn the latest score;
The horse that won the race;
The shop that has the swinging door;
Which fellow sets the pace;
Where eyes have ever softest glow,
In England or Japan?
If you really have a wish to know—
Don't ask the intellectual man.

—*Archibald Douglass in Columbia Spectator.*

—

THE NIGHT RIDE.

To-night we rode beneath a moon
That made the moorland pale;
And our horses feet kept well the tune,
And our pulses did not fail.

The moon shone clear; the hoar frost fell,
The world slept as it seemed;
Sleep held the night, but we rode well,
And as we rode we dreamed.

We dreamed of ghostly horse and hound,
The flight at dead of night;
The more the fearful thoughts we found.
The more was our delight.

And when we heard the white owl fly
And hoot with mournful tone,
We thought to see dead men go by,
And pressed our horses on.

The merrier then our riding song
Upon the homeward road.
Oh, whether the way be short or long
Is all in the rider's mood!

And still our pulses kept the tale,
Our gallop kept the tune,
As round and over hill and vale
We rode beneath the moon.

—*Ernest Rhys in Youth's Companion.*

EXCHANGES.

Williams will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary next year.

There's no rule so wise but what it's a pity for somebody or other.—*George Eliot.*

The average expenses of the class of '92 at Yale for the course have been $1,000 a year.

A tiny speck held close to the eye will blot out all the glory of the world and leave only a

margin by which we see the blot. I know no blot so troublesome as selfishness.—*Ex.*

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three quarters of it is a "lie" and half of it an "if." —*Music and Drama.*

According to Chauncey Depew a college education adds three hundred per cent. to a man's productive powers.—*Ex.*

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel. Our reason is the pilot that steers her. Without the winds she would not move; without the pilot she would be lost.

A western girl who married a dull English lord thus describes her daily life: "It is nothing but vivlet, velvet and veal one day, and mauve, moire and mutton the next."—*New York Tribune.*

The Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., graduated last June a large class of young theologians. The proposal to remove the seminary was not favorably considered at the meeting of the directors.—*The Thielensian.*

A VALIANT SPORTSMAN.

"A hare in the garden! Hand me a gun, Jacques."

"But, sir, it is five in the morning, everybody is asleep."

"Never mind, I'll fire on tiptoe."—*Monde Illustre.*

OBEYING.

Uncle Tom, (shaving)—You, C'loe! Fotch me some o' dat baby powder to smove mah face.

Aunt Chlove (to her grandson)—Chile, jist han' yo' ole gran'fadder dat pot o' chimbly soot.—*Life.*

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. IX. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 2.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '77.

(Continued from Sept. number.)

Anna Mary McKee (McKinlay) was a bright, bland, pretty young woman from New Castle; popular among the students, and seemingly well liked by everyone. She taught for three years after college. September 28, 1880, she was united with Rev. D. M. McKinlay in the holy bonds of wedlock, and has ever since been a United Presbyterian. Her husband says, "We began the hardship of a first experience in housekeeping in Chesley, Canada, and now at Barnet, Vermont, have settled down into the routine of family affairs. We have had three children. Our first born, little Anna, lived with us for five years and was then suddenly summoned from our midst. Our next is a boy called Leslie E., strong and healthy, six years old; last is baby Margaret, less than one year old." Up among the magnificent scenery of the Green Mountain State Mary and her family are living and working for the Master and for humanity, filling their place and taking their part in the world's unending conflict of good and evil.

Just here we find the only case of matrimony in the class of '77. Having spoken of Mrs. McKinlay, we now speak of Duncan Murray McKinlay, her husband and the husband of his wife, because he is next her in the alphabetical roll and nearest to her in all the relations of life. In school days McKinlay's common cognomen was "Dunky." Dropping for the sake of euphony the last mentioned name we find he is "like Brien O'Lyn, a Scotchman born; his ideas fixed—to change he would scorn; honest and earnest himself he applies, and don't see how others *can* do otherwise." Mac entered college a freshman and graduated with half the second honor. He was one year assistant teacher in Westminster, attended seminary two years at Xenia and graduated at Allegheny in '81. Like the rest of us he supplied for a time; then settled at Chesley, Canada; in June '83 accepted a call to Barnet, Vt., where he now labors. As we said before, Mac captured one of the sweet girl graduates of our class, and his marriage occurred on the same date as that of his wife. He is happy in his work and enjoys life to the full. "We have enjoyed," he writes, "some of the ups of life and experienced some of its downs; so far, have no reason to complain, having a goodly share of the comforts and friendship of those among whom we sojourn."

A. A Mealy, brother of the Rev. John Mealy, D. D.: the long man of the class—always Tony—never known by any other name. Always so full of life and fun that we sometimes wondered whether or not the clay of Claysville that nurtured him was different from the clay of other *villes* that nurtured other villians. Though he often tried he never succeeded in making Prof. Cummings believe that when he looked at the stove pipe he could see more than half way around it. Tony believed that—the Prof. did not, and both were so un-

yielding that neither one ever saw the other side of that stove pipe. Mealy and McClure were fast friends, always together; they could not endure separation; rather than that they went together the same hour of the same evening to call on the same girl and both talked to her at the same time. They were *so* sympathetic; when one was tickled the other laughed; when one was sad the other shed crocodile tears; when one had pain the other ached; when one was sick the other took medicine; when one coughed the other expectorated; when one got his feet wet the other took cold; when one sneezed the other took out last week's handkerchief. Tony Mealy went to the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, graduating in 1880; settled at Niles, Ohio, May of the same year; in Nov. 1882, accepted call to Enon Valley and was there as pastor for six years; then went to the Central Presbyterian church of Pittsburg, which he now serves with great acceptance and success. He married, on June 22, 1882, Miss Magdelene L. Dalzell, of Niles, Ohio. Two little Mealy girls are the joy of the home at 255 Locust street, Pittsburg. Tony implores me not to tell all I know, and I will close with an expressive and happy quotation from his letter: "My choice of life's labors grows dearer to me as time goes by."

Next is Nina Means. Her husband writes: "After college, for about four years, she spent her time in catching up the practical affairs of life, all the while living in hopes that I, Peter Swan, would learn enough to become her worser half." Peter got to the place after while, measured up to the standard and was admitted to matrimony, with Nina as the other party to the transaction. Soon after this event she flew with the other Swan to Burlington, Iowa, where they settled *down*, made their nest and have ever since remained. Four little ones have been added to them, but two of these have been taken, so that only two remain. Mrs. Swan has several sad chapters in her history, perhaps more than any other member of our class. Her father died before she entered college. We remember that her mother was buried the week of our commencement and Nina was excused from reading her essay on graduation day. She has been called to bury two baby boys, each about one year old, and last her only sister, Allie, is dead. She is the only living member of her father's household. These severe trials seem to have been sanctified, and give her a fitness to comfort others, and lead them from the darkness of sorrow to the light of love. She is a most faithful wife and efficient helper in the work of the church. She regrets her inability to be present on this occasion, and says: "Convey my best wishes to the entire class, whom I remember with kindliest feelings."

Miss Emma Meleord writes me from New Castle, a bright, spicy letter in which she declares, "I have nothing of interest to write; have no history; am neither dead nor married; never wrote a book nor had a breach of promise case; am not famous in any way; lived quietly in New Wilmington after graduating till Oct. 12, 1891, when I came to New Castle; taught one year in the union schools of New Wilmington; since then have had position as chief of cuisine in the home; do not expect to be at commencement this year, much as I would enjoy meeting with old school friends." Miss Emma was a bright young lady in school days; she took first honor in her department. We are much pleased to know she is as witty and able as ever.

Christopher I. Mullen, of New Castle, was with us one year and graduated from the Scientific department. He was fond of the Sciences; his intended occupation was law. I understand that he was for some time a teacher in this state and then went west. Every means has been used to learn more of the life and labors of this classmate, but without

success. In June '87 Rev. J. D. Lytle sent from Monmouth a clipping from the *Recorder*, of Holton, Kansas, published on Nov. 24, 1887. The article is headed, "Death of C. I. Mullen," and reads thus: "Mr. C. I. Mullen, principal of the Netawaka public schools, died of lung disease, at his boarding house in Netawaka last Sunday morning. Prof. Mullen came to this county from Pennsylvania about four years ago, and at once engaged in teaching school. He was a well educated teacher and brought with him flattering testimonials of his efficiency. He taught one year in the public schools of this city, and was generally regarded as an excellent teacher. He had commenced on his second year in charge of the Netawaka schools, and notwithstanding that he had to combat the disease that finally ended his life, we are informed that he was generally regarded there as a very successful teacher. Mr. Mullen was a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a peculiarly sensitive nature. Being crippled with the loss of one arm, his bodily affliction, and diseased and enfeebled constitution, seemed in some measure to affect his mind and disposition, and while he had the faculty of making warm friends, he was unfortunate also in making enemies. His last hours of suffering were alleviated as much as possible by the ministrations of kind friends. Captain Scott and others, of this city, visited him. On Monday Rev. Mr. Allison of the Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Mullen was a member, conducted the funeral services at Netawaka. The interment did not take place till Tuesday, on account of the expected arrival of a brother." So far as we know Mr. Mullen was never married. We only know that he lived and taught for a few years; then far from home and friends he fought an unequal battle with a fatal disease; and at last lay down to die in a lonely room, with the ministrations of strangers only.

Ella N. Reed. There were girls in Westminster red-headed and tall; cross-eyed and freckled and sought for by all; but this description don't suit her at all, for she was real small, and not tall at all. Not she! but a little dainty bit of a body, known as "that little Reed girl." Always bubbling over with life and good nature, bright and quick, a good student, and ambitious always to do her best. From Beloit, Kansas, she writes, saying, "I am by no means anxious to have my own history appear, but would like very much to know more of the whereabouts, experiences and successes of my classmates. The first year after college I tried teaching prep., but was far from being successful. From '81 to '85 I spent nine months of each year south, teaching freedmen in Hyne Institute, Chase City, Va. In August, '85, married Rev. Thos. Lewis and went to Shelby, Iowa; was there two and one-half years, and have since been in Beloit, Kansas. My 'principal occupation' is the daily round of household duties, and trying to guard the interests of a little boy five, and a little girl two years old. I hope to be in New Wilmington in June, enjoy meeting our class and hearing their history." We are glad to see you, Ella, and to know that your shadow has not grown less.

John A. Shannon had the misfortune to be born nearer to Mercer than New Wilmington; hence he entered college a first prep; he had a blond complexion, light hair, and gray eyes, and like myself was a United Presbyterian and a Democrat. His favorite study was mental science. John says, "The past fifteen years have not been a blank in my experience, yet when I look back to our commencement day in '77 I wonder where the time has gone." Ah, yes! John, so do we all wonder. 'Going out from Seminary he labored in several fields; was settled in DeWitt, Iowa, from '88 to '90; July '91, began work as pastor of the First United Presbyterian congregation of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is yet in that position. John married in September, '85, Miss Ola Anderson, of Hiawatha, Kansas. He writes that

"Mrs. Shannon thinks the supply system of our church a most excellent system, and I have no reason to find fault with the order of the church when it said, "Go west, young man." When you go down to the Prohibition convention next week you can call on John in his childless home at No. 498, West 7th street, Cincinnati.

Last of our girls is Miss Ina Stewart, of Mercer. She writes a good letter, full of contentment and happiness, expressive of her life. Like some others of our class her time has been given to home and friends. "God has been very good to me," she says, "and only the sorrows of others cast their shadows over me. I feel as young as when at school and only realize how fast time is passing when I receive such a letter as yours, asking my history for a class reunion, which, at graduation, seemed so far away." We remember Ina as a good student, a pleasant companion, a lady always in word and act. We are glad the world has treated her kindly; we are glad to meet her again and renew the friendship of former years while our feet linger on the shores of time.

We are proud of our girls—of what they are and what they have done. None of them have committed suicide and only three have committed matrimony. They are filling well their places in life and fulfilling life's great mission in doing good to others. Woman has come to her kingdom; this is her day and dispensation; and we are glad that each lady of our class is exerting an influence that is Christian and womanly.

Next on the roll is Wilber Virgil Stewart. Dear Will, the life and wit of our class. His home was Greenville. His family are well and favorably known to this college. He was a brother of our Latin Prof. Stewart, and of the Rev. O. V. Stewart, of Steubenville, Ohio. The latter furnished the items we here give. "Will was born July 3, 1856; he died of consumption at 10 A. M., Aug. 22, 1883, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. F. W. Bartlett, near Richmond, Wis. After graduation he did not seem strong enough to follow a profession. For one year and a half he was in Wisconsin in business that required him to be much in the open air. Nov. 23, '81, he married Miss Fannie Seward Humphrey, daughter of the Hon. H. G. Humphrey, of Hudson, Wis. They at once began housekeeping in Greenville, Pa.; there Will engaged in the lumber business. In the winter of '82 he took a severe cold which quickly developed into consumption. In February, '83, I went with him to Aiken, S. C He remained there about three months, without any special benefit. Returned to Greenville for a few weeks, then went on to Wisconsin, where he died. His remains were brought back to his father's home and interred in the family vault. His wife and little daughter, Jennie, survive him. His widow is now Mrs. F. B. Pearson, of Columbus, Ohio." Truly "death loves a shining mark!" Will had hosts of friends; you had to like him, you could not help it. He was by nature the keenest and brightest member of our class; he never failed to see a good point; he had an immense fund of good stories and told them in the most excellent and captivating manner. He was genial, generous and companionable in every way. He always kept things stirred up—never allowed them to stagnate; you could not surprise him or take him unawares; he was ready for every emergency and had a story to fit every occasion. I remember one day our subject was electricity. Several instances had been given of the rapidity with which lightning does its work, when Will took a hand and said, "Why Professor, that's nothing. Up where I live there is a man who keeps fast horses. One day some of his fast colts were out in the field and there came up a storm, and the lightning struck at the colts and they started to run, with the lightning after them, and they went three times around that field before the light-

ning caught up to them." Will's favorite study was Greek; his intended life work law. We were sad to learn of his sickness and mourned his death as that of a brother. To-night his memory is precious, and we can only trust that his bright, happy nature is filled and satisfied with the life of that good land of light that lies away out and up beyond the region of death. Surely it will be no small part of heaven's joy to meet there those loving, lovable and loved, as was our own Will Stewart.

Number 25.—Last, but not least, is W. M. Story, of Jimtown. Like Gilkerson he was "sweetness long drawn out;" or more properly, long drawn up. We don't envy Story; if he was bigger than we are perpendicularly, he was not so big as we are horizontally. His diagnosis reads thusly: Native of Pa.; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 175; hair, red; eyes, gray; whiskers, side and mustache; knees going in different directions; entered second prep; favorite study, the science of government; is a United Presbyterian, a Republican and a preacher. Story is older now; he has been several years in wedlock; a diagnosis taken this spring would differ from that of '77 and might sound as follows: Several stories added; weight 100; height the same; whiskers gone; eyes red; hair gray, if he has any; still a *United* Presbyterian; favorite study, the science of domestic government. Brother Story taught for three summer vacations after '77 and attended Allegheny Seminary in winter. "During this time," he says, "I was married to Miss J. A. Anderson and we lived and labored together happily. In spring of '80 I was licensed and went to Delaware, N. Y. I climbed the hills till I concluded a winged creature would suit the region better and advised them to send for the Hawk. Went west, was ordained and installed at Gawpoint, Ill., June '81, and there remained seven years. Was united in the holy bonds of wedlock with Miss Zella Belle McCullough, Dec. 1881. The boy who at college was a story and a half now became two and one half, and other stories have been added, so that the present dimensions are five stories and a half." In June '88 this brother was installed pastor at Oxford, Pa., and in '91 settled in Aledo, Ill., and is there now. He writes, "Ours has been the sunny side of life. We have had a joyous and happy time, and done what we could to make others better and happy." Ah, that that were the mission of every life!

So much for the history of the twenty-five individual members of the class of '77. If we have said more of some than of others, it was only because we knew more of the former than of the latter. Taken all together, they were a good gang. President Jeffers said we were the best class that had graduated up to that date. That was true, for he said it to every class, just as President Ferguson does now. The modesty of this class is remarkable. Some had no history, some did not want to write about self, some hesitated for six months to answer our letters, then sent a long apology for delay and added a postscript giving their history and making excuses for being alive. And yet we have done our part to supply the measure and fill up the record of human history. Our work has extended over a wide range. The girls have been teachers and workers in various lines, and have filled well their places in the homes. Among the boys we have the teacher, the professor, the doctor, the merchant, the lawyer, the mayor, and fourteen preachers, out of sixteen boys. Thes have organized several congregations, built eight churches and filled thirty-one pastorates. The aggregate of years the gospel has been preached by this class would reach over a century and a half. They were a pious set. In college all but three were church members. A diagnosis of the class published fifteen years ago gives these facts: Among our boys were one Reformed Presbyterian, three Presbyterians and eleven United

Presbyterians; the youngest was 19, the oldest 27; Republicans 13, Democrats 4, Independent 1; born in Pa. 14, Ohio 1, N. Y. 1, Va. 1, Scotland 1. Sum of the ages 513 years; length of class 104 ft. 4 in.; weight 2749; married none; intending marriage 18; 14 of them had been on contest, and none had ever been beaten by a member of any other class; twelve Adelphics and six Philos. Base ball nine of this class always victorious; two had lost their right arm; 17 had signed the Murphy pledge; all but three or four had the sublime (?) pleasure of meeting the faculty. The different stages of development were soulless preps, important freshmen, devilish sophomores, fighting juniors, dignified seniors. The titles they enjoyed were Mac, Hic, Jim, Bill, Davie, Doctor, Major, Fossil, Tony, Dunky and Bunty."

Our girls did not go into the diagnosis, as they wanted to avoid the monotony of having all sixteens in the age column. Notwithstanding this, we would advise every class to have a diagnosis. It is good to look at and is a great help to the class historian. Ours was headed with the class motto, *Astra castra, numen lumen*, (the stars my camp; the deity my light.) It also bore this inscription, *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*, which, being interpreted, is, "Perhaps it will be pleasant hereafter to remember these things." Five of the class remain in single blessedness; all the others have realized that courtship is bliss, and matrimony is—blister. Two have visited foreign lands; two are dead and 23 are living. Not one wife of this class has died, and only one husband. The children of the class are 48; 43 are living here, and 5 in glory there. None of the class have written books, or been overtaken by any great accident; none have been president; none have been hung. None have in any way disgraced their alma mater. We all love her and we love her children. We recall the good days from '73 to '77, the kindness of the people and the showers of fun. We remember Dr. Jeffers as our president, a bright, keen intellect and the best instructor to whom we ever recited. We remember Prof. Cummings as a most conscientious man in the performance of duty. It is said that in twenty years he was never once late in coming to college, and we know he was deeply concerned for the welfare of his students. We remember Dr. Mehard as the grand fatherly man of the faculty, for whom the boys would fight. These and those associated with them did much for us. They gave us such a start in life that we have been going on ever since; and we owe to them a large measure of whatever success we have had. We are glad to meet the alumni, but sorry so few of our class are present; we may be allowed to come again to commencement, and we may never come; but whether we come or stay, we pray that Westminster may continue to prosper. From this college as a fountain of knowledge may there go forth many streams to make glad the city of our God! And when at last we meet together upon the brink of the crystal river, and re-read our history in the shadow of the tree of life we will look back to this place and know, in the clear light of eternity, that it was good for us to be here.

June, '92. L. E. Hawk, Oneauta, N. Y.

PSYCHICAL SUPREMACY.

To investigate and explain the facts of nature has ever been the aim of science and philosophy. Some of these facts have been explained, others are only on the border line of discovery, while the many extend far into the unknown. Every mountain has its secrets, every plant involves a mystery, every creature conceals a truth, but man, the crown of all creatures, has within his being a mystery whose depths neither science nor philosophy can explain—the union of mind and matter.

That there are two such substances and that they exist apart, but few will deny. The fact of this separation is universal as man. In short

this conviction is at the foundation of all knowledge. Some systems of philosophy deny this separate existence, but no philosopher has ever convinced the common intelligence, or perhaps even himself, that matter is mind or mind matter.

That there are material entities and spiritual existences, we cannot doubt. Our sense-perception tells us of the former, while by intuition we know the latter. How marvelous the ministry of the senses combined! The touch warns of danger or thrills with pleasure. By the sense of smell we sift the fragrance from the balmy breeze. Through the ear the soul is inspired by the harmonies of sound. Images of objects far and near flash upon the retina of the eye, then are borne to the mind. What more could we ask than the senses give? They surround us on every side and with lightning speed from ten thousand guards send us messages from the material world. Still more evident is the spiritual world. For through the phenomena of mind we know the phenomena of matter and we know things through the phenomena which they present. To deny the existence of the spiritual and to affirm the existence of the material simply because the one is tangible and the other intangible, is a position of which any reflective mind would be ashamed.

What the soul is we cannot tell. Where the soul is we know not. But that every human being has a soul both intuition and reason make us all admit, and back of these we cannot go. But how does the soul manifest itself? A materialist will deny that there is a soul. He will argue that the brain has within itself the power of memory, reason and self-activity. If these powers are in the brain they must be in the elements which compose the brain. But physiology teaches that the body is a continual transition of matter, that the brain is but a passing stream of atoms. Then the elements of the brain are the same to-day that they were a month or a year ago. How then do we think or remember? Here are the new elements of the brain with all the acquisition and history of the past. Do the atoms as they depart whisper to the new comers and these take up the thread of conscious thought so deftly that mental continuity is not disturbed? To accept such an explanation would be to treat science with contempt and summon to our aid the witchery of magic.

Intuition and reason reveal to us that there is a personality, a mind, a soul immortal, and that the memory, reason, and self-consciousness are but the manifestations of this abiding person. Let materialists explain how any molecular motion or chemical action within the brain can produce that feeling which enables one person to give up his life for his friend, or another to sacrifice her life for her child, or what force it is that makes family ties so sacred, that inspires patriotism for state and country, and that binds all humanity into one common brotherhood. It is the principle of love, the greatest factor of the human soul that urges individuals to self-sacrifice.

It is evening; the day king still clings to the western sky while sending his golden rays across the billowy deep to kiss the mountain tops again before bidding them good night. The crimson clouds bedeck the canopy of heaven with one of nature's grandest paintings. Those sparkling orbs of night send down their light to melt in the coming twilight, while the peaceful waves flow in from the bosom of the deep to vanish on the sand at the shore. All nature is in harmony. The elements are at peace. In the midst of this sublime theatre of nature stands a man. The soulless dog by his side feels no inspiration from the panorama, while the man is thrilled with emotion and his whole soul flows out in adoration and praise of the divine artist. For in every ripple of the sea, in cloud and star of the sky, he he sees the workings of the omnipotent hand.

And thus the evidences of the spiritual are everywhere. Each grain of sand, the sweet murmur of the sea and the solemn harmony of the spheres as they go whirling through infinite space. All give us undeniable evidences of the spiritual existences.

The direct connection of the soul and body is unknown, but that they are connected is evident from their mutual dependence in every individual. Mental action causes physical change, and physical change causes mental action. A thrill along a sense-fiber, a motion within the brain, and consciousness, thought and emotion flash upon the mind.

How this transition from matter to mind is made is beyond human power to tell. This is within the realm of divine knowledge, and only when the soul has evolved into higher spiritual knowledge may it hope to look back upon this transition with even as much knowledge as man now understands the transition from the inorganic to the organic world. That the soul is higher in its being is also evident.

The history of all religious rites and ceremonies shows that the progress has been from outward acts to inward motives. The Omnipotent operates upon matter by natural laws. He operates upon spirit by a higher law, by revelation, and revelation appeals to the consciousness alone, from the very constitution of man it teaches the immortality of the soul. And being the influence of the divine spirit it cannot be false, it must be true.

The process of creation is one of progress, from the lower plane up to the higher, from the material up to the spiritual. In man physical development has reached its climax. Shall this law of development, permeating the entire universe, cease at man's physical perfection? This law of the cosmos, enduring for untold ages, has a grander purpose than the material completion of man. And in order to carry out its purpose it must pass from the development of the material to the development of the individual spirit; it must start in the realm of the spirit another cycle of advancement.

Thus history, revelation and the process of creation all give the external evidences, while the soul itself gives the internal evidences of its superiority. It is superior in its very nature, being a spark of divine energy, being the connecting link between the material and and the perfect ideal. And having the power to know its own acts and states, to be sensible of its own feelings, and above all the power of self-direction, it is superior in its range of truth; being of divine energy it has the power of distinguishing between the true and the false. It has all knowledge, all reason, and even the warnings of the Omnipotent come through the conscious voice of the soul. It is higher because of its endurance and activity. Matter shall be destroyed and pass away but the spirit is eternal. The body grows weary and needs relaxation but the spirit moves on with unwearied wing.

While the midnight shades surround us and the body is robed in sleep the mind is ever active. The dreams of night are but the continuation of the thoughts of the day. They are but the connecting links in the conscious thread of thought, and were the memory perfect one might follow his thread of thought backwards, step by step, thought by thought, until the moment of the first conscious action of the newly created soul. It is higher because of its importance and possibilities. How infinite the value of the human soul! Earthly treasures cannot equal it. Human computation cannot estimate it. Only He who created the soul is able to tell its worth. Being of inestimable value, having a divine given mission, is there any further comparison between the body and soul?

But what can we say of the possibilities of the soul. A substance self-active in its operations. Constant, progressive and eternal in its very nature. Must we appeal to the pro-

phetic art or has a goal already been made known. As material development was guided by external factors it needed no pre-established destiny. But spiritual development being guided by internal factors it must have a pre-established destiny. Being self-active it must have a goal toward which it is ever striving, and being constant and progressive, it must ever move toward that goal. And as the development of matter reached its highest perfection in man, so the development of the individual spirit has its highest perfection in the perfect likeness of the Holy Nazarene. Then when the Omnipotent shall touch the perfected soul it shall fully realize its own possibilities, and then it shall know even as it is known. Becoming entranced with this new acquisition, it shall forget these mortal bonds. For the body is but the casing of the mind, the material is but the framework of the immaterial, the visible is but the steps up to the invisible, and when the material is destroyed it will be not because it is inferior, but because its work is accomplished. The prize ring and all its associations gratified only the passions of the heathen populace. But in proportion as the intellect triumphs over muscle, in proportion as the sensibilities are elevated and refined, in proportion as the will conquers the baser passions of the soul, and urges the higher faculties onward, upward, ever seeking and ever finding higher, nobler, grander truths, the mind becomes supreme.

"Were I as tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean by my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

J. G. Houston.

MAN AND COSMOS.

The natural is emblematic of the spiritual. The realm of nature, baptized by the spirit of the Almighty, becomes the inspired messenger of thought. From its confines are brought the most sublime truths, from the loving, guiding God to the subject creature, man. Nature, clothed in robes of beauty, drenched in the sweet nectar of the morning dew, bathed in the glorious light of the sun, feeds the senses with ambrosial food. Then the mind comprehending the various mental impressions converts them into envoys of truth. The different forms in nature are transmuted into symbols of thought. The quiet landscape, decked with flowers; the prairies, covered with luxuriant vegetation; and the mountains, rugged and silent produce a feeling of serenity. The rushing cataract, the destructive cyclone, and the throbbing earthquake bear the impress of resistless force. The glowing meteor, diffusing its golden trail of beauty; the northern lights, illumining the starry vaults of heaven; and the celestial orbs, ever circling throughout space, fill the soul with a sense of sublimity.

These truths woven in the symbols of nature cause the heart to throb with joy, the mind to be stirred with fear and the soul to be filled with awe and admiration. The shifting scenes and changing movements in nature are the representations of the different conditions of man's immortal being. The same spirit that suffuses all matter penetrates the mystic labyrinths of the soul. The same power, that maintains the perfect harmony of the universe over-rules the undying soul of man.

Amid the countless phenomena of nature, unity reigns supreme. All things work together in one harmonious universe. Throughout its boundless realms, there exists an unending attraction that guides the planets in their unerring courses, that directs the movements of the snow-white glacier, forming the mighty avalanche and even the sparkling raindrop. By its influence, all things are poised in perfect equilibrium. Yet in the more profound depths of nature exists that mysterious power that produces the various vibrations of the magnetic needle. To its influence nature's

heart throbs in wild response. How analogous are these mysterious forces in nature to those that thrill the heart of man. How like the subtle influence that suddenly disturbs the equilibrium of the mind. It may be but an unexpected thought, a spoken word, but like the electric spark, it thrills the soul to its very depths.

But beyond gravitation and magnetism, more marvelous still the all-pervading ether that envelopes and suffuses all matter. Through this elastic medium, the rays of celestial light are borne to the utmost confines of space. By its swift winged vibrations perfect images of ever changing nature are woven in the celestial rays of light, so the various mental impressions of life are woven in the mystic web of the soul. Within the soul there exists an unending affinity. It is a subtle spirit that unlocks the hidden vaults of nature and reveals its secret treasures. It is the faculty that binds in harmonious continuity the different elements in nature and rising higher pierces the transcendental sphere of thought. Thus the temporal is but the veil that separates man from the eternal. The soul, clothed in the veil of mortality, forever seeks to interpret the various scenes in nature, to grasp the hidden secret of life. Manifesting itself through the highest faculties of the mind, man becomes the expounder of all beneath, and the interpreter of things above. From his lofty eminence he views the snow-capped mountain rearing its summit to the stars; still higher he observes the milky way, the pathway of the gods to the glorious palaces of Jupiter, and beholds worlds, and systems of worlds, harmoniously, majestically sweeping on. These impressions are conveyed by swift winged messengers to the mind. By arousing the reasoning powers man is enabled to proceed from the seen to the unseen, from the visible to the invisible, from the present to the eternal.

Fashioned in the image of his Creator, he has inherited a portion of his perception. The power to know, to will, to do, has been bestowed upon him. "Know thyself," is the watchword that enlists the highest faculties of his soul. He perceives in his physical being the most wonderful mechanism, and in his mind the elements of eternity. Removing the superficial strata, he sounds the depth of his nature and recognizes his kinship to the Infinite. Not satisfied with this, his ear listens to the musings of nature. His vision seeks to penetrate the unmeasured confines of space, the shores of eternity. With kindled imagination he perceives in his own nature the outline of the Infinite; in the immensity of space, the realms of the eternal, and in the ever changing phenomen of nature, the transition to the spiritual and unchanging. 'Tis thus, "he looks through nature up to nature's God."

The power to will, to do, is the emblem of his sovereignty. Crowned with celestial freedom, man becomes the artificer of his own character, which is the harbinger of futurity. Universal nature administers to his service. For him the sun diffuses its countless blessings and the earth reveals its priceless stores. His spiritual nature molds these environments into a realized will. It enables him to seek the highest ideal to which the loftiest flights of his imagination dare aspire. Like the gods of old he sways his destiny and crystalizes into a living personality the voluntary actions of life. Within this living veil is enshrouded a specific individuality. It forms the very essence of character, which becomes more and more fixed as the wheels of time revolve. It involves more. The seat of responsibility is enshrined within this living temple. It enables man to choose the path that leads to glory or to shame, and its decisions are far reaching and eternal since man is an immortal reality, an ever-existing entity.

By the exercise of his will he unites the various streams of knowledge and thus directs

them to a common end. He traces the innumerable agencies in nature to a single source and follows their converging channels with unerring accuracy. He grasps the secret forces of nature in his feeble hands and employs them for the accomplishment of his mission. He draws the electric fluid from the hidden recesses of nature and converts it into envoys of thought. He makes the ocean his highway and the air the supporter of his silken chariot. How grand, how marvelous, how sublime are the possibilities of man! What comprehensive faculties are his inheritance? Clothed with power, with majesty almost divine, he makes all nature subservient to his will and employs it as stepping stones to higher things.

Guided by the highest faculty of the soul man proceeds from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, from his humble sanctuary, up to the throne of God. His vision grows dim, his mind bewildered, as he gazes on the glories of eternity. He has reached his limitation, the boundery line of mortality, the region where the natural and spiritual no longer intermingle. The outermost circle of the natural touches the divine circle of the spiritual. That mysterious realm lit up by a light divine, bids defiance to man's all searching mind. From the distant chambers of the Infinite he hears with bowed head the thunders of the divine decree, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." There is a sphere he cannot enter, a line beyond which he cannot pass. It is the mystic realm of God.

W. H. R.

The sweet an' mild October in russet mantle shines;
The purple grapes are reelin' from the over-burdened vines;
An' the leaves are fallin' softly where the woods is dreamin' still,
An' the same book agent's comin' like two-forty crost the hill!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SELECTED.

First lady student (talking in the manner of children).—"Then I'll not let you slide down our cellar stairs." Second lady.—"I don't care; there are splinters in them anyhow."

—

"I hear that you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown, sadly.—"Multiplication, Madam—twins."—*Life.*

—

Nervous orator.—"We have broken our breeches, we have burned our boots; we cannot retreat now."

—

A boy with a bad cold describes his condition thus: "I don't feel well. Bofe my eyes is leakin' and one of my noses don't go."

—

Samson, the strong man we read about, was the first to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, when several thousand people tumbled to his scheme, and he brought down the house.—*Ex.*

—

Justice.—"Did you ever take an oath, Madam?" Witness, indignantly.—"No, sir; I'd slap the man's face who swore in my presence."

Ancestry of Dogs.—"Cats and dogs have a varied ancestry," said a naturalist. "People commonly imagine that in speaking of dogs they are referring to a single species which has many varieties. In reality the name is merely a conventional one, under which are grouped in popular parlance all of the domesticated canidæ. The North American coyote is in fact much nearer to the greyhound, zoologically speaking, than the pug is. It is simply a wild dog. So is the wolf likewise. From just such wild types man's faithful four-footed friends are descended."

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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OCTOBER, 1892.

SUBSCRIBERS to the HOLCAD who change residence should be careful to notify us of their change of address in order that they may receive the paper regularly.

THE field day contest on the 3d inst. was more interesting than such events usually are. The feature of having members of other athletic associations take part is certainly to be commended and we hope that it will be continued in the future.

AT present the smaller institutions of learning are suffering from the depression in the farming business. They are no exception to the rule that depression in one line of business affects every other; and especially do they suffer from a financial depression in the ranks of the middle class, because the majority of young men and young women who take a full college course are not of wealthy parentage. They come chiefly from the farms and hence the complaints of decreased attendance that we hear from so many colleges. It is to be hoped that there will be a revival soon in the interest of both the farmer and of good education.

THE seminary of science organized by Prof. Thompson for the purpose of studying and discussing current scientific topics certainly offers a very valuable opportunity to those who are fortunate enough to belong to it. If one would spend even a half hour every day during his college course in reading upon scientific subjects, the benefit in the aggregate could scarcely be estimated.

THE music department of the college is in an exceedingly flourishing condition this year. The very efficient services of Mrs. Thelen, as instructress in voice, becomes the more appreciated the longer she has charge of that branch of the work. Those who are under her tuition have nothing but words of the highest commendation to say of her. This cannot be surprising to anyone who has ever heard her sing. She possesses a voice of such sweetness and fulness, the equal of which is rarely heard off the stage. Certainly we have reason to congratulate ourselves, not only upon the very efficient instruction received from Mrs. Thelen, but also upon the delightful entertainment which she furnishes us so liberally and cheerfully.

THE time is fast approaching when every citizen of this republic will have the opportunity of exercising his most sacred right, the elective franchise; yet, singularly enough, how little concern it seems to give even those students who possess the necessary qualifications. The majority of them do not seem to want to go home in order that they may vote. This should not be so, since the educated young men of our country should be an example to the illiterate. One of the greatest

difficulties connected with a republican form of government is to get men to value their votes highly enough. Laboring men want to obtain redress for their grievances through strikes and lockouts while they neglect the far more effective method guaranteed them by the constitution. Boys, no difference what political faith we embrace, let us go home and vote.

THE work done thus far in the literary societies has been very gratifying and it is to be hoped that still better work will be done after the close of the foot ball and base ball season. The young gentleman or young lady who does not take an active part in literary work, comes very far short of being a good student, no difference what kind of work is done in other branches.

IT certainly should be a source of self-congratulation to every loyal American citizen that the present campaign is so free from personalities; that the dividing line between the two great parties is not a question of the relative integrity of their respective candidates, but one of policy; yet how singular it is that we can scarcely pick up a daily or weekly paper without seeing a cartoon of either of the candidates designed to bring him into ridicule. This practice of so many journals is the mere outgrowth of a desire to pander to the ignorant and depraved tastes of a certain class of readers, and should be resented by every thoughtful person as a reflection upon his intelligence. It is a great reproach to the American people that they do not manifest the same respect for their chief executive either in their conversation or their literature that the people of other nations show for their sovereigns.

THE time is at hand when the usually frivolous junior looks grave and serious in view of the "feast of reason and flow of soul" in which he is expected to indulge next month. If we offer a few suggestions gathered from experience, we hope that we will not be considered impertinent. First, let your theme be original; second, have but one vital truth which you desire to impress upon the minds of your hearers; third, do not attempt to take in the whole range of human knowledge in your exposition of this truth; fourth, hedge every point as you would in debate, being careful to avoid every assertion that is vulnerable; and last, but not least, be careful to make your subject prominent throughout the performance without mentioning it and especially should it be prominent in the final climax. Please permit us to mention another thing also. It has been the practice of previous classes to endeavor to surpass all others in the way of music and programs. The consequence is that the giving of a junior oration has become a burden to a great many. We recommend that whatever money is spent in this way be expended principally for music. Programs printed on brown wrapping paper would serve the purpose just as well as those furnished by an engraver at a much greater cost. It is also to be hoped that this year's class will continue the movement begun by last year's class and which proved so successful, namely, that of charging an admission fee. Expenses might be lessened also by having more performances on one evening.

THIS is the season when such words as these are to be heard on almost all athletic grounds: "Line up, line up," "Buck the center," "Foul tackle there," and other more or less elegant expressions. Even to the uninitiated these words suggest the idea that the sport that is being indulged in is not of the smoothest order, and that participation in it would not be conducive to refinement or genuine manhood. In order that this idea may be confirmed in the mind of any intelligent person, we believe that it is only necessary that

he should witness one game of foot-ball. However, those who play the game say that he is too hasty in forming an opinion. They affirm that the rules of the game are such that no one can be seriously hurt unless they be violated. For instance, no one is allowed to "tackle" a man by grasping him around the neck. This would incur the danger of strangulating him or breaking his neck. At anyrate it is too much like hanging and would therefore be disreputable. For this reason, presumably, the more elegant and equally as effective method of having as many players as possible of the opposing team grasp him around the body and fall upon him so that every particle of breath is expelled from his body, has been adopted. Again, no one is allowed to strike a player of the opposing team with clenched fist. This would incur the danger of someone having an eye knocked out or his nose spread over his face. In addition to this the odium that is attached to the prize ring might come to be associated with it. Presumably, that this contingency may be obviated, and that tone may be given to the game, the more refined method of allowing one to strike his opponent in the face with his open hand, or under the jaw with his arm, has been adopted. "Oh, it's not a rough game. Limbs are sometimes broken, but it is a rare thing that anyone is killed," as was the case at a neighboring college recently. Even granting that many limbs are broken and some lives are lost, these injuries are more than counterbalanced by the physical culture acquired. Like the old gentleman when his dog encountered the bear. His wife urged him to separate them protesting that the dog would be killed if he did not do so. He replied, saying, "That's true enough, Sal, but it's the makin' of the pup." The young man who is deluding himself with this kind of philosophy might take down that dust begrimed volume, that occupies a secluded spot in his library, and there read I Cor. VI. 19, 20, and I Tim. IV. 8, with much profit. Everyone in this life is merely the trustee of his body, and he will certainly be called upon sooner or later to render his account to the Great Prothonotary of heaven. He has no more moral right to wantonly waste his vital energy on certain occasions with the expectation that the final result will be increased physical culture, than he has to do evil under any circumstances in order that good may follow. A trustee of public funds has just as much right to invest the money that has been entrusted to him in hazardous speculations as any young man has to play a game of football. This game is the outgrowth of that inordinate love of excitement which is so characteristic of the young people of this age. It is the worst kind of intemperance, and the time is rapidly approaching when the authorities of our colleges can no longer afford to look upon it with approval. Even now, if a student of almost any college be discovered playing a game of poker, one of the worst features of which is the dissipation of nervous energy due to excitement, he is immediately expelled. It certainly should be a matter of great regret to every lover of true education that the authorities of so many American colleges encourage athletic training for contests rather than for the higher and nobler end of physical culture.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1869.

Rev. John L. Grove attended the Allegheny U. P. Seminary from which he graduated in 1872. He was engaged as pastor at Worthington, Pa., from October 1872 to December 1884. Then from January 1885 to present time he was engaged at McConnellsburg, Pa. He was married May 9, 1871, to Miss M. R. Wilson of York county, Pa. Number of children, four.

Rev. J. J. Hawk attended Presbyterian seminary at Allegheny. He was located three

and one-half years at Greenwood, Mo., three years at Bloomville, Ohio, two and one half years at College Springs, Iowa. After this he was engaged for twelve years in Home mission work in Eastern Nebraska. Married Miss Emma Reed in 1878. One child.

Rev. A. S. Aiken graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary March 1873. He taught school three months at Balm, Pa., five months at Prospect, Pa., and five months at Wurtemburg, Pa., before he was licensed to preach. He located at Lower Chanceford, York county, Pa., January 1, 1875, in which charge he still remains. Married April 5, 1882, to Miss Mary J. Porter, of Huntingdon county, Pa.

Mr. H. C. Calhoun removed to Loveland, Colo., soon after graduating. He taught school for several years and then engaged in farming and stock raising. In 1886 he went into the flour, feed and machinery business in Loveland, and is still engaged in that business. He was married in March, 1884, to Miss Mattie Love, of Fort Collins, Colorado. One child.

Mr. W. H. McCreery studied for the ministry, and located at Loveland, Colo., where he continued from 1874 to 1880. His health then failed and he was forced to give up pastoral work. He was county superintendent of the schools of Larimer county, Colorado, from December '82 to January '88; principal of Loveland academy 1880 to 1890, and has been in the insurance and real estate business since that time. He adds that he still preaches frequently but has not strength for regular pastoral work. Married October 26, 1870, to Miss Martha Marshall. They have three children; two daughters and one son.

A. B. Thompson, Esq., studied law in the office of Mr. Johnson Pearson, Mercer, Pa., and was admitted to the bar in February, 1873. Since that time he has continued practicing law in Mercer, Pa. Was married June 15, 1875, to Miss Eliza M. Martin. Four children; three are living and one is dead.

Rev. T. E. Thompson graduated from Allegheny Seminary and was located at Concord, Pa., four years; Fairmount, Kan., one year; Marysville, Kan., three years; King City, Mo., one and one-half years; Gallatin, Mo., two and one-half years, and Hawker City, Kan., six and one-half years, until the present time. Married June 6, 1870, to Miss Maggie E. Stun. Four children, all boys, the youngest of whom is dead.

Rev. J. C. McFeeters graduated from Allegheny Reformed Presbyterian Seminary in 1874. He was engaged in Parnassus fifteen years and in Philadelphia four years. Married in 1875 to Miss Nannie C. Dill, of Wyman, Iowa. Children three.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Miss Ada McKee, '91, is pursuing the study of medicine in a medical college in Philadelphia.

—Miss Jennie Foster, '91, has taken charge of the musical department of Volant Academy.

—Miss Jean Robertson, '92, has been elected vocal and instrumental music instructress of Knoxville College

—Miss Edith Shontz, '88, is at her post of duty again in Knoxville College.

—Mrs. J. M. Robertson, '89, died on the first of October. The funeral took place from the home of her brother in New Wilmington.

—Mr. Percy Gordon, '92, who is a professor in Duquesne College, Pittsburg, visited friends in college recently.

—Rev. N. Winegart, '74, has accepted a call from the U. P. congregation of Bloomfield, Ohio, and has entered upon his duties at that place.

ART NOTES.

—Miss MacDonald is working on a panel picture of two dead wild ducks hanging from a nail.

—A larger number of art students than

usual for the beginning of the year is found in the studio.

—Miss Dickson's crayon of kittens at play around a large parlor chair makes a delightful picture.

—Miss Barr is working on a reindeer which is standing alone in an open country, sending its glance far over the rocky plain.

—Miss Latimore's study of nastertiums makes a rich picture, the flowers being in all the colors in which this flower appears.

—Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen, from the musical department, are both in the studio, the former taking oil and the latter crayon.

—Miss Donaldson is painting an attractive picture of trees in the foreground, back of which is seen an old house and a little pebbly brook.

—Miss Chapin has also finished two studies in crayon which were of especial notice. One is an old negro woman and the other the head of St. Andre.

—Among the advanced pupils are Miss Chapin and Miss MacDonald, who have each finished very pretty pictures taken from still life. They represent large Siberian crabs of a rich red, some inclined to a purple hue, piled in tall grass. The pictures are very natural and give much credit to both ladies.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Princeton has a largely increased attendance this year. The number is now over 1,100.

—The new university of Chicago opened Oct. 1st, with about 500 students. Twenty-five graduates and former students of Johns Hopkins University have accepted positions on the staff of instructors and professors. A number of negroes have applied for admission, and it is said they will be admitted.

—It is said they have a newly invented machine at Yale for measuring how tired a student is. This will cause a great revolution in college affairs, for the professors can now feel the mental pulse of the student and determine what pressure of lessons and examinations he can stand. How would it be for the faculty of our college to order a couple of the machines.

—A joint board for university extension has been formed in the northwest, in which is included Indiana State University, Lake Forest University, Northwestern University, Illinois State University, Wabash College, University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, DePau, and Beloit College. This organization will publish a monthly paper, the *University Exchange Magazine*, edited by Mr. Raymond.

—Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, has recently made important astronomical observations in regard to Mars. The observations were taken at Arequipa, Peru. He has settled the dispute in regard to snow and ice on the planet, and has observed that the snow increased on the south pole during a "cold snap" and decreased when the clouds rolled by and the sun shown direct on the pole. He has located parallel mountain ranges, and the intervening valley through which the water flows down from the Antartic snows. He has also located the equatorial mountains, on the summits of which snow occasionally falls.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Mrs. Thelen has charge of the voice department this term, and is doing very splendid work. Her methods are of the very best known and success will follow to whoever faithfully observes her instructions. Of her merit as a vocalist we need say nothing, as her reputation as a singer of a high order has already been established. Her pupils number at least thirty-five.

—One of the interesting features of the music course this term is the course of lectures promised by Prof. Thelen. These lectures

will be given in the ladies' hall at stated periods and are for the benefit of music students exclusively. The first lecture was given some time ago, and proved not only highly interesting but very profitable as well. The subject was the great German composer, John Sebastian Bach, and the manner in which the lecture was written and delivered was very pleasing. We eagerly look forward to the next.

—An interesting feature of the literary societies is the music furnished by them. The interest in that line will not be allowed to flag. Already glee clubs have been organized in both gentlemen's societies, and each will soon have a good working orchestra. There is no reason why the music in all our literary societies should not be of a high order, for each has a fine piano and two of them have other first-class instruments. Although music should not have the first place here, yet it adds very much to the interest of the meeting and should be cultivated as much as possible.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get their college paper ;
Jack said : 'Sis, let's pay for this,'
And Jill said, 'That's the caper.' "
Go thou and do likewise

—Chestnuting parties are quite frequent.

—Mr. Will Barnes, of Homestead, is at home sick.

—Miss Whissen recently spent a few days in Pittsburg.

—Several new faces are seen among our number since last issue.

—The greatest excitement on field day was caused by a few drops of rain.

—Why are college horses always lean? Because they are most all Bohn's.

—Mr. J. S. Stright, '93, has left college to engage in business in Washington, Pa.

—Mr. Warden, '95, who was called home by the death of his brother, has returned.

—Prof. Mitchell filled the pulpit of the 2nd church on the 9th, in the absence of Dr. McElree.

—Mrs. Thorn, an aged lady, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Barnes, recently.

—Messrs. Dunn, Wilson and Shaw attended the contest of the A. A. A.'s, Saturday, October 8.

—Miss Wilson is very much worried over the loss of a button bearing the bust of Grover Cleveland.

—"Stolen fruit is sweet;" stolen eggs are not always. For further information inquire at the ladies' hall.

—Misses Gertrude Ramsey and Emma Hoyt and Mr. Potter were recently the guests of Miss Alice Semple.

—Mr. John M. Stewart, of Homestead, a former student of Westminster, was the guest of friends a few days ago.

—"Pipe" Byers was in attendance field day. He is still with his father whom he says he likes too well to leave.

—Jno. S. Donaldson, '92, who has been engaged in business in the far west the past summer has returned home.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson has organized a second scientific society, consisting principally of members of the Junior class.

—Mr. Hauley, '96, has been appointed printer in Norfolk Mission School, and has left college for his new position.

—Miss Annie Dick, and Miss Annie Young and brother took advantage of the excursion on Oct. 1st, to visit their homes.

—Prof. Thelen is about to organize a small class for the study of German. Special attention will be given to pronunciation.

—A certain young gentleman should remember when out chestnuting, that, when

least expected, the eyes of the world are upon him.

— Miss Mary Stewart, '92, and cousin, Miss Mabel Norris Stewart, of Philadelphia, recently passed a few days with friends here.

—Miss McNaul to Miss Kraeer when out for a promenade—"You step too short, I like Bigger's steps, I mean a bigger step"——

—President Ferguson was absent the second Sabbath of the month, assisting Rev. Wilson, D. D., of Wooster, in communion services.

—One of our students has taken time by the forelock. We understand he has engaged the company of his girl for the "World's fair."

—Dr. Ferguson has returned from Toronto where he was attending the Pan Presbyterian convention. He reports a very pleasant time.

—A chemical society has been organized under the direction of Prof. Thompson, which meets on Thursday afternoons after laboratory hours.

—Professor in chemistry class—Mr. McCormick, you may rise. Mr. McCormick—I can't answer. Professor—But I havn't asked you anything yet.

—Our foot ball team played at Geneva College, Oct. 10. Score, 42 to 0, in favor of Geneva. Our boys put up a good game, but played in hard luck.

—Mr. McDonald, of East Liverpool, O., and Mr. Houston, of New Lisbon, O., brother and cousin of Miss Marie McDonald, recently visited Miss McD. at the hall.

—Some of the visitors during the last month have been Rev. Mr. Nevin, Mr. A. A. Graham, '91, and Mr. Thompson, the two latter of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Critic criticising performer—The gentleman said on leaving the rostrum, "I believe this is all I have to say;" I think he should either not say this or else say something else.

—Messrs. A. L. Russell, '92, W. L. Scott, '91, A. H. Elliott,'92, and W. A. Denslow, a former student of the college, are pursuing the study of medicine at University of Pennsylvania.

—Instead of the usual sermon in chapel on the 18th ult., reports of the Y. M. C. A. convention at Northfield in July, were given by Westminster's delegates, Messrs. Sowash and Anderson.

—The latest fashion, instituted by a Westminster gallant, is to send a single large sunflower to a lady friend, instead of the puny little roses and carnations which have so long held sway.

—The first concert on the lecture course was given in the First church on the evening of the 7th by the Heywood celebrities. The concert was excellent and greatly enjoyed by all who heard it.

—On the first morning after his return from the Pan-Presbyterian conference, President Ferguson greeted the students in chapel with a most pleasing, entertaining, and in some parts, amusing account of his stay in Toronto.

—In the class history which appears in this issue the name of Miss Emma Mehard, on page sixteen, was distorted to "Meleord" by the compositor and overlooked by the proof reader. Read it Miss Mehard.

—The semi-annual field day was held on Monday, Oct. 3. Athletes of several of the surrounding towns were invited which made the events very interesting. Our home students succeeded in carrying off a full share of the prizes.

—Misses Mary M. and Mabel Norris Stewart, Mayme MacDonald, Margaret McNaugher, Margaret McClorne, Bertha Wilson and Messrs. McKinney, Veach, Robertson, Stewart, Magoffin spent Monday, October 10, at Neshannock Falls. A very enjoyable time is reported.

—Columbus Day is to be observed in New Wilmington both by the public schools and the college. The afternoon is to be occupied

in appropriate exercises by the children of the public school, while the evening will be devoted to original and select performances and to music by the students of the college.

—Visitors on field day: Messrs. A. W. Treadwell, editor of New Castle *News*, H. G. Wassen, R. K. Aiken, J. P. Whitla, C. W. Mehard, S. P. Emery, Ike Hughes, Dr. Donnan, Geo. Veach, Lee Raney, Misses Mattie Tidball, Hice, Peoples, Mrs. Loy Hanna and Miss Ada Barker, of New Castle, Pa. Messrs. Bannister and Reed, of Youngstown, O. Cronenwette and Ayers, Butler. Mr. Leech Maskrey and wife, Mercer, Pa.

—Republicans gave a blow out Friday. W. R. Thompson led the hippodrome. There was a large assemblage of people, principally candidates, what were not small boys. The Republican Club from New Castle evidently expected a storm, carrying as a defense red, white and blue umbrellas. There was considerable fizzle mixed with Roman candles and sky rockets as will most likely be the case in November.

—Westminster crossed bats with West Middlesex recently which resulted in a victory for our team. The game was very ragged for the first three innings, but after that both teams put up a fine specimen of ball. Leitch, our new first baseman, will prove a valuable man. Willie Dunn and Willie Fulton, with their side whiskers, proved invincible. We should win the inter-collegiate penant in the spring if other schools play straight college teams.

—Through some oversight one of field day's events was not on the program. We mean the pitcher race. Owing to the extreme modesty of the contestants it did not come off until the shades of evening fell and the "moon began to twinkle." Of course every one understands that in the pitcher race the contestants, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Houston, at the given signal started from Sampson's spring, each carrying a pitcher full of water, walked up the street for a given distance and returned with pitchers refilled with choicest specimens of "Florida's fruit" of onions, potatoes and tomatoes. The result of the race was a tie, and as each gentleman showed the greatest consideration for the other's feelings, the honors and the prize were equally divided. The prize was given on Thursday morning, Oct. 6, '92, in the presence of the gentlemen of the Adelphic club. As a college we have every reason to be proud of the pitcher race because the record was broken. Never, in the annals of athletic history, has it been equaled. The precise time was 24 hours, 6 minutes and 2 seconds.

EXCHANGES.

The power of ink!—*Byron.*

"A drop of ink
May make a million think!"—*Cynicus.*

"And put by scribblers into verse,
Would surely make two millions curse."—*Life.*

Harvard opened this year with an increase of 450 Freshmen, Amherst 153, and University of Wisconsin 285.

A new college is to be started at Houston, Texas. It begins with $200,000 cash, besides large value in lands and securities.

The various gifts to Harvard during the past year amounted to $373,850.37. A new building is to be erected on her campus soon at a a cost of $250,000.

Seven colleges and universities now publish daily papers. They are Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Michigan, Cornell, and University of Wisconsin.

Yale is to have a new telescope. It is now being built by Clark, at Cambridge, and will cost $50,000. The glass is to be twenty-eight

inches and will be one of the best ever constructed.—*Ex.*

Amherst has a college senate which cooperates with the faculty in the matter of government. The success of this method is shown by the fact that last year no instance of disciplinary action has been necessary.

American colleges have been represented in the office of President of the United States as follows: William and Mary, three; Harvard, two; Princeton, Bowdoin, Williams, Union, Dixon, Hampden, Sidney, Kenyon, University of North Carolina, West Point and Miami, one each.—*Ex.*

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us;
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision:—
Its heavenly beauty will be our own—
Our lives, that angel vision.

—*Selected.*

—There is nothing which pays such great dividends as labor. Labor is continually making fortunes out of nothing. And it is as impossible to keep a laborer who gradually accumulates a surplus of his labor or its products from becoming what is called rich as it is to keep the morning sun from climbing to the zenith.—*From "Labor and Capital are One."*

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SHINING LIGHTS.

Let us pause for a moment in the onward sweep of progress and notice briefly the historic characters whose names are indelibly emblazoned on the records of time. Let us observe the deeds of heroism that have perpetuated this fame; the acts of philanthropy that have given them an unimpeachable right of reverence from us; the sacrifices and noble works for Christianity that have won for them the love and veneration of a grateful posterity, and if we would venture to climb the mountain of fame, whose summit they have reached, let us carefully study the motives that have actuated them in this struggle for position, and examine the foundation on which their theoretical principles are based.

Looking back through the long vista of years, the dim and shadowy past resolves itself into a material form, and appears as a scroll on which are written in characters lustrous with the reflected splendor of their own glory, the names and deeds of the lights of the ages. A noble list, truly! A record we may well designate as the roll of honor of the world! Who can contemplate it without awe, or even bestow a passing glance upon those emminent names without a feeling of veneration? Then they are written, not by the historian's hand alone, but by the discriminating authority of public opinion that has exercised this right throughout the lapse of ages. There are presented to our view the honored names of famous ecclesiastics, generous patriots and noble Christian philanthropists, who have lived, not for themselves, but for their nation and their race; men, whose noble deeds of virtue shine like meteor lights of truth in the chaotic state of heathenism, indifference and infidelity through which the world has passed. A galaxy of stars in the horoscope of time! Although they have passed from the world, and perhaps one, two, three or a score of centuries may intervene between their time and ours, yet we still seem to see them by the light of their noble deeds, which, like the radiance of the distant stars which are millions of miles beyond the range of our vision, seems to bring them to our view.

Perhaps the name most worthy our love, honor and veneration is the name of Washington. "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." For disinterested love of country and noble patriotism, doubtless the world has never seen his equal, and he will ever live in the hearts of a grateful people as the country's champion in the hour of peril; as their father's leader in the dark as well as the bright days of the Revolution; as the preserver, under God, of their precious liberties; and as a man who, in a crisis, the like of which may we never see, refused the sovereignty of his country. We, as representatives of the people, do not forget him. The names of Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown are as familiar now as they were a hundred years ago. They will never sink into oblivion, but will always stand as monuments to his glory

and the glory of the brave men who followed him.

The thought of Yorktown suggests another name to my mind. With the brave American commander, we almost unconsciously associate the gallant young hero who left a happy home, loving kindred and bright prospects in the sunny land of France and offered himself as a private to fight in the cause of American freedom. His history forms part of our history, and the name of Lafayette will ever be remembered as the symbol for all that is gallant, generous and noble. While we remember this, we would not forget the trials, sufferings and dangers through which he passed for the sake of the priceless liberty that is our inheritance; and the laurel wreath that in memory crowns his brow is bedewed with the grateful tears of a free and united people.

A hundred years have passed since American liberty was established. A hundred years have passed since the echo of the last gun of the Revolution has died away. We have experienced all the vicissitudes of a century of national life. Yet we find that our country, placed on the firm basis of a government "for the people, of the people and by the people," through the work of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and others of those noble men whom we so gratefully remember, has stood the test of time, and has come triumphant through every trial, danger and difficulty that has beset us. The great ship of state, launched in the tempestuous waves of discord and steered triumphantly through the breakers of national conflict by the untiring energy of our wise statesmen, relying for help, not on their own strength, but on that of the God of nations, has been brought safely, at last, to the quiet waters of peace and prosperity. And while we know that everything is not as we would have it, that there are conditions existing that ought not to exist, that the cry of the oppressed is ascending to high heaven for justice on him that would trample them down, yet we believe that all these difficulties will be adjusted; that our country after passing through imminent perils of almost every kind, will not permit herself to be seriously injured by men who suffer the ardor of ambition to become the ruling spirit of their lives.

Now, let me say in conclusion, that while we owe a debt of gratitutude to those men who have performed so great a work for us; while we will ever gratefully remember Washington and Lafayette, and all who so nobly gave themselves, as it were, for the cause of American liberty; yet we should not forget that without divine help, the great work could never have been accomplished. I believe that under the watchful eye of an omnipotent God, for hundreds of years, events have been shaping that have finally led to the establishment of this Republic, and the realization of those hopes of liberty and self government that were but visionary dreams with the ancients.

C. D. Fulton.

THE MISSION OF THE NOVEL.

Since the beginning of the world there has been a mission for everything. Both the animate and the inanimate have their mission to perform. The birds of the air that trill such delicate tones. Those beautiful wild flowers stretched along the hillside sending forth an aroma which mingles with the breeze and half intoxicates one with its sweetness. The fish that swim the sea, then the domestic animals, as the cow, horse, etc The tree, the largest of the vegetable kingdom, as it waves majestically to and fro, stretching forth its branches, reminds one of some stalwart personage orating to some vast audience. The mission of these is easily defined.

But to come down to matters more germane to the subject in hand, "The Mission of the Novel." Let us first enquire a little into the mission of other kinds of literature. Take the writer of history. His subject is deeds of mankind in the past in

order that future generations may be instructed and guided by the virtues developed and improved and may avoid the evils into which they fell. The mission of the scientist is to observe and classify things in being and to lead up to future discoveries. As for example, mathematics, the science of quantity, magnitude and numbers and of the natures and properties of each. So in a similar manner is the mission of the novel. As a means of culture and a source of enjoyment nothing can equal it. No writers exercise so complete control over their readers. It largely furnishes amusement and rests the mind and surely nothing is so delightful as to sit down and follow the plot of some exciting story. A man during the entire day has been engaged amidst the bustle and turmoil of business. When evening comes, he picks up a novel and soon forgets his trials and tribulations. He forgets even his surroundings, all else save the novel. Of course there is danger in this. But, anyone will say that it is most natural and desirable to wish to forget for a time everything. To allow the mind to wander amidst the ecstasies of imaginary circumstances and allow the imagination to play where it will.

And too, as when you are in the midst of business you are detracted by a cry of fire. And there as you watch that beautiful picture, the burning of that vast building, the firemen, arrayed in brilliant uniforms, playing on the fire with hose attached to finely polished engines, also in the excitement of a runaway horse, of the arrest of a man in the street, etc, how much more then in a novel, for such as these and many others pass before the mind's eye in a short time.

It instructs in many ways. Probably the novel most beneficial is the historical novel. How much more we enjoy and how much more likely we are to remember history told in a pleasing story than in a book made up simply of dry facts. We also have scenery vividly pictured as in Hawthorne's "Marble Fawn" and many others. What a grand perception we can obtain from the novel of man's work in the fine arts, or for that matter in most anything. How some can picture a tiny stream trickling down a mountain side until one can almost see it and hear the noises it makes against its rocky bonds.

The novel also gives an insight into the domestic and social life. The works of Scott and George Eliot tend greatly to this direction. The former in his "Ivanhoe" pictures life in this relation at the time of Kings Richard and John. In his "Kenelworth" of the times of "Good Queen Bess." George Eliot in her "Romela" gives a description of Florence, its customs and doings at the time of Savonarola. These are very valuable for their treatment of domestic and social life of the past, for their history and for the amusement derived therefrom. Again it may be said to increase vastly our perception of human nature.

We have all classes of persons mentioned in a novel. Both the extremes and the more intermediate positions of life. You have the dude and the worst scamp illustrated on the same page, also the lady of fashions and the poor shop girl. Then there are those blessed with a goodly amount of common sense. These kinds of characters vividly portrayed in a novel are very likely taken from life or suggested in some such manner to the writer. By this we may see the good and evil of life and lay aside our sinful ways and turn to paths that lead to a better life. As an example of this kind of novel, Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's cabin, which holds up to utter abhorrence the crimes perpetrated on the poor slave. It is an elegant substitute for gossip. Take the average crowd, the sole topic at hand is about your friend, neighbor or enemy. This is not elevating but rather degrading, yet it is a habit into which one is very liable to fall. Whereas, if someone would introduce some late and popular novel, amusing and probably

instructive, conversation would follow, topics suggested in it bring out other topics and different opinions. But perhaps I have thus far treated of what, according to my mind, novels are. Whilst my subject, "The Mission of the Novel," would seem rather to refer what should be its true mission. What then should be the true mission of the novel? Whilst it may contain every attraction which is now thrown around that species of writing, its mission should certainly be the improvement of mankind, the development of truth, the encouragement of all the virtues which define the true man, and the holding up to abhorrence of mankind the vices which in all ages have degraded humanity, should be its mission. What a power then this novel would be in wiping out of this land and all lands the various crimes. When all novel writers learn that this is the mission of romance, much of the cheap literature which now degrades, then disgraces, this species of writing will be consigned to oblivion never to reappear into the history of the world. This I think should be the true mission of the novel. X.

COLUMBUS.

In a room of a crowded city sits a group of patient toilers. Back and forth, back and forth their agile fingers fly; and as they work, before the eyes a beautiful pattern grows, until at last the tapestry lies at the feet of the workers, perfect in every detail. Was it by chance that the threads fell so as to form the beautiful design with its perfect lights and shadows? By no means. Behind sits a master mind which determined the figures, the color of each thread and the exact position in which each should lie. From the throne of the universe an almighty mind determines the design in the "warp and woof" of human life, the color of each thread and its proper place. There is no such thing as chance. Long ago, in the infinite mind the course of human events took its shape, and every being coming upon the scene of action is placed here with some part to perform, some work for which he has been especially fitted.

On the shores of the blue Mediterranean near the gates of the sea-faring city of Genoa, in the year 1435, there was born a boy of poor and probably humble parentage. Pride has since claimed him as one of noble blood, but his greatness probably lay more in his undaunted perseverance than in lineage or even in achievement. This boy was no doubt very much like other boys of his time and rank. It is possible that he loved to tease his only sister and scold his two younger brothers. It is all but established that when his father most needed him to help in the wool weaving he was engaged with his fishing tackle behind some high rock. In short, he ate and slept, laughed and cried, played and worked like all other boys of whatever time or clime. For greatness walks the earth in much the same garb as inferiority, and the future discoverer of a world is not distinguishable from the common clay. It is the distance of ages that lends enchantment to an individual, eradicates all faults and peculiarities, and acts as a magnifying lens to bring out the goodness and genius. The youth beside you may be one of earth's future great ones, but to-night he is one of the many and you laugh at the thought of hidden power. So with this boy. His acquaintances would probably have sneered had anyone hinted to them a great future for the idling eldest son of the poor wool weaver. But as he grew a certain power developed within him. He possessed an unusual influence over his companions, a way of commanding them that they could not resist. When they had returned from a trip on the sea, and the setting sun was crimsoning harbor, and rising street and receding hills covered with orange and pomgranite trees, he would stand gazing out over the blue waves and a thoughtfulness would pass over his face; while the forgotten

boys would steal away, leaving him dreaming alone, till the rising moon changed the crimson to silvery radiance. Later he would join the groop of idlers at his father's door, and, as their conversation would turn upon the much discussed subject of the earth's shape, his slender figure would heighten, the grey eyes would kindle and the ruddy face grow brighter. It was noticed that he spent a great portion of his time over old books and charts. He began to grow away from his associates and was more frequently absent from their circle. Nor did his love for study and solitude escape their taunts.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,
They were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for
Hurled the contumelions stone"

Thus this boy was growing into the Christopher Columbus of history, fitted no less for his work by the spirit of the times than by a wise Creator's endowment—a mind highly religious with a mingling of the superstitions of the times, ardent, imaginative, modest, yet self-possessed, shrewd, authoritative, determined and self-sacrificing. A brave equipment for one who was to undertake a mission whose practicability was scorned by many, doubted by more and feared by all.

His father, recognizing the qualities of greatness in his boy, guided by the hand which was determining the life of Columbus, gave him what education his limited means allowed, sending him for a short time to the University of Pavia. Here he pursued the studies of goemetry, geography, astronomy and navigation, studies of much benefit to him in his life's work. The brief time spent here also gave direction to his religious bent of mind.

In the lives of most great men there is a time when the drift of events seems to be leading them away from the accomplishment of grand deeds. But it is the perfecting time, the chrysalis stage, when the narrow life, by trying the individual, but develops a stronger manhood. Columbus on his return from the university aided his father, but the work was not to his liking His ambition could not brook the lonely life of his ancestors. A call to a higher mission was sounding in his ears. In the quiet of his father's work room questions long pondered became definite in his mind. The earth was round. Over the western seas lay a nearer way to that land whose wealth was to loosen the heathen grasp from the Holy Sepulchre. Here while performing his nearest duty came a powerful inspiration. He was the one, called of God, who was to find the unknown way.

Gold and a true ambition seldom reside together, and Columbus was no exception. As his ambition rose higher his father's fortune ebbed lower. At last necessity, the directing hand of a watchful providence, compelled him to put to the much loved sea. If the doubtful history of these times be credited, he performed many daring exploits and met with many marvelous escapes. At least during this time there was constantly growing within him a firmer belief in his destiny. Turning to Portugal, after a time, he laid his cause before King John, who was especially interested in navigation and discovery. Every schoolboy feels a growing indignation as he reads of that monarch's treachery. Deluded by the king's fair promises Columbus waited while he laid the scheme before his learned men and secretly dispatched a vessel that it might discover the new treasure. Its fruitless return revealed to Columbus the underhanded dealing of the king and the failure of his plea. While this suit had been in vain another one had not proved so disheartening. During his residence in Lisbon he had sought and won the hand of Dona Felipa, the daughter of a navigator of some rank.

Disappointed, disheartened, but determined, he now sought Spain. King Ferdinand stood aloof while Queen Isabella was deeply inter-

ested. However, busied with preparations for a war with that dark power which had so long enthroned itself within the walls of the beautiful Alhambra, she had no time for other considerations. So the eager spirit was compelled to keep the hot fires pent within. As he stands gazing upon the tumultuous, seething mass of soldiery in the streets below, he sees them not. Before his eyes rises a vision of surging waves as they beat upon the unknown shores of a sunset land whose sands sparkle with gold. The shouts of the excited crowd strike upon his ears unheeded, for louder rises the cry of countless multitudes in whose hands he is to place the cross. The scene changes. And now Judea's sacred plains polluted by unhallowed tread, crying for a deliverer, pass before his vision. Patience, restless hero! No gold carried by ships of thine shall send crusaders across the plains of Palestine; but in the land of thy dreams shall arise a crusade against darkness which shall far outshine these. There the shackles of slavery shall fall, and mankind shall stand in a common brotherhood. There, God willing, the fetters of intemperance shall be broken and man shall stand forth in his pristine freedom.

Yet Columbus waited while the land tottered with dread pestilence and yet more dreaded Moslem. Oh the bitter, discouraging, benumbing time of waiting. There is an exhileration in the strife and clang of the battle. It is the pause between the onsets that tries the heart of the soldier. There is a limit to human endurance. Columbus is strong, but the strength of his character but gives promise of its weakness. Will he waver? Is it not enough that he has spent his youth's blood and nerve in planning? Must the fires of his manhood be consumed in idle waiting while the years of premature old age press upon him and whiten his hair with their fast driving snow? "But the darkest hour is just before the dawn."

"The massive gates of circumstance are turned upon the slightest hinge.' Near the Andalusian coast stands an old convent. One evening its monotony was broken by the arrival of a grey headed stranger begging for bread. It was Columbus, who with his orphaned boy was seeking France in a last faint hope of aid. The prior attracted by his face, became interested, and espoused his cause. The tide of his fortune turned. After the fall of Granada Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to help his enterprise. The king, yielding to her earnestness, consented, and the amount required for the outfit was advanced by the court treasurer.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, the rising sun cast its early rays upon three small barks as they pushed out of the harbor of Palos, upon which rested the destiny of a continent. With face intent upon the wildly tossing waves, Columbus stood already beholding the shores which afterwards met his glad eyes.

How much easier to have died when the first flush of victory lighted thy banners than to have lived after the battle had surged by and, leaving thee wounded and despised. But to thy lot was yet added this: that having unconsciously given to Spain a continent, her hills echoed no sigh at thy death but the relieved sigh of her grasping monarch. Cold gratitude of a cold world, that no acknowledgement of thy great work ever reached thee. But, as if flattery could soothe thy cold ear, there was blazoned upon an empty monument the tardy tribute of a nation's debt.

O, Colon! With a spirit as bold and undaunted as that of our eagle, as the shades of night gather around on this the four hundredth anniversary of the consummation of thy grand plan, we bid thee hail! The call of God was in thy heart, the oil of consecration upon thy brow. Thy martyrdom was not in vain. Thy mission performed was not for naught. The world may not know thy child by her rightful name, but to thee alone as parent she smiles

and every wind of her free mountains whispers thy name. To-day upon the shore of the lakes is heard the mustering of forces. From the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty, from every clime they come bearing tributes to thy greatness. Rest thee in thy island grave, forgetful of thy path's thorns, and may the waves sing sweet requiem over thee. On thy brow to night we place the laurels of victory. Thine was a noble heart, with a grand purpose, given by an almighty Master, and the world can say nothing better of thee than that thy purpose was faithfully performed.

ELLA R. GRACEY.

THE LEGACY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Throughout the universe law reigns supreme. The varied processes of nature, though seemingly distinct and independent in their unceasing activity, are referable to a few primal forces which underlie all natural phenomena.

To this supremacy of law the life of man is no exception. The course of humanity is not an aimless wandering, but an organized advance along a well defined path, an advance determined by laws, definite, wide reaching and enduring as those which rule in the realm of nature. Back of all human events are a few great principles, often unrecognized, yet guiding the destinies of man through all time. Among these fundamental facts of life one of the most comprehensive and important is the principle of progressive development. The advancement which one age achieves may be but small, its contribution to knowledge but slight; yet the aggregate of the advancement of many ages is the progress from savagery to civilization, and in this last decade of the nineteenth century, the question comes with a peculiar force: What will the present age bequeath humanity? What will be the legacy of the nineteenth century?

Never has there been a time fraught with deeper import than the present, an epoch marked by more marvelous events than the century that is just drawing to a close. Developing forces, which had long been chafing under repression, at last burst their bonds, and the result has been the progress of the present century, a period in which wonders, surpassing the wildest dreams of an Oriental imagination have become common, every day realities. Compared with the progress of the present, that of the past was as nothing. From the days when Cyrus the Great established the first postal system over the Persian empire, to the time when Morse set up the first telegraph line in the United States, the facilities for disseminating information did not make an advance approaching that which they have made from the days of Morse to the present. Fulton's invention has robbed the sea of its terrors; Edison has turned night into day with the electric light, and Stephenson has united the ends of the earth in the steel bonds of the railway. In the field of art and sience the advance has been even greater. The intellectual horizon of man is becoming more and more extended, and he looks with clearer vision, both outward upon his social relations and inward upon the capacities and possibilities of his own mind.

Yet the progress of the nineteenth century is not fortuitous. It is not by mere chance that such gigantic strides onward are being made in every department of knowledge simultaneously. The awakened intellect of man has accomplished wonders, but underlying all is the great cause of its awakening. Back of all the civilization of to-day is the great idea which determines its course, and that idea is freedom. Not mere civil liberty, but the broader, nobler freedom of the intellect. Growing and develeping as the human mind has grown and developed, becoming higher and nobler as man has become higher and nobler; the principle of freedom has appeared in varied and successive forms, constantly tending toward a more and more perfect ideal. Among even the most enlightened nations of antiquity personal liberty

was entirely secondary to that of the state. The state was everything, the individual was nothing. Under these conditions individuality was stifled and man could never attain that faith in himself and consciousness of his own worth, which lie at the basis of all true manhood. But a crisis comes. Rome, the representative of the power, culture and enlightenment of the ancient world, falls. The fierce hand of the Goth grasps the sceptre of the Cæsars and the treasures of antiquity melt away before the ruthless barbarians. But, coming in blood and fire, civilization has received a new idea. The northern invaders trampled underfoot the refinement, wealth and social culture of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, but they gave humanity something better, grander, nobler—they gave it freedom. From the wild, free life of their northern homes they brought the idea that man's rights are inherent, not deduced, and that individual liberty is dependent neither on government nor class; that freedom is a part of the heritage which every man has received from his God as an inalienable right. And through all the history of the succeeding centuries, while Europe shook beneath the tread of warriors, while the cross and the crescent waved over mighty armies and met in deadly conflict on her southern plains; and later, while Norman and Saxon were struggling for the control of Christendom, this idea was steadily growing and identifying itself with the life and thought of the times.

The sixteenth century came and Europe was stirred by the greatest event of her history; an event, the great, the vital importance of which is yet but imperfectly realized. What was the true character, the real tendency of the reformation? It was not simply an attempt to reform abuses in church government or to restore Catholicism to its pristine purity and vigor. It had a deeper meaning. It was the human mind struggling to assert its liberty. Man's developing intellect refused any longer to stifle its individuality and give up its freedom in blind obedience to senseless dogma or arbitrary formulas of belief.

Strangest anomaly in history! A poor monk dares to defy the whole power of Rome, and from his cell at Wittenberg launches forth thunderbolts that shake the throne of the Vatican. Too late haughty Leo learns that the coarse German whom he has ridiculed and despised stands not in his own strength but as the representative of a great principle; immortal until he has accomplished his mission; invincible in the strength of the truth. It is not Luther Rome has to combat; it is freedom. When Luther boldly declared the right of individual judgment, he struck the key note of the reformation. Not, perhaps, as he saw it with eyes blinded by the dust and heat of conflict, but as it plainly appears in the clearer light of this better era of peace.

Liberty now came in a higher and nobler form—intellectual freedom. For two centuries and a half the two great ideas, civil and intellectual liberty, grow and develop side by side until, in the dawn of the nineteeth century, freedom finds a champion. A young nation beyond the western sea dares to do what no nation has ever done before. Thoroughly identifying herself with this principle, she unites the two ideas and founds her national edifice on freedom, civil and intellectual, while humanity stands with observant eye and troubled brow asking: "Is the foundation rock or sand?" "Will America stand or fall?"

Wisely and bravely she held her way amid the shoals and breakers that beset a nation's course. The one great inconsistency in her national life, the one dark stain on her escutcheon was removed in the greatest social war that history records, and the pure rays of God's glad sunlight fell no more on that crowning witness to a free people's shame, the cowering form of a slave. America's honor was vindicated, her unity was preserved, and North and South clasped hands over the graves

where the blood of her noblest sons hallows the ground and where the tears of grief for the noble dead spring up and blossom into the forget-me-nots of a nation's gratitude.

Thus has the history of the nineteenth century partially answered the question of America's permanence. Yet it still comes with vital force to every American to-day.

Closely involved with this question comes another: "Is freedom essential to man's highest development?" If so, America's institutions being in harmony with it will endure. If not, progress will brush them aside to make room for something better. Man stands the last great expression of divine creative energy. Around him beats a great sea of life moved by animal impulses and instinctive volitions and determined in a great degree by outward surroundings. He, only, boldly asserts his individuality and instead of conforming himself to outward circumstances, he conforms them to his own desires and needs. He recognizes, within himself, a power higher and nobler than his environment or the instinctive faculties of a merely animal nature; a force which will decide his whole future. He feels that he is in the truest sense an individual, a separate personality, and that though woven into the web of social life, united to his fellowmen in the close relations of mutual dependence and helpfulness, yet by himself and for himself, with his own powers, he must work out the great problem of his existence, and joy in triumph or weep in defeat over a conflict more momentous to him than fields that decide the fate of empires. The battle of a life, the making or marring of his eternal destiny. A natural feeling of freedom and a desire for the greatest degree of individual liberty comes with this consciousness of a self responsible personality. His spirit refuses to bow before any other power than that great divine force to which it owes its being. He instinctively feels that that mind which can pierce far into the depths of infinite space and contain worlds in the comprehensiveness of its view, which can explore the mighty secrets of the earth and trace out the laws of the universe, that intellect which can bend the elements to its will and make the eternal forces of nature perform its behest, that soul whose gaze can pass the narrow limits of time and space and look into the very face of its God. He feels that this immortal being should own no master and that to compel it to bow before throne or potentate would be degredation and sacrilege. Hence man has striven blindly at first but ever in increasing light for freedom; a great struggle which, beginning with society and running down through the ages, shall cease only when progress, standing on the summit of human achievment, shall proclaim the eternal triumph of right in the final emancipation of man.

True, this result is yet far from being attained. Yet, just as the human mind attains the grand end for which it was created, and, having thrown off all the shackels of mental bondage, comes to understand and master itself just as it reaches that sublimest mental state, self realization, will the onward movement be hastened. Then the torch of liberty which America has held aloft like a glittering star dispelling the shadows of servitude and error shall pale in the full light of the perfect day, and an hour of the sunlight of the future shall witness greater advancement than days of the twilight of the presen .

In this last and grandest manifestation of liberty, perfect intellectual freedom, man's powers will reach the full measure of their development. Then and only then will he attain his complete, symmetrical growth and stand forth wrapped in the grandeur of his perfect and perfected manhood, "the heir of all the ages." Then shall the limits of man's achievement press farther and farther out into the infinity of the unattained, until to his perfected spirit united to the divine life from which it sprang, crowned with immortality and radiant in the unfading light of eternity's cloudless

noon, the unattained shall become the attained, the unknown the known, and the limits shall be one, the boundaries coincide.

And to human progress in its predetermined and solemn march toward this grand culmination of man's destiny, this is the legacy of the nineteenth century, a great idea with a great nation as its exponent. The nation, America; the idea, freedom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

He was a country fellow from away up the creek and paid a visit to the county town accompanied by his wife. He drove up to the side entrance of the hotel, left his mule and rockaway at the door, took the lady in, and followed a hall along until he came to the office.

"Anybody here keep a tavern?" he inquired, sticking his head in the door.

"Yes; I do," responded the landlord, coming forward.

"Can I get stoppin' here over night fer me an' the old woman?"

The landlord informed him that he could.

"I've got a mule and a rockaway outside," he went on. "Kin you keep them, too?"

"Oh, yes, we've got a nice livery stable attached to the house."

"Good; I'll stop with you."

"Well, step this way, please, and register," and the landlord got behind the counter and shoved the book out.

The guest approached it cautiously.

"Got to do any writin'?" he inquired nervously.

"Not much, only your name and whoever is with you."

"It's safe enough to do it, I reckon," he half inquired, taking up the pen awkwardly.

"Certainly," said the landlord, assuringly. "All the guests do it."

"What have I got to write?"

"The name, where from and so forth."

The guest wrestled with the pen for a minute or two, sticking his tongue out about two inches in his effort to get it straight, and shoved the book back again.

"Thar, that's what you want I reckon?"

The landlord looked at it with a soft and sunny smile said it would do.

The guest had written:

"John Bigley, mule and rockyway and wife, Bigleyville, Perry county, Ky., and so forth." —*Detroit Free Press.*

A FUNNY THING OR TWO.

Mike—"Do you know anything that resembles the half moon?"

Pat—"To be sure I do."

Mike—"And what's that?"

Pat—"The other half, sure."—*New York Herald.*

—

His Young Wife—"George, dear, I do wish you would get your life insured. Where would I go if you were to die?"

George—"And, great heavens! where would I go?"—*Truth.*

—

—Cast your bread upon the water and you will have chicken soup such as they advertise in free lunch.—*Hazleton Sentinel.*

—

Smith—"Jobson is wedded to politics."

Brown—"Yes, with a ring."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—

—"Doctor," asked the seeker after knowledge of the clergyman, "Why do people get on their knees to pray, instead of standing?" "They want to save their soles," responded the the clever minister.—*Brooklyn Life.*

—

Mrs. Newlywed—"If I were to die I suppose you would never think or speak of me again?"

Mr. Newlywed—"That's where you do me a grievous wrong. I'd always be holding you up to my second wife as a luminous example of what a wife should be."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE HOLCAD,

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NOVEMBER, 1892.

THE new choir which now leads the singing for the morning service in chapel supplies a long felt need. We cast no reflections upon the one who has done this duty alone, but when one person, placed in one corner of the the chapel, led the singing, the solemnity of the service was often broken by those in the other parts coming out at the end of each stanza on "slow time." To overcome this difficulty the faculty elected twelve of the students to constitute the chapel choir. This choir is given the honor of senior seats. The preps may still come out behind, but they will soon learn that if they wish to participate in the same service they will have to keep the same time as the leader. By this new order of affairs the music is much improved, and thus the whole exercise is improved There is no reason why there should not be good music in the devotional exercises. With such a good instructor as we have in voice culture and so many students taking voice, it can be ascribed only to indifference or carelessness on the part of the students if the music is not what it should be.

FREQUENTLY we hear such expressions as these in the class room: "Why, I don't think so," or "He don't agree with Hamilton." These are such flagrant errors that no professor should permit them to pass unnoticed. That they are often permitted is probably due the fact that the professor generally sympathizes with the student on account of his embarrassment, or because he is having some difficulties with the subject matter, and therefore he feels that any correction as to his mode of expression might serve to confuse him still more. In a sense this disposition is admirable in any teacher, yet it is his duty to construe the rules of etiquette a little more loosely in the class room than he would in his own parlor; and, likewise, it is the student's duty to receive corrections here as being given in kindness. It is a very bad advertisement for our college to have graduates who say "I seen" or "I have saw" in ordinary conversation. But, alas, how often we hear such expressions!

IT is amusing to hear some students descry those that obtain high grades as "faculty suckers," "first honor men," etc. They point out the brilliant members of their classes who take low grades from want of diligent application, and affirm that they are the ones that will attain prominence in the world. Just as some one has said, "All that a fairly good student of sober habits needs to do in order to immortalize his name among his fellows is to get on a big spree." Then they would say, "What a wonderful fellow he would be if he just wouldn't drink." So it is with these "brilliant" fellows, they have wonderful possibilities within their grasp if they would only make the effort, but observation teaches us that the students who go through college without effort slip through the world in the

same manner and consequently attract very little prominence. At any rate at this age of the world's existence more than at that of any other, there is a premium placed upon genuine worth as compared with "brilliancy."

It is not an unusual thing to observe students, whose home training has been excellent, to refuse to attend the regular religious exercises on Sabbath simply because the sermons are not entertaining to them or because the devotional exercises are not attractive. They persuade themselves that because they do not hear what is said while they are at church, therefore they might as well stay at home. Such reasoning is so ridiculous that it hardly needs comment. It is self refuting. Whether a person receives any benefit from a religious service or not is something that is entirely dependent upon his own will, and even if one's inclinations and desires are so perverted that he can not take any interest in the sermon or devotional exercises, the value of the influence of an approving conscience, because of having attended religious services cannot be over estimated, and vice versa. This is something of which no one can afford to lose sight. The repeated offence to one's conscience is like the repeated note of vibration to a bridge. The result in either case is that the whole superstructure is destroyed.

How frequently we meet people who seem to have an inborn desire for controversy, those who see their only opportunity for distinction in the world in opposing some generally accepted doctrine or belief. This inclination is so fostered by many that it finally assumes the form of what might be called moral prudishness. No better example is afforded of it than was observed in connection with the recent Columbian celebration. There were not at all a few people who objected to so much display by and in the presence of our millions of school children on the ground that it would give them the impression that Columbus was not only a great benefactor of humanity, but that he was a great and good character and one worthy of emulation, while from the controversialist's point of view, he was immoral and dissolute. Such fudge is about as interesting and as fruitful of good results as the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Even granting that Columbus was a man of bad habits, of how much importance is that to us who are living four centuries after his death, and who are enjoying such unspeakable blessings as the result of his dauntless courage and relentless perseverance? So long as the children of our land are ignorant of any shortcomings of which he may have been guilty, such a magnificent celebration as they witnessed on the 21st of October cannot fail to be productive of wonderful good, even if Columbus had been a myth. Life is so short that no one can afford to while it away by such fruitless discussion.

Everybody is fond of a good joke, especially when it is on somebody else. It seems a part of human nature to look out for something ludicrous. This would certainly be a very dry world if nothing funny ever occurred. But there is a vast difference between the practical joke and the sensational story, although some people seem to connect the two. A line should always be drawn between a joke and that which may cause sorrow or vexation on the part of others. The joke in which all concerned cannot find some enjoyment is no joke and should never be told. The little sentimental tale, when true, never does anybody good, and may be the cause of pain to some one, and for that reason alone should not be repeated. It may be overlooked in school children, but for any college student to peddle around such matters and take delight in it, truly betokens a very narrow mind. Such things never grow less in the telling, but like the snow ball when started to roll at the top of a hill, they increase in size and velocity

as they travel. The habit of going about whispering in another's ear that which is damaging to the reputation of anyone, and when at the same time an attempt is made to keep the person thus injured in ignorance of the whole affair, and thus unable to defend himself, is, to say the least, pernicious. The person who thus secretly relates to another that concerning the truth of which he cannot vouch, in nine times out of every ten tells what is false, and if false he acts the part of a coward in not telling the person thus injured. It is bad enough when the above is told concerning a man who is in a better position to defend himself, but when told of a lady it simply shows a woeful lack of good sense, and no true gentleman or lady will be guilty of it.

We sometimes hear this question debated in our literary societies: "Does more misery in the world arise from imagination than from real injury?" While it is not a desirable question for discussion, because it is one of degree, and therefore does not have a positive affirmative and a positive negative, yet it is one fraught with intense interest to a close observer. One needs only to observe the actions of his associates, especially if they be students, or to consult his own personal experience in order to convince himself of the tenableness of the affirmative. It is a common thing for a coolness to arise between the best friends, merely because one of the parties imagines that a certain word or act on the part of the other was a real or intended injury. This estrangement, by a perfectly natural process, frequently terminates in a quarrel. The one who has received the imaginary offense, unless he be exceedingly charitable, cannot avoid betraying his feelings to the other by his conduct, and this one in turn naturally reciprocates those feelings, so that the breach becomes wider and wider by every successive step. Would that every one could be made to realize the foolishness of such conduct. The whole secret of true happiness lies in one's believing that every other person is his friend and that he is a member of a great brotherhood of which our Elder Brother is King. Indeed it may be fairly questioned whether or not those who are always suspicious of some of their associates have a saving faith. By far the more misery arises from one's refusal to confide in others than from betrayal of confidence through misplacement.

Many inquiries have been made concerning the Junior orations. Because the faculty had not notified the class as early as was their custom, some began to think that they were going to depart from their usual custom and do away with Junior orations. But the Doctor dispelled all such surmises on the 1st inst., when he officially announced that the class would be expected to give orations as usual. It has been the source of much complaint that the Juniors are compelled by the faculty to give orations, and by custom to pay four or five dollars a piece for music, in order that they may better entertain the audience. The students say that it is not so at many of the other colleges; why should it be so at Westminster? The class of last year thought to lighten the burden somewhat by charging a small admission fee to the orations. Their object was twofold, first, that the door receipts might equal, or at least partly so, the financial burden; and second, that the admission fee, small as it was, would rid the audience of that uninterested element which always attends the free show. The latter was a success, and because of its great success the first was a failure. But yet if the burden is still the same, if it does cost five dollars and several weeks of hard work, does this prove that the whole plan of Junior orations is a failure? Can we estimate their results in dollars and cents? Are they simply additional work imposed by the faculty at the exclusion of equally beneficial work, or have they a place, and do they de-

velop the student in a way that neither the society nor the college work proper does? The latter we believe to be the case. If the orations were discontinued a great many of the students would not have the occasion to appear before an audience other than in their respective society halls prior to their graduation. And this would be a decided disadvantage. While for one to write a performance, knowing that it will be delivered before a large and attentive audience and that he will be judged by its merits, it will bring forth his best efforts. And a performance thus written is of more value to the writer than a dozen society performances or class essays each written in a week.

Rough and rugged is the road that anyone travels who dares to oppose the pet theories or favorite practices of college students; especially if they be of the sterner sex. Surely if Pharaoh could have been harassed by foot-ball players as much as the writer has been since our last issue, the lice and the frogs and some of the other plagues might have been omitted and yet he would have permitted the children of Israel to depart much sooner. However, the violent opposition that our editorial in the last issue has aroused, was fully anticipated. We would have been a Rip Van Winkle had we not discovered by four years of experience that a student invariably recalcitrates at anything in opposition to his hobbies; and that he will attempt to justify them by the most ridiculous assertions and statements. One of the attempted arguments brought against us was, "Didn't you enjoy that game with Grove City?" an account of which is given in the local department. In answer to this we would say, of course we did. We would cheer you most vociferously in any contest in which you might defeat Grove City, yet that of itself would not justify it. The fact that a Spaniard enjoys a bull-fight does not justify the sport. Again, at the entertainment given by the foot-ball club, ostensibly for our benefit—a mark of respect that we appreciated greatly—the whole argument seemed to be that the faculty is opposed to foot-ball. Now, we do not know whether this is true or not. The fact that two or three members of the faculty have expressed their disapproval of the game does not say that this is the sentiment of the whole body. We are sorry that space forbids much comment upon this latter would-be argument. Suffice it to say that it evidently has its origin in that perversity which originated with and has been inherited from Adam. The person who has no individuality or views upon anything except those that are conditioned by the individuality and the opposite and antecedent views of someone else, is certainly to be pitied rather than blamed. "What a terrible thing for one to wake up at night and find that there is nobody in this bed!" simply because his room-mate failed to come in. The stunning blows of these arguments were not all that we had to suffer. At the burlesque on foot ball given by the ladies of the dormitory, mention of which is also made in another column, our attention was attracted by a young lady to a cow-pumpkin with a tallow candle in it, and this was the remark that she made: "That is a bust of you"—a statue of liberty enlightening the world, as it were. Imagine, if you can, a young man revelling in the prospect of triumphing over some naughty boys, because a lot of pretty girls had espoused his cause, and then having one of them make such a remark as the above, then you will have some idea of our trials. "That was the most unkindest cut of all." However, we do not want to believe and will not believe that the innocent (?) girls could be so designing as to mean that for sarcasm.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1869.

Mr. J. W. Stewart, after graduating from Westminster, became principal of the Jamestown Academy, which position he filled for two years. He was then professor of Latin and Greek in Westminster College for three years. He then studied law in Cleveland, Ohio, and began practice in that city in 1876, where he is still located. Married October 5, 1881, to Miss Laura Meriam. Five children, four living and one dead.

Mrs. Hawthorn was at home nearly all of the six years intervening between graduation and her marriage. She was married to Mr. S. W. Hawthorn, Mercer, Pa., September 14, 1875. She gives her present occupation as farmer's wife. Children three.

Rev. J. F. Wright graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary in March, 1872. He was located at Glade Run from April, 1872, to July, 1881; in the Fifth church, Philadelphia, from April, 1882, to August, 1888; at Lackawannock, Pa., April, 1889, where he is still located. He was appointed by the Alumni Association in the fall of 1891 as solicitor for the Alumni Endowment Fund in the Presbyteries of Lake, Mercer and Cleveland, which work he prosecuted until sickness hindered further work in the spring of the present year. He has been married twice, September 11, 1872, to Miss Jennie Shaw, and November 3, 1881, to Miss Lizzie Hutchinson. Children five: three girls and two boys.

1870.

Mr. G. W. Hood studied law and located at Indiana, Pa., where he is still practicing. Married June 25, 1878, to Miss Sarah E. Ehrenfield. His first wife having died in November, 1889, he married Miss Adalene M. Quigg December 22, 1890.

Rev. M. M. Patterson graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary in 1874. He filled a position as minister in Allegheny from April, 1875, to January, 1874; since then in the First U. P. church, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Married December 11, 1881, to Miss Agnes P. Johnston. One child.

Rev. J. C. White graduated from the seminary in Allegheny in 1872; licensed Mercer Presbytery April, 1872; was engaged in his first charge at Mt. Pleasant, Ind., April, 1874, where he continued until 1880. He then spent four years in College Springs Presbytery and was then called to Hanover, Ill., where he remained from 1885 to 1890; he then took charge of the U. P. congregation of DeWitt, Iowa, of which he is still pastor. He states that he has met with the usual opposition as an advocate of the third party movement in regard to temperance. Married September 17, 1874, to Miss Ella S. Black, of Allegheny City, Pa. Five children living and two dead.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Sara Madge is crayoning some cows in pasture.

—A crayon of water lilies covering the surface of a pond has been done by Mr. Berry.

—Miss Irons is painting some wild mountain scenery. Two mountains, bare of trees and bedecked with rocks, fill the entire scene.

—Miss Bertha Wilson is doing some artistic work in water colors. A sketch of a country barn with two hay stacks near makes a very pleasing scene.

—Miss McDonald is doing a monochrome in brown. It is the figure of a woman clad in loose working garments, with arms bare to the elbows. The symmetry and naturalness of the arms Miss MacDonald had reproduced attracted especial attention.

—The number of students in art is continually increasing, and it now exceeds that of any previous year. This fact is due solely to the energies of the efficient instructor at the head of this department, Miss Hodgen. When she accepted the position here, about five years ago, her class did not number half a

dozen, and now the studio is crowded for space. It requires a large part of her time beyond the regular hours in order to keep the work at the usual standard. That this standard is maintained and even raised is manifest from the work that is now being done in the studio.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—J. H. Spencer, '92, J. C. Nevin, '91, and H. C. Swearingen, '91, visited the town and college recently.

—Rev. P. C. Criswell, '74, a brother of Mrs. Prof. Mitchell, died in Somerville, Ind., on Sabbath, October 23.

—Rev. Eugene P. Dunlap, '71, and family, expect to sail for Siam about Dec. 1st to take up again the mission work in that country. They labored for many years there and are eager to return to their glorious work of saving souls in that land of heathen darkness.

—A farewell meeting was recently held in the First U. P. church in honor of the Rev. Kennedy McFarlan, '88, and wife, who expect to sail in a short time for Egypt, where they will engage in mission work.

—Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, '78, has received a call from the U. P. congregation at Oxford, Pa. He has accepted the call and his resignation from his present charge at Lowell, will be tendered to Presbytery at its meeting to be held November 3.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—President Andrews, of Brown University, has recently refused to accept the presidency of the University of Wisconsin.—*Ex.*

—Football in every form has been prohibited by the University of Heidelberg, Germany. Duelling is the most dangerous sport which they will allow.

—David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford University, receives $15,000 a year. This is said to be the largest salary paid to any college president in the United States.

—Little Miami University is not only proud of her two sons, Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid, but she has added to her dignity by conferring the degree of LL. D. upon William McKinley, another favorite son.—*Ex.*

—Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal church, is the leader in the movement for the establishment a national university at Washington. The endowment and building fund is expected to reach $10,000,000, $1,000,000 of which is to be raised by Mrs. John A. Logan. The institution is to be for post-graduate students and Washington is chosen as the place in order to make available the priceless government museum and libraries at the capital.

—The fifth summer meeting of the University Extension and students was held in Oxford, England, in July and August of the present year. Nearly 1,250 students were present at the opening session. Many Americans were included and among the visitors were Dr. Buckham, president of the University of Vermont, and Dr. James, president of the American University Extension Society. In the opening address it was stated that five English universities and five colleges are now engaged in the extension work. Over 90,000 students attended lectures last winter, of whom 10,000 were artisans. The Oxford branch had double its work in the year previous to the meeting.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The new pianos—"Fisher Uprights," which was a much needed addition to the growing wants of the conservatory, we are glad to say are now in use in the practice rooms.

—Prof. and Mrs, Thelen are to take part in a concert at Butler in the latter part of the

month. The concert is given by the Y. W. C. A. for the benefit of the new U. P. church of that place. A new organ is to be bought for the church and the proceeds of the concert will be used for that purpose.

—A number of new music students have already enlisted their names for the winter term.

—The first students' recital of the term was given in college chapel Tuesday evening, Nov. 1. The manner in which the entire program was carried out reflects much credit upon the director and instructors; also the thorough acquaintance which each evinced with his or her selection only verified the fact that never before has Westminster offered such advantages as at present to those desiring to become proficient in music both as a science and an art. The program consisted of:

"Jerusalem the Golden".....Mendelssohn
Chorus Class.

"Sonata op. 49 No. 2".....Beethoven
Miss Emma Elliott.

"Fleeting Days".....Bailey
Miss Mary Graham

"The Sailor's Heart".....Adams
Mr. Robert Hamill.

"Pas de seul Gavotte".....Denne'e
Miss Anna Caldwell.

"Ario from Linda di Chamiounis".....Donizetti
Miss Birdie Clingan.

"Le Papillion".....Calixa Lavall'ee
Miss Bertha Black.

"Pattison Waltz Song".....Pattison
Miss Gertie Clark.

"Andaute con variazioni e Marcia funebre" .Beethoven
Miss Kate Adams

"The Postillion".....Molloy
Mr. W. H. Fulton.

"When the Heart is Young".....Dudley Buk
Miss Belle Comin.

"Train en route" Galop de Concert.....Ketlerer
Miss Maude McNall.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—"All honor to Columbus;
At him we ne'er will scoff.
Besides his great discovery,
He gave us one day off."

—Miss Mary Graham,'95, spent the first Sabbath of the month with friends in Allegheny.

—The first snow of the season fell here last Friday.

—Mr. Anderson,'94, leaves soon to resume his teaching.

—Heard the other night in a feminine voice: "Foul tackle."

—We are promised a series of musical recitals this month.

—When is that promised painting of the college to take effect.

—Miss Margaret Dick in chemistry: "Are steel rails iron or steel?"

—Mrs. McGranahan has returned from a short visit to her late home.

—A new house is being built on the lot formerly owned by Mr. Ramsey.

—Miss Mame Hopper has returned to her home on account of ill health

—Prof. McGranahan was recently visited by Rev. Mr. Hutchman, a college friend.

—All those who expect to take chemistry should take out a life insurance policy.

—Miss Alice Semple has returned from a four weeks' visit to her sister in Sharon.

—Miss Russell, of West Newton, is a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne.

—Mrs. Latimer, of West Newton, recently visited her daughter of the art department.

—Mr. Will Barnes, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is rapidly recovering.

—Mrs. Dick, of West Newton, recently passed a fortnight with her daughters and son.

—A number of our young people attended the local S. S. convention at Mercer on the 4th.

—Mr. Jno. Nesbit and sister, both of '96, were absent a few days visiting friends in Niles, O.

—Miss Emma Campbell,'93, was sent as a delegate to the State convention of the Y. W.

C. A. which met at Bethlehem, Pa., October 28–30.

—Miss Lillie McBride, of Washington, Pa., was compelled to leave college on account of weak eyes.

—Mrs. Houston and daughter Bertha,'94, have moved from their country home to New Wilmington.

—The students' recital, given in the chapel on Nov. 1st, was well attended and highly appreciated.

—A number of Bible classes have been organized in connection with the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's of the college.

—A section in the constitution of the Freshman class: "A majority of the members present shall constitute a qurrum."

—A valuable addition has been made to the equipments for senior chemistry. It is the turnip patch east of the laboratory.

—Prof. Thompson—Miss Kraeer, give me an example of heat produced by mechanical energy. Miss K.—Strike a match!

—Several of the young men are accused of using curling irons, the "Kid" among the number, but he swears he never did.

—Messrs. Anderson, Spencer, Nevin and Swearingen, all of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, were recent visitors in town.

—The foot ball has become quite a kicker having kicked four goals recently. For further information inquire of Houston.

—Prof. W. J. Shields, '85, has been elected to the position, lecture and laboratory assistant at the university of Pennsylvania.

—The teacher asked, "And what is space?" The trembling student said, "I cannot think at present, but I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

—"Kid" Shaw maintained that whichever of the candidates for the Presidency won, he would not have a pleurisy (plurality) of 5,000.

—Students will do well to patronize the advertisers in the HOLCAD when making purchases, as they are the best dealers in their various lines.

—Westminster's foot-ball team played their second match game with Grove City on the 24th. The game resulted in a victory for Westminster. Score 28 to 6.

—Miss Hodgen and Miss MacDonald are not satisfied with the art of painting but have taken up the art of cycling. It is needless to say that they are not so successful as in their studio.

—The Juniors propose having a banquet at the home of Miss Whitney, one of their number, in the near future. No doubt it is to celebrate their victory (?) in the pending controversy.

—Prof. Thompson, to second prep. class: "Did any of you ever hear of a case of delirium tremens where the patient afterward quit drinking?" Hopeful Prep—"Yes, sir! He died."

—Miss Carlyle, who has been appointed assistant state secretary of the Y. W. C. A. instead of Miss Dyer, who has gone to China as a missionary, recently paid a visit to the college Y. W. C. A.

—Miss McD., who is an ardent supporter of McKinley: "I'm a Prohibitionist." Miss A: "You mustn't go back on McKinley that way." Miss McD., excitedly, "Oh, I'm not going back on McKinney!"

—Miss McLaughry, reading from a book, "Mary showed that she could not be won by force of arms." Russell makes a movement as to embrace something, while a smile passes over the class like a ripple on a south sea.

—To all whom it may concern: Be it known, that if the editor-in-chief and business manager of the HOLCAD air their politics in the local column, as was done in the last number, it is without the consent of the local editors!!!

—Mr. Snodgrass, coaching a base runner in his sleep. Mr. Dunn thinks he will have a little amusement, and begins to umpire:

"Snodgrass to the bat. Ball one; strike one. Balls two; strikes two. Balls three; strikes out." Mr. Snodgrass: "You are a liar!"

—Mr. Wilson was recently presented with a medal as a sweepstake prize from the young ladies of the hall. It is very fine, and although it is one among many he has received, yet Mack says he will cherish it more dearly than any other.

—The Sophomores celebrated Hallowe'en in a pleasant manner in the large mathematics room. The principal features of the evening's entertainment were tafty, pop corn, nuts, apples and pepper, the last of which entered unceremoniously from the high window in the back part of the room.

—This quotation was tacked upon the wall at the ladies' hall at the recent reception: "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us." McMichael wanted to know what "wad" meant; another individual wondered if they actually had them.

—Hallowe'eners aided the Village Improvement Association greatly by tearing down the paling fences in front of Mrs. Haley's and Miss VanOrsdel's houses; but grieved the good people of the town, and especially of the college, by taking the street lamps from their places, and the psalters from the chapel.

—Dr. McCrory, of Pittsburg, lectured on the evening of Oct. 28, on prohibition. By request of the students, the lecture was given in the chapel. It was an admirable political address, being entirely free from that most prevalent and most offensive element in political speeches, that of the abuse of opposing parties.

—New Wilmington did not fall behind in patriotism on Columbus day. In the afternoon, after the presentation of the flag to the public schools by the Jr. O. U. A. M., an interesting entertainment was given by the children in the Second church; in the evening performances were given by representatives of the four college literary societies. Music was furnished by the chorus class.

—The following was presented to Dr. Ferguson a few days since: "We have been chosen as a committee from the Junior class to inform the faculty through you that we do desire and earnestly pray that your august body will excuse us from the laborious bore, and free for ever more the Junior class, from this burden, namely, "Junior Orations." The faculty at this writing has not acted thereon.

—On the evening of Oct. 27, the foot-ball team gave an oyster supper for the purpose of obtaining money to buy uniforms. It was prefaced by a most amusing program which consisted of choruses, quartets, vocal solos, whistling duets, mandolin and guitar duets, orations and blood-curdling declamations, all the performers being members of the team. The words of the songs, which were set to familiar music, while pertaining entirely to foot-ball, showed some little talent in composition.

—A most enjoyable event was the Hallowe'en sociable given by the ladies of the hall to faculty and students. Refreshments were served which consisted of the usual Hallowe'en delicacies. A burlesque upon the entertainment given by the foot-ball team the previous week, was ludicrous. All the performances (not the performers) of that evening were mimiced, and the songs which were improvised for the occasion showed a strong aversion, on the part of the ladies, to foot-ball.

—In the early morning of the first of November, while the college janitor was taking a morning stroll through the campus, armed with a gun to protect himself against any fierce freshmen who might be lurking about, he encountered three desperate looking characters and with great personal courage boldly attacked the three, single handed, and succeeded at considerable personal risk in driving them from the campus. They are supposed to have belonged to some band of

gypsies who were no doubt camping somewhere in this vicinity.

—Mr. Russell, confidently to Mr. Donaldson: "Here, John, don't you wan't those examination questions in Anglo Saxon? Here they are in this book; I copied them from the blackboard this morning. Give them to Reed." Donaldson was never known to miss such a "snap," therefore took the book and handed it to Reed, telling him of its contents. Reed was busily engaged copying the questions when, presto! Donaldson observed that they were the questions that he had tried to answer the day before in German. You can imagine the boys' disappointment.

—Some things we would like to see:
Good skating;
Junior orations(?);
A good restaurant;
More interest in athletics;
The college have a coat of paint;
The much talked of water works;
The halls of the college building heated;
A larger subscription list to the HOLCAD;
A few additions to last borough ordinance(?);
An athletic grounds with gymnasium attached.

EXCHANGES.

Paderewski is critically ill in Paris.

Each hour of college life is trembling with eternal destinies.— *Ex.*

The best article we have seen on American tin plate was custard pie.—*Danville Breeze.*

We notice a column in *The Lawrentian*, "Marriages." We do not advance quite that far here.

Quite a number of our exchanges do not have an exchange column. We think this to be a valuable addition to the paper as it gives opportunity for refuting or commenting on various articles.

The birth place of Shakespeare was visited by more than 20,000 travelers during the year.—*Ex.*

On the 29th ult. Yale College entered upon the one hundred and ninety-third year of its existence.—*Ex.*

Among our exchanges we notice *The High School Bulletin*, which is surely quite an addition to our list.

We notice an article in *The Washington and Jefferson*, "Opposition a Means of Progress," in which the writer ably defends his theme.

In *The Bethany Collegian* we observe a carefully prepared article on the value of earnest literary work in our societies. Every student should read it.

One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew bible now in the library of the Vatican at Rome. This makes it the most valuable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go. —*Ex.*

We welcome to our exchange list the *Phoenix*, of Tarkio college. It contains a well written essay on "In touch with nature." All the articles are good and exhibit the energetic and progressive spirit which characterizes this rising institution.

The Pharos, the organ of the Missouri Wesleyan College, which has but recently come to us as an exchange, is a bright and newsy monthly of about fifteen pages. Judging from the appearance and tone of the paper the college is opening under most favorable circumstances.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PROFESSOR UNDERSTOOD.

Tom Aniery, a student, applied to the professor for permission to be absent.

"I should like to be excused this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out driving."

The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spestacles and said slowly:

"Want to take your sister out driving, do you? Is she any relation to you?"

STOPPED IN TIME.

"What is the meaning of the Shakespearian expression, 'Go to' ?"

"That is an illustration of the politeness of the Elizabethan age."

"How so?"

"Well, they were too polite to say where to."—*Town Topics.*

Wiggs—I got hot at that stupid stage manager in the ghost scene last night, and I told him to go to thunder.

Futlites—What did he say?

Wiggs—Nothing; went behind the scenes and began to rattle the zinc for all he was worth.—*Exchange*

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THE HOLCAD.

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HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

"Heredity is the biological law by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their posterity." All through the vegetable and animal kingdoms this law is paramount. Each plant and animal propagates its own species and none other. They go still further and stamp their own individuality upon their offspring. This is particularly true with regard to man. It is very common to hear that such and such a child looks like his father or is the very image of his mother. The resemblance may be manifest in the limbs, the trunk, the head, and even in the hair and nails, but especially in the countenance and expression. The child may resemble either or both of his parents. In early life he may resemble the one and in later life the other. He may have the complexion of the one and the features of the other. Even the habits and movements of the parents are very often noticed in the children. Hereditary diseases were recognized by the Greek physicians more than two thousand years ago. It is generally known and admitted that every form of vital energy is hereditary; that man as a physiological being tends to reproduce himself in his posterity in both form, appearance and habit. Is the same true with regard to man as a psychological being? It takes but little observation on the part of the inquirer to satisfy himself that instinct and the lower forms of psychical life are hereditary. The duckling when hatched by a hen makes straight for the water; a bird hatched in a cage when given its freedom will build a nest like that of its parents, out of the same materials and the same shape; the squirrel, before it knows anything of winter, lays up its store of nuts. But instinct is not always invariable. The bee, under different circumstances, can modify its cells. In many species of birds the mode of nest building varies according to the nature of the soil, the location and temperature of the country. Instinct is capable of modification within certain limits, when subjected to strong and lasting influences. These modifications themselves are transmitted. If a wild animal is tamed for several generations the offspring becomes tame from birth. Many facts show that acquired instincts as well as those that are natural are transmitted by heredity. All the sensorial qualities—touch, sight, hearing, smell and taste—are transmissible. One of the most familiar forms of hyper-asthesia of the touch is the sensibility to tickling. There are whole families insensible to this, while others are so sensible to it that the slightest touch will produce syncope. Examples are not wanting which show that short sightedness and color blindness are hereditary. Deafness as well as the ability to catch the "over tunes" of musical notes are handed down to posterity. The same is also true of peculiarities of taste and smell

The gift of memory was wonderfully devel-

oped among the Greeks, and in many cases it appears to have been hereditary. The father of the two Senicas who were noted for their memory could repeat two thousand words in the order in which he heard them. The history of art shows that creative imagination is transmissible by heredity. We often find families of musicians, poets and painters. Much of this might possibly be the result of education, yet the creative imagination is, probably, of all the faculties, the one that it is least possible to produce artificially. When we consider such families as the Bassono and Calagari among the painters, and the Boch and Mozart families among the musicians, heredity appears to be the only explanation.

But are the higher like the lower modes of intellect transmissible! Are the faculties of abstraction, judgment and invention governed by heredity as are the perceptive faculties? If the lower forms of mental life are hereditary, as the facts plainly indicate, it might be logically inferred that the higher forms would also be hereditary. This inference is substantiated by the evidence. It is very common to find great intellectual powers in the same family for generations. This is so common that an exception to the rule is noticed and commented upon at once.

The sentiments and passions are hereditary. This law is recognized by stock raisers. Animals, if vicious, will bring forth offspring which are vicious. The passion known as dipsomania, or alcoholism, is so frequently transmitted that all are agreed in considering its heredity as the rule. Not, however, that the passion for drink is always transmitted in that identical form, for it often degenerates into mania and idiocy. Conversely, insanity may produce alcoholism in the descendant. Gluttony and voracity seldom lead to such deplorable results as alcoholism. Yet it is not difficult to find families in which voracity is inherited. This has been observed in the Bourbons of France. Saint Simon informs us that Lewis XIV. was a man of extraordinary greediness, and that the same was the case with his brother. Nearly all the kings' sons were gormands and great eaters.

That avarice, theft and murder are very often hereditary the record of almost any criminal court will verify. Insanity and passion appear to be very closely allied. Either in the parent is very likely to produce the other in his posterity. The two forms of heredity seem to be really one. Great statesmen and great generals must possess great power of will in connection with other faculties of a high order. History shows that this sum of qualities is transmissible as a whole or in parts. Like every other faculty strong will power is hereditary.

Certain psychological characteristics are transmitted and fixed in a people, as in a family, by heredity. The character of a people determines their manners and creeds, and these determine their institutions. Every nation, or people, have characteristics which are peculiarly their own. The Jewish race still preserves a predominance of sentiment and imagination. Their character, disposition and looks seem to have changed but little during many centuries.

The gypsies afford a striking example of the hereditary conservation of certain psychological characteristics. They are found in all countries, but in a general way, they all present the same striking appearance. The features are sharp, hair jet black, fine white teeth and bright eyes. Intellectually they appear to be as thoughtless and frivolous as children. They believe everything and nothing. They are specially characterized by their love, their inborn need of vagabondage and an adventurous life. They abhor civilization as slavery. They offer a curious instance of a native incapacity, preserved and transmitted by heredity, for adaptation to civilized life. The question now arises, are the modes of mental life transmissible under their morbid, as they are under

their moral forms? Does the study of mental diseases contribute its quota of evidence in favor of heredity? Facts affirm that it does. The transmission of insanity is so frequent, and evidenced by such striking facts, that the most inattentive observer has been struck by it. Three relatives were placed at the same time in a lunatic asylum in Philadelphia. In a Connecticut asylum there was once a lunatic, the eleventh in his family. Dr. Lucas makes mention of a lady who was the eighth. The record of almost every asylum will show similar instances. It is evident that the mind with all its faculties is subject, like the body, to the laws of heredity. From the foregoing evidence heredity comes before us with the evidence of an axiom. In the physical, as in the moral order, every animal necessarily inherits the characteristics of its species. An animal which should possess with the organism of its own species the instinct of another would be a monster in the psychological order. The ant can neither have the sensations nor perform the actions of the bee, nor the beaver of the wolf. Just so in one and the same species, whether animal or human, the races preserve their psychical precisely as they do their physiological characteristics. As regards man there is not one which does not present permanent moral characteristics which belong in common to the whole race. Under the specific form, then, mental heredity is unquestionable and the only doubt possible would have reference to individual characteristics. But, the facts show that the cases of individual heredity are too numerous to be the result of mere chance. Psychological heredity has its cause in physiological heredity, and this in turn has its cause in partial identity of the materials constituting the organism of both parent and child and in division of this substance at reproduction. The law of heredity is really the law of identity. It might be asked, if this be the law, why are there so many exceptions to it. Why in reality are there so few children like their parents to any particular degree? What causes such a variety among mankind? It is claimed by some noted authors that these do not furnish contradictions to the law, but merely show how little we know of the law; that if we knew all the causes at play that we would see that everything worked in harmony with the law of heredity; that the will is not free but is governed by causes and motives of which the mind is not conscious. This theory does not appear to stand the test of reason. The law of heredity is beyond contradiction. This law together with the influence of environment may explain all the varieties in nature up to man, but man is a law unto himself. He is the only being in the universe endowed with freedom. He is the only animal that can overcome the laws of heredity; that can react on his environments. While he is subject to the laws of heredity, he is endowed with a power which places him far above that law; which gives him the power of choice; makes him a free agent and a moral being. It is this personal factor, this *ego* which mysteriously breaks in on the series of causes and effects. It is this which distinguishes and differentiates him from what is not himself; this it is by which his ideas, his sentiments, his sensations, his volitions are given to him as his own, and not as the phenomena of something outside of himself. This freedom of will renders man subject to influences from without as well as to the influences from within. He can resist either, and is always given the power of choice as to which one he shall allow to control his actions. The one is the influence of heredity; the other the influence of environment.

Among the great facts which have come into prominence during the last half century, heredity is perhaps the most important. It has been recognized in all ages. It never was more clearly stated than in the ten commandments: "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous

God, visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto a thousand generations of them that love me and keep my commandments." This fact, as science interprets it, shows that it is the tendency of disease and evil to run to the third and fourth generations, seldom to the fifth, and that then there is reversal to the original type, which is always beautiful and beneficent. On the other hand, in the nature of things, that which is good continues so until corrupted. Heredity tends to permanence and environment to change. The characteristic of the first is that it reproduces the past; of the second, that it adapts to new conditions that which has come from the past. Every child is the product of all preceding generations. He is not himself alone, but a body packed with potencies derived from no one knows how many or what personalities which have lived before him. Heredity has freighted him with all the results of parental well and ill doing, and filled him with reverberations from a past more vast than science can explore; and on his right development depends the entire future of civilization two or three decades hence. Simple as childhood seems, there is nothing harder to know; and responsive as it is to every influence about it, nothing is harder to guide. The great problem of this and every age should be, how to develope childhood to virtue, power and due freedom; how by means of environment to modify and as far as possible, destroy the evil and bring the good into expression and power. When we view humanity as a whole, we are at first sight, almost led to the conclusion that environment, to say nothing of heredity, would force the race downward in morality and intelligence. When we take into consideration that probably not less than three-fourths of the children are born of parents who are below the average in the scale of intelligence we can have some idea of the great odds that environment has to overcome.

In what way then can environment overcome the tendencies of heredity and accomplish the elevation of humanity? We know of no way but by education. Education, therefore, has to do with the elimination of tendencies toward deterioration and the proper development and balancing of tendencies toward good. The word education implies heredity, for it indicates something to be drawn out, and as that something could not originate with the child it must have been transmitted. The word implies powers which have come from others and which are to be trained. So with the word culture. Culture begins with birth. The age of impression is quite as important as the age of reason. Culture implies something to be cultivated. That something is not implanted by teachers, but is always inborn. All schemes of education and culture should begin with the recognition that each child is different from every other; that the lines of difference run far back, and therefore are not superficial, and that in order to secure the highest efficiency systems of education should be adapted to the individuals to be reached. Each child possesses characteristics which run back through generations, for which it is not responsible, and which can be changed only by the most carefully planned and wisely adjusted discipline. In each child there appear tendencies which have been modified here and given a new impulse there, tendencies which are sometimes quickly discerned and sometimes lie too deep to be easily found. Heredity and environment differentiate the children so that no two even from the same family are exactly alike. To develop these children, each with his own peculiar faculties and powers, make the problem of education a difficult and complicated one indeed. But, education, in the full and exact meaning of the term, does not consist simply of the lessons of our parents and teachers. Manners, religious beliefs, what we read, what we hear, all these are so many silent influences which act on the mind just as

latent sensations act on the body and which contribute to our education. Some great men have gone so far as to claim that the individual character is the product of these influences. They would thus exclude all native energy and hold that men are good or bad, useful or harmful to society, owing to the education they have received. In the majority of cases we believe this to be true, but there are many cases of spontaneity or genius which can not be attributed to education. They exist before education, which may sometimes modify them, but never creates them. Spontaneity and heredity, as far as the individual is concerned, are the same. They are both inborn and not the result of environment.

So variable is the influence of education that we may doubt whether it is ever absolute. History records many instances of great men whose greatness can not be attributed to their education. In every day life it is not rare to find children sceptical in religious families, or religious in sceptical families; debauched men amid good examples, or ambitious men in a family of retiring, peaceable disposition.

Education is a sum of habits. In civilized nations it rears an edifice so skillfully contrived, so complicated, so laboriously raised that when we examine it in detail we are astonished The words, "a competent education," imply a great deal. To know several languages, to be a mathematician, a scientist, to study music, painting, drawing, to reflect and reason, to be conformed to the custom and usages of society, all these and much more are implied in a complete education. Compare the savage with the accomplished gentleman and how great the difference. Thousands of years stand between them. Many of the habits which we contract through education have cost the race centuries of effort. Education has to fix in us the result achieved by hundreds of generations. Millions of men have been needed to invent and bring to perfection those methods which develop the body, cultivate the mind, and fashion the manners. Education after centuries of effort has made us what we are. It has formed in us by many artificial processes, a second nature, which so envelopes our original nature as to seem to have absorbed it. But sometimes this education is but a guilding through which the original nature breaks and the true character is revealed. While heredity and environment differentiate the character of man and lead it to higher degrees of development, yet the mainspring of action is the free will. It is not so much the guidance of environment as the reaction of the free being upon his environments that give success. Take away free will and man is only an animal, but with this and his enlightened moral nature, he is a being far above the things of this earth. All nature is perfect. The one element of imperfection in this world is the character of man. The standard by which his conscience measures him is not earthly—hence his inability to reach the ideal which is implanted in his heart. Neither heredity nor environment can relieve man of his personal responsibility to his creator. J. L. Snyder.

Allegheny, Pa., June 16, 1891.

CONVERSATION.

Expression is the natural consequence of thought. We are continually expressing ourselves by some means. Our bodies are revealing the action of the inner man. Sometimes we say more than we do at others, because we make known our ideas and feelings through more expressive channels, through words, for example. Expression is ever seeking to play some part in experience. The brain is making discoveries, constructing ideas and forming opinions which must be expressed in some way. They cannot be kept, for the thoughtful person has secrets which are too good to keep. If not expressed, these thoughts will stagnate and cause the mind to become morbid and useless.

In its spoken form language is the result of

a desire for conversation. It is not an instinct placed within man by the Almighty but is a naturally invented means of thought intercourse, intended to promote the happiness of those using it. It would be difficult for us to imagine the disadvantages we would suffer were we to lose our means of conversation. How quickly do we make a friend of one who can speak our language if we are thrown among people who speak a language that we cannot understand. How soon a missionary to a foreign field learns the prevailing language. Why did the French refugee during the Revolution, learn the English language? Why does a foreigner learn our language? Because one of the greatest means of happiness is conversation with our fellow men and perhaps with our "fellow women."

Webster makes a distinction between conversation and talk. It seems we have a great multitude of talkers compared with the number of conversationalists. Sometimes we hear persons complain about men being unsociable, especially men of genius or at least of renown. But if we stop to think are there many men who are really unsociable? Men of genius love to converse with genius. Thinkers never tire of talking with thinkers. The only conversation worthy the name is that in which real thought and sentiments are expressed, and none but this can be enjoyable or profitable.

Can we then expect a man of thought to spend his time talking about the weather? There is something more for them to do than fritter away time in useless talk. Great minds love to exercise themselves in conversation with great minds, hence the reason for the political arguments in the post office during the last few weeks. Dare we say that a person is uncongenial because he remains quiet and thoughtful while another is vainly trying to prove something that he knows nothing about? We may as well say that a man is a fool who quietly takes the changes of life as they come, instead of fuming and blowing and getting excited over every unusual occurrence.

We find that conversation extends in many directions, the most common and most detestable of which is gossip. It is not the production and expression of a thought but is simply the grinding over of an utterance. It is generally discovered that persons addicted to this habit are suffering from contracted brains, that are not capable of holding anything. They are with what they hear as the old-fashioned water wheel is with water, receiving it from one side and scattering it in many directions from the other. It is simply the talk of those who have more grasp of ear than brain. How very cheap it is, requiring no fixed attention, no reasoning, no judgment. May I say that no one with strong mental or moral character will indulge in this automatic conversation? Then there is another style of expression with which we are all acquainted. It is the rambling purposeless conversation. Some people say a great deal and after all it amounts to very little. Their speech is a tiresome medley, changing subjects as often as possible in the least amount of time. We have all seen the person who could cross the Atlantic, visit Europe, return, and be ready for a trip to the moon within the space of five minutes; or the fellow who could begin with the persecution of Job and end with McKinley tin. Our conversation should be more systematic, taking up a line of thought and pursuing it.

Again there is the egotistical style of conversation, but it is really not conversation as it is generally carried on by one person. How enjoyable(?) it is to talk with a person who is all I. He is generally a self-sacrificing fellow who uses all his power for the benefit of others. He is the centre of the social world. If a subject is to be opened he must do it. If a question is to be answered he begins a long string of capital I's. The tail of every phrase is a big *myself*. If the conversation comes to

an end, he imagines it is because he, the central sun, has stopped speaking. If a laugh is finally raised he thinks it is because he has made a hit while really it is on account of his splendid *I's*.

It is our business to avoid these and to have our conversation well ordered. We should be earnest but not egotistical; thoughtful but not sullen, letting our expression in conversation and in action be just what we desire of others.

WHY AND WHEREFORE.

A persistent and inquiring spirit has ever distinguished the most illustrious men. Such persons have risen to refinement and power by seeking after the hidden and by unfolding the mysterious. They are the benefactors of mankind and their lives are noble examples of perseverance with glorious and lasting results; their examples should teach us to think and act for ourselves; their success should inspire us to renewed energy and lead us to seek the "Why and Wherefore" of every given result. In every man there is an innate desire to know the reason for what he sees. The cultivation and refinement of this faculty is what we call education. There is a cause for everything, a "why" that should be sought as a priceless gem.

In nature around us we see things we cannot fully understand, it is true. In the spring, how do the buds unfold and transform a little starch and water and a few other substances into the beautiful flowers and leaves; or what is the cause of, or what is that mighty force, electricity? We cannot tell, but by our inquiries we have and are still finding out and inventing things, which a few years ago would have been thought preposterous. This spirit of inquiry lifts us out of the old ruts of conservative thought and sets us down in new fields of study.

The spirit of inquiry which led James Watt to reason that if steam could lift the lid of his mother's tea pot, it could also do greater things. As a result we now see the locomotive speeding over the continent like a winged bird, and the ocean steamer bearing rich freight from continent to continent, and the many other devices by which is utilized this blessing to mankind. It was this inquiring spirit in Morse and Field which has given us the telegraph and Atlantic cable, by means of which we flash our thoughts over the country and from continent to continent almost as quickly as we think them. If we would become proficient in anything, it is by an investigation of the principles involved. It is this seeking after the "why and wherefore," this persistent thought that makes the philosopher and reaps wisdom from the universe around.

The days are past when it was considered heretical to search for the cause of things, when men were afraid to reason for themselves. Whenever knowledge leads a man to doubt he has a right to doubt. Christians need not fear that a scrutinizing search into the scriptures can reveal any fallacy in them, that the hammer of the geologist can ever break the Rock of Ages.

The sooner that there shall cease to be the blind leading the blind, and men shall reason and think for themselves, the sooner will dawn the blest morn of the millennium.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

The time of year for out of door sports is now past, and the thoughtful student will look about him to see what he can do for the required exercise. It is a deplorable fact that physical exercise is almost wholly neglected in a great many of our colleges and the result is that very many of the students who graduate from college are physically incapacitated for the very work for which they are mentally fitted. It is a fact that college men while contemplating the fundamental principles of life and laws of nature are prone to dis-

regard the infinitely simple but equally imperative laws of health. In the majority of our colleges, while abundant provision is made for all kinds of scientific and class room apparatus, very little or no provision at all is made for physical or athletic training. As an excuse for this state of affairs it is urged, and with reason, that when gymnasiums have been built and equipped the students did not generally avail themselves of these advantages with any degree of regularity, so that they were of little avail in accomplishing the desired result. Under these conditions athletic games of all kinds are encouraged by many college faculties on the ground that, even though they may contain some objectionable features, yet taken as a whole, they are a valuable aid to physical culture in that they interest the men and furnish incentive to regular and constant exercise. There are very few students who will take sufficient and regular exercise unless there is some incentive toward it. For this reason foot ball and other athletic games should not be too quickly condemned. It is a game which, though eminently a game of skill can be played by begmners with considerable success. As a college game it has a great advantage over base ball in that every one of the players is playing at the same time, while in base ball it is very rarely that more than three or four can be actively engaged in the game at the same time. A great many object to the game on account of what they are pleased to call its degrading and brutalizing tendencies. But such criticisms as these are simply the results of a sentimental and milk and water theory of culture which holds that a man is the less a gentleman because he is not afraid to use his bodily strength and does not consider himself maimed for life because he has gotten a black eye or a sprained ankle on the ball field. The only valid objection that can be made to the game is on the score of roughness and danger to those engaged. The game is not so rough as it looks. Almost every injury is caused by some carelessness or recklessness, and this is not the fault of the game as much as of the players. The opponents of the game argue that recently two students were killed while playing the game, but as they walked away with the argument unanswered they brushed against a sunken eyed, pale cheeked, hollow breasted specimen of humanity who falls away like a feather, and with husky voice says: "No foot ball for me." The opponent with scarcely a glance at this specimen goes his way forgetful of the scores of students who graduate from college every year only to become victims for the undertaker and capable of filling one position and that in a "box."

Foot ball, like all other games, has its advantages and disadvantages. True, it is somewhat dangerous. It is not so pleasant to watch as some milder games where more skill and less brute strength is needed, but at the same time it is a game to be played when other games are out of season; it requires quickness of thought, decision, endurance and unity of action. The success of the team depends upon its acting as one man. The game teaches rigid discipline; each player must accurately obey the signal. To omit or disobey the smallest part is to spoil the whole play. To become a good player one must have regular hours of rest; he must take special care for his physical development; he must use no stimulants or intoxicants, and profane swearing is forbidden by the rules. It is a game that has rapidly increased in popularity among the colleges and has now become the college game. But whether football should be played or not, let those opposing present something better before they debar the student from that which he derives so much benefit.

BETA.

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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DECEMBER, 1892.

IF we wish to appreciate the good in other people we should not wait to count their faults.

THE Chicago University has scarcely entered the educational arena than it has to give its decision concerning college Greek fraternities. Being such a prominent institution, its decision will have a great influence upon the colleges of the West.

THE interest in the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. associations shows a great increase this year. The attendance at the meetings is almost double that of last year, and the two delegates the Y. M. C. A. sent to Northfield last summer have organized two very successful Bible classes and conduct them on the plan of Bible study as given by Dr. W. W. White, of Xenia, O.

THE feasibility of constructing an electric light plant is being discussed by our enterprising citizens and is earnestly advocated by our spicy cotemporary, *The Globe*. While we have very little knowledge concerning the probable cost of such a plant, yet we believe that it could be made a success. Electric light would not only be a welcome substitute for the present street lamps, some of which, however, have been conspicuously absent since Hallowe'en, but it would also be utilized in many of ourdwellings and business houses and in the college. In the college chapel, especially, would its advent be hailed with delight. The present dim, flicke ring gas light painfully reminds one of the tallow candle age and casts a damper upon all audiences to about the same degree. Good light is as essential as good air to enthusiastic meetings. For these reasons we hope that this movement may assume some tangible form.

MENTION is made in another column of the students' hall that is being built at Chicago especially for the accommodation of college students. The manager, Mr. Orville Brewer, proposes to reserve a section of the building which will be named Westminster College Headquarters, provided a sufficient number of the alumni and students from this college secure rooms. This is certainly a laudable enterprise. Everyone knows that it is extremely unsatisfactory to attend anything like the World's Fair without being in company with some acquaintances. This students' hall, therefore, satisfies a long felt want. Students and alumni of the same college and also of different colleges have mutual associations and experiences that make their commingling extremely enjoyable.

THE painting of the college is a step in the right direction. Heretofore the dingy appearance of the building has created a false impression in the minds of strangers concerning the rank of the institution among other similar

schools, because they involuntarily adopt the appearance of the buildings as their criterion. The unsightly red brick walls also gave a false impression as to the true worth of the structure, although it is not of modern architecture and lacks some of the modern appliances, yet it is substantial and very adequately serves the purpose for which it was built. Since the spirit of improvement has seized our friends it is to be hoped that it may continue until a better heating apparatus is provided. Some of our charitable friends could place us under everlasting obligation to them by presenting us with steam-heater or hot-air furnaces to take the place of the old-fashioned stoves.

THE question of moving our college to a larger and more convenient place has, of course, been settled. But recently some were discussing the advantages of a small town over those of a city. They cited the fact that many of our best colleges are situated in small towns. And this we believe to be no mistake. The men who selected the sites have special reasons for doing so. The period of college life is an important as well as a peculiar one. In its very nature it is a taxation upon the brain and the whole nervous system, and abundance of pure fresh air is necessary to the best support of these. And, in this respect, the breezes laden with sweet perfumes of vegetation which gently fan the rural village far surpass the smoky air which hangs over the city, weighted with odors of filth and corruption. From the financial point of view the village has also an advantage, the cost of living is scarcely one-half of what it is in the city. Rooms are cheaper, boarding is much less, and all the expenses of the college are greatly reduced. To the student who has to provide his own means of support this is certainly a great object. Often the expense decides whether one shall succeed or fail. Still there is a better reason. In the village the student is free from many of the evil influences which so abound in the city, he has not the inducements or opportunities to spend money, he has fewer temptations by immoral influences, he is free from the noise and excitement of the city. In view of all these things is it any wonder that the foremost educators take the student to the village to spend the pivotal time of life, a time when he is so susceptible to influences when a trifling incident may determine his career?

AN error into which many students fall is that of endeavoring to turn everything that comes under their observation into ridicule; to act the buffoon on all occasions in the expectation of receiving the plaudits of their associates. By such conduct one invariably barters away his influence and individuality. It is not necessary that one should be grave at all times and under all circumstances; yet he should spend at least some moments of intellectual seriousness. Gravity, under certain circumstances is no evidence of intellectual power, but rather of intellectual weakness. On the other hand, levity under certain circumstances is equally as indicative of intellectual inferiority. The immortal Lincoln had an exceedingly keen appreciation of the ridiculous; yet he manifested it only on proper occasions. How disgusting it is to see a young man take out his handkerchief at church while the collection is being lifted and then to go out pretending that his nose is bleeding, or to smile surreptitiously at a friend during the devotional service; all for the purpose of creating merriment. Another most pernicious habit is that of taking low and vulgar meanings from certain words and phrases used by others. Indeed it is revolting to the person himself who makes such interpretations of these words and phrases, because he unconsciously forms an admiration for the innocence of the person who uses words and phrases that may be thus interpreted. Any young man does well to think of such matters seri-

ously, because impressions are formed in youth, which, according to the law of the association of ideas, recur to one's mind in later life when he would gladly repel them. It is the experience of nearly every one that the recollection of some of his acts and words almost give him nausea.

SINCE congress has convened, much is being said about the probability of a bill being passed to prohibit foreign immigration for one year. The question naturally arises, would such a measure be justifiable? If it were intended by its advocates to prohibit the vicious classes from coming into our country and all those who are in any way a menace to our free institutions, it would certainly meet the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens, but, manifestly, such is not the intention; because they would exclude all indiscriminately. May it not be that the recent labor troubles have prompted a great many to advocate such a measure? If so, would it be a proper remedy? We think not. True enough, competition, when carried to the extreme, seems to work injustice in many cases, yet neither the biologist nor the sociologist who has made a careful study of the operation of this universal law can fail to recognize its beneficence. What would have been the consequence if its operation had been suspended in ages past? At any rate, it would be irrational to urge the suspension of foreign immigration on the ground that our resources are insufficient to support a greater population or because the immigrants who come here are inferior laborers. Many countries, not nearly so rich in natural resources as our own, support ten times as many people to the square mile, and if these inferior laborers do displace our native-born laborers, they merely force them into better occupations, according to the invariable law of evolution. To labor organizations more than to anything else are these evils attributable which are supposed to result from foreign immigration. They attempt to destroy competition at home and thereby bring about the evils which they are seeking to avoid. They aim to prevent native-born young men, who are forced into the higher occupations by the competition of inferior foreign laborers, from learning the skilled trades. The consequence is that the capitalists import skilled mechanics to take their places.

THIS is the season when teachers' institutes are occupying the attention of educators. Young teachers are assembled from all parts of the country in order to receive instruction in the theory and practice of teaching and in other matters of equal importance. That the benefit derived from the mutual exchange of views by these teachers upon such subjects must eventually have a very salutary influence upon the educational work of our land, cannot be fairly questioned; nevertheless, there is great danger of our teachers becoming too intensely theoretical in their methods of teaching. The methods that prove effective in teaching children of ten years of age or less may be based upon purely psychological principles and yet prove positively injurious if employed in the instruction of pupils of more mature years. The use of sensible objects in teaching reading and arithmetic has certainly proved eminently successful among small children in recent years; yet unmistakable evidences are apparent among the rank and file of our common school children of their having been employed to the neglect and detriment of the reasoning faculty. Times necessarily come to every boy or girl when some abstract reasoning is absolutely imperative, therefore the necessity of cultivating this power in harmony with the other powers of the intellect. We do not wish to seem pessimistic, yet we assert without fear of successful contradiction that the fundamental principles of mathematics are not so well fixed in the minds of the youths of the present as they were

in the minds of those of fifteen years ago, when mental arithmetic received more attention than at present. The woeful spelling that one so frequently observes, likewise makes him long for the revival of the spelling matches of years gone by. There is too much tendency at present to make school work easy. As the learned Judge Ewing, of Pittsburgh, said recently in a lecture upon an educational subject: "What the young people of our day need to learn, is to do hard things." A teacher may study carefully all the books extant on "The Theory of Teaching" from their invocations to their concluding prayers, and yet prove a failure if he does not succeed in inducing his pupils to make some positive mental effort. Just as the success of a public speaker is measured by the extent to which he moves his audience and not by the peculiar twist of his wrist in making a gesture; so it is with a teacher, his success is measured by the hard work that he induces his pupils to perform and not by the particular text book that he uses.

In a recent number of the *Midland* we read a very excellent article on "Helping Our Colleges," which contained some valuable hints and suggestions. The report of the committee appointed by the last General Assembly to make inquiry concerning the standard maintained by the colleges of the church and to devise ways of improving it, was given in substance in this article. In this report the committee recommend that the General Assembly assume general supervision over the five colleges of our church and that $5,000 be appropriated annually to each one. They urge in support of the same that it is impossible for our colleges with the present inadequate means to compete successfully with the colleges of other denominations. As stated by the *Midland*, it is sometimes argued that if the standard of our colleges were raised they would be patronized by a wealthier class of students. This may be true enough, but if the conditions of entrance to the Freshman class be made more stringent, the inevitable result is decreased attendance and a proportionate decrease in income from contingent and matriculation fees. At any rate, the young men who are taking the advanced courses in our colleges and of whom the church and the world are in the greatest need, do not usually come of wealthy parentage, but of those who are comparatively poor. It is obvious then that the much desired means of raising the standard of education in our church must be looked for from some other source than the students themselves. The *Midland* suggests that a contribution of twenty-five cents from each member of the church would insure the desired amount. How paltry this sum as compared with the inestimable benefit that would result therefrom to the church, to the nation and to civilization. The man or woman who will not contribute anything to the support of colleges simply because he or she has no children to attend them, does not see more than ten feet before his or her face. Such a person is like the man who refused to pay his subscription to the pastor's salary, because he had to stay at home with the baby and therefore did not hear the sermons. Every citizen of this great republic should support liberal education from a selfish motive, if from no better one; because, if her institutions are not to end in chaos, the young men of the present generation must be taught to grapple with the problems of the day. This much desired end cannot be attained through schools of electrical or mechanical engineering. In fact, this is the crying evil of our time; i. e., that our whole system of national education and consequently our whole national life is becoming too materialistic. If a nation is to endure, all the hearts within it as well as the heads and hands must be educated. We are so accustomed to hearing Fourth of July

orators extol the praises of popular education that we seldom stop to meditate seriously whether or not it has been really a success. Those who indulge in this kind of rant could obtain some valuable suggestions by reading the article, "Wherein Popular Education Has Failed," by Dr. Eliot, of Harvard University, and which is contained in the December *Forum*. While the eminent doctor does not assert that popular education has been a failure, yet he gives a number of reasons in support of that view. Especially does he emphasize the importance of cultivating the faculty of inductive reasoning, and recommends a more thorough and extended study of history as a means of accomplishing this. No one having made an extended observation of students can fail to recognize the force of his reasoning. For instance, how many students have ever endeavored to discover the ultimate cause of the Homestead strike, or what would be the final result if this cause continued to operate? We venture to say that nearly everyone has confined himself to the consideration of the probable and immediate effect on business interests generally and as to who would win the fight, the Amalgamated Association or the company. This and similar questions are pressing upon us and demanding of us a solution. The question therefore naturally arises, How are our young men to be educated so as to be able to cope with these questions? We unhesitatingly answer, In the classical courses of our higher institutions of learning.

PRESIDENT'S VALEDICTORY.

Again we greet the well known hall; what joy within us lies!
As we view dear old Philo's hidden walls, what memoires rise!
Years have led us through the same paths, 'mong these walls in the twilight gray.
We never love the thing that's dear until it's passed away.
A blithe and happy family in knowledge we daily grow:
Though with each expiring year a few from our line must go
He who swayed the scepter of authority's high reign,
And sat upon this seat of honor, when first we came,
Has passed from among these walls and off this stage.
With time, that calm, on-flowing stream that waits for youth nor age.
His choice, and noble too, has been the gospel to expound.
The grandest, noblest work beneath the heavens that is found.
But more than one familiar face from out our group we miss,
Whom some of us will not forget when gray hairs do us kiss.
The class of eighty-eight was the first that left our line;
And when twelve months had rolled away we bid "farewell" to eighty-nine.
The boys of ninety are also gone--they broke the common tie.
And ninety-one and two ah, thanks for memory's eye!
But soft! whence falls this sadness, or whence this shadow drear?
We the members of ninety-three must leave your ranks this year.
We've watched preceding classes with many a longing sigh,
As the tide came in and took them and we bid them each "good-bye."
Now our course is almost complete, on this scene we cannot dwell;
Commencement day of ninety-three we bid you all farewell.
The final word will soon be said, the comic song be sung.
The curtain falls on college life, into the world we're swung.
Time on eagle's wings sails by so swift it takes our breath.
"The knoll of each expiring year warns 'one step nearer death.'"
Five times we've heard the thrilling sound give forth its trumpet call;
And it seems but only yesterday we first reached Philo Hall.
But stop! enough, sad heart, depart! this is the time for joy;
Let our meeting be filled with pleasure, but no alloy.
Let eager eyes light up with hope and youthful skies be clear,
For the voyage long expected, boys, the starting point is near.
We came here from every side with talents of varied kinds;
But one thing, learning filled our hearts and united our minds.
Discussing various questions, discensions sometimes rise,
But in this common brotherhood we're bound by stronger ties.
Philo has been a friend sincere, and brought us many a treasure
Whose worth we never can compute by any earthly measure.
Many an impulse we've received which will never be lost;
Ev'n fear oft brought a lesson which was worth the bitter cost.
With each effort we discover that we gain new vantage ground;
Each attempt lifts us higher up the ladder by a round
Philo members, we do thank you for the pleasures here we meet,
And the honors you've conferred by the president's royal seat.
We love dear old Philo and our bosoms swell with pride
That we climbed from Prep to Senior under such a noble guide,
Do you ask for beauty and splendor; no brighter light does shine;
Or if its true worth you're after; Philomath 's first in line.
May every future meeting be as free from cause of tear,
May Philo's ranks be ever filled with those that answer, "here."
May every loving Philo be loyal, true as gold,
And when life's work is done, be called to the "Good Shepherd's fold."

D. W. B.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1871.

Rev. T. J. Allen attended the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary at Allegheny, where he graduated in 1875. He was pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian church of Sterling, N. Y., from November, 1875, to June, 1887. Since that time he has been living in Mercer, Pa., filling appointments of synod. He has built a complete model of the old Hebrew tabernacle, showing the court of the Israelites, sanctuary with all the articles of furniture in the court and house, with veils, coverings, etc., which he has set up about one hundred and fifty times and expounded in various places from Boston to Denver.

Mr. John McClymonds was a dealer in merchandise in Petaluna, Calif., for three years after graduating from college. He is at present city superintendent of schools in Oakland, Calif. Married in 1876, to Miss Vergie M. Smith. Number of children, three.

Mr. J. W. Collins studied law and located in Pittsburgh, where he has been practicing ever since. He married Miss Carrie Henderson December 15, 1881. One child living, two dead.

Mr. J. R. W. Baker taught in Dayton academy one year after graduation. He then studied law and located at Mercer, Pa., where he still lives. He has been editor of the *Dispatch and Republican* for three years. Married in September, 1876, to Miss Anna Pardoe.

Mr. R. C. Hamilton studied theology in the seminary at Xenia, Ohio, and afterwards preached as supply in different places. He was settled as pastor of Jordon's Grove, Ill., congregation in 1877, but was there less than a year when his health broke down and he was compelled to quit preaching entirely. He then studied medicine and practiced in Lebanon, Mo., about four years, and for the last five years in Coultersville, Ill. Married in January, 1878, to Miss Ada B. McKelvey, of Coultersville. Children two.

Mr. W. L. Sloan attended the Western University at Pittsburgh, Pa., from which he graduated in October, 1873. He then was admitted to the bar, and has been practicing in Pittsburgh since then. Married in April, 1878, to Miss Sallie B. Milliken. One daughter and two sons.

Mr. J. H. Donly studied law and practiced for about ten years in Franklin, Pa., and ten years in Warren, Pa. While in Franklin he was for seven years court stenographer for Venango and adjoining counties. He seems to be extremely negative in regard to marriage, as his answers to the following questions will show: Married? "No." When? "Never." To whom? "Nobody." Number of children? "None."

Rev. John Giffin graduated from the Xenia Theological Seminary in 1874. He then spent six months itinerating and attended the Allegheny Seminary for two months. He was then appointed to mission work in Egypt. He sailed from New York February 10, 1875, and landed in Egypt March 13, 1875. He was married June 5, 1876, to Miss M. E. Galloway, at Cairo, Egypt. She died October 16, 1881, leaving him with three children. He was married again to Miss E. E. Nawlin at Asyout, Egypt, March 15, 1883. Number of children by second marriage, four. The three older children have been with friends at Due West, S. C., since their mother's death. He spent one and a half years of his mission life at Alexandria. Was transferred to Asyout July, 1877, and was in connection with that station working mostly in the "training college" until 1888. He then visited the United States, remaining here a little over a year. He sailed from New York September 4, 1889. Since his return to Egypt he has been located at Cairo.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Mr. F. L. Juillerat, who went as a missionary to Hayti, speaks very highly of

the people there, and states that he finds the work there very agreeable.

—Miss Purvis, '92, spent several days with friends in college recently.

—Rev. Alexander, '86, was in town not long ago.

—Miss Minnie Lewis is slowly recovering from her illness.

—Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, of Sharon, has received a call from Mt. Jackson, which he has accepted.

—Mr. J. H. Spencer, '92, was received by Mercer Presbytery as a student of theology of the first year at a recent meeting.

—Rev. J. M. Mercer, of Carnot, Pa., spent several days of his annual vacation with friends near town recently. He expected to visit Washington, D. C., before returning to his charge.

—Married. Rev. H. D. Gordon, '87, and Miss Ermina McElwee, '86, at the home of the bride's parents in New Wilmington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Rev. and Mrs. Gordon have departed for Edgerton, Kansas, their future home.

A TRAGEDY.

The following is from the pen of a gifted(?) Junior:

A young man Russeling down the walk,
A slip, a fall, a sudden shock,
The snow flew up and him did hit,
And the old boardwalk was badly split.

And then this poor young bashful fellow,
Did hold above him his umbrella
To save himself from prying eyes,
Till he upon his feet should rise.

The moral from this story shows,
To always walk upon your toes
And do not waltz along the street
For fear you and the walk may meet.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The University of Berlin offers to students the choice of 716 electives.

—The University of Paris has 9,215 students. The University of Vienna, 6,220.—*Ex.*

—An educational congress will be held for four days in Chicago, commencing with July 25, 1893.

—The University of Michigan last year graduated 689 men, the largest class ever graduated from an American institution.—*Ex.*

—Harry A. Garfield, eldest son of ex-President Garfield, is to be a professor in the new law school of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio.

—The Harvard Debating Union has appointed three representatives, who are to meet three from the Yale Union, who will arrange for the semi-annual debate. The first debate will be held in Boston some time in January.

—It was a college town, and he was a freshman calling on a young lady he had formerly known. The servant who admitted him asked for his name. "Say an old friend," very airily, "Amicus." Bridget said "Yis sor," and retired; but in a moment returned to ask, "If you plaze, sor, pwhat sort of a cuss did yez say that ye wuz."

MUSIC NOTES.

—Hereafter a small admission fee will be charged to all recitals. The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses and establish a musical library fund. The latter is something the conservatory is in great need of, and we trust will soon be brought about. We appeal to the alumni and all lovers of music interested in this department to give us their assistance.

—Mrs. Thelen, who has charge of the voice department, sang before the U. P. Social

Union in Pittsburgh, November 29th. From the accounts in the different papers of that city she was greeted with the enthusiasm which she always calls forth in an audience that has the privilege and pleasure of hearing her.

—A class of the graduates and other advanced pupils meets every Saturday evening under the direction of Prof. Thelen to practice duets, duos and duets for two pianos, eight handed pieces. The object of this work is twofold, to aid the pupils in sight reading and in time, and to prepare music for the different recitals of the year.

—The faculty of the conservatory gave a recital Friday evening, December 9th. By the rendition of their selections all evinced decided talent in their line, and we enjoyed a rare treat in each performer's specialty, violin, piano and voice. They will give a recital in New Castle December 16th. Following is the program of December 9th:

Two movements from Concerto in E flat....Beethoven
a. Adagio un poco mosso
b. Rondo, allegro ma non troppo
First piano, Prof. Thelen; second, Miss C. L. Whissen
Mazurka.....Wieniawsky
Violin solo, Miss C. L. Whissen
Jewel Song from Faust.....Gounod
Mrs. Christian Thelen.
a. Preghiera from "Moses".....Rossini-Pacher
b. Valse noble.....Bird
Piano solo, Prof. Thelen.
Alla stella confidente.....Robandi
Soprano solo and violin obligato,
Mrs. Thelen and Miss C. L. Whissen.
Nocturne, E flat.....Chopin
Cabaletta.....Lack
Piano solo, Prof. Thelen.
Bonnie, Sweet Bessie.....Gilbert
Mrs Christian Thelen.
Two Hungarian Dances.....Brahms
Violin solo, Miss C. L. Whissen.
Marcia triumphale.....Goria
First piano, Prof. Thelen; second, Miss C. L. Whissen

FOOT BALL.

The foot ball team went to Butler on Thanksgiving day and defeated the team there 4 to 0. The teams lined up at 2:30 o'clock as follows:

BUTLER.	POSITION.	WESTMINSTER.
Byerly	Centre	Nicholls
Hutchinson	R. Guard	Robertson
Goodwin	L. Guard	Pierce
Ritter	R. Tackle	McLean
Sutton	L. Tackle	Gealy
Heineman	R. End	W. M. Bigger
Troutman	L. End	J. Bigger
Graham	Quarter	Owens
Heineman	R. Half	Dunn
Henry	L. Half	Leitch
Walker	Full Back	Magoffin

Substitute—Bailey. Referee—A. E. Reiber, (Butler) Umpire—Mealy, (Westminster).

Captain Owens won the toss and chose the ball, Butler taking the lower side, with the wind in their favor. The ball was played to Dunn around the right end with a good gain. After rushing the centre for two downs, the signal was given for Magoffin around the left end. Like a flash the ball was passed and before the Butler men realized what was going on, Magoffin, well guarded by Dunn, Leitch and J. Bigger, had sprinted past the last back, and, after four minutes of play, scored a touchdown for Westminster. Magoffin then tried for goal, but failed, kicking against a strong wind. Butler then had the ball from the centre of the field, but after three downs without the necessary gain of five yards, punted the ball. Magoffin, while getting the ball, was kicked in the face by a Butler man, but held to the ball, and Westminster was given five yards on the foul. The ball then went from one side to the other on fumbles and nothing was accomplished till near the close of the second half, when the playing of Westminster was of the most brilliant order and won the admiration of friend and foe alike. At the third down, with seven yards to gain, Westminster's ball, the Butler halves and full, fell back expecting a punt. This weakened their tackling and instead of punting, Magoffin was sent around the left end making a gain of nine yards. But

the referee, naturally favoring Butler, refused to grant a gain of even seven yards and gave the ball to Butler. By kicking it out of bounds and sprinting for it they got the ball within four yards of Westminster's goal, and here came the star playing of the day. Three times did Butler try to push through behind their 215 pounder, and three times Westminster downed them without a gain. Then securing the ball W. C. carried it fifty-five yards in three downs, when time was called.

It was a hard and well earned victory and the boys gave three cheers for Butler with a will, and then the "Hoo-rah-hee! Hoo-rah-hee! W. C. Rah!" and the Rah! Rah! Rah! Oh! yes sir! Vive la Vive la, West-mins-ter! rang out on the air from the throats of the victorious college boys.

The boys received fine treatment at the hands of the Butler team, and their mouths water even yet when you mention that Thanksgiving dinner of seven courses.

Westminster has won three out of the four games played this season, and quits proud of her record. With proper coaching and training there is no reason why she should not have an eleven next year that will be able to hold its own against Geneva or W. and J. and one that will be the pride of the students and alumni of the college.

The second team played two games of football, with the New Castle high school boys, the first one at New Castle, Nov. 28, which they lost 8–12 They were greatly weakened by the absence of several regular players. On Saturday, Dec. 3d, the New Castle boys came up for a return game and were beaten 16–0, in thirty-five minutes. Owing to injuries received by two of the New Castle boys, and the absence of substitutes, the game was called after five minutes of the second half had been played. The features of the game were the running of Brown, Gealy and McNaughton, of Westminster, and the tackling of Muse, of New Castle.

A QUEER SIGHT.

Recently Mr. M. had occasion to go into the kids' room at about 3. P. M. Imagine his surprise when he saw a pair of undressed kids seeking the luxuries of a huge feather bed. Supposed to be, we conjecture, sleeping beauties; but the liveliest sleepers you ever saw. The occasion of this prank was suggested by Mr. Shaw to Mr. Patterson, Shaw bantering Patterson to undress and go to bed for an hour. Patterson would not be out done, so both disrobed and went to bed. Patterson objected to taking off his socks as he had not washed his pedal extremities for a week; but Shaw would not have it that way, but said they would raise the window and stand the socks up in the corner for a rest. Shaw then suggested that they each take a bath; but Paddy said that he had taken one three or four weeks ago and he did not think that he needed it. At the end of the hour they arose, rubbed their eyes and bathed their face, as if they had really had a snooze. But poor Paddy was in a dilemma. During the brief respite given the half hose one had found strength to walk away and could not be found. So it is "sockless" Paddy now.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Heads of great men all remind us,
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up in the morning
With a head as big as they.

—[*Spectator.*

—Is your subscription paid up?

—The Junior strike is declared off.

—Junior orations begin January 13th.

—The time for examinations is drawing near.

—The painting of the college is progressing rapidly.

—John Bigger seems to have a decided liking for black eyes.

—A class in physical culture and elocution is being organized by Miss Ella McBurney, of

New Castle. Miss McBurney comes highly recommended.

—Mr. King, '96, spent thanksgiving with his friend, Mr. Dight.

—Mr. Will McLaughrey is lying very ill at the residence of his mother.

—Mr. W. B. Anderson, '94, is teaching at present in Lancaster county, Pa.

—The Haley Club entertained very pleasantly on Thanksgiving evening.

—For next term students may receive the HOLCAD for 35 cents in advance.

—Single copies of THE HOLCAD may be obtained at Haley's drug and book store.

—W. "Go buy the cigars." R. "I saw four aces last night. Please excuse me."

—Miss Dunbar, of Monmouth, expects to spend next vacation at New Wilmington.

—Fulton threatens to kill the next man that asks him, "Did it hurt you very much?"

—Miss Mary Ferguson, who teaches music in Evans City, spent Thanksgiving at home.

—Poor Princeton! 6 to 4, 12 to 0 against her. She will watch the game next Thanksgiving.

—The boys that played foot ball in Butler sat down to a seven course dinner at Hotel Willard.

—"The *Holy*cad," an address on a wrapper received recently. We may be, but we doubt it.

—Mrs. Shaw, of Stewart's Station, spent Thanksgiving with her son and daughter in college.

—Miss Patterson, of West Newton, visited Miss Gracie Dick during the latter part of November.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson attended the county institute at New Castle during Thanksgiving week.

—A most enjoyable "Cobweb Social" was given by the ladies of the Leagorean Society, for the purpose of meeting the expense of refurnishing their hall. A considerable sum was realized.

—Prof. McGranahan led the union meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. on Tuesday, December 6th.

—Owens, at Butler, calls out signal, "8, 9, 3." A telephone girl near by calls, "New Castle, please?'

—Eight ministers and four theological students attended the Thanksgiving services in New Wilmington

—When you are settling your bills at the end of the term, don't forget that you owe for your subscription.

—A Prep. to Senior: "What does A. B. stand for after a professor's name?" Senior: "At Bat I guess."

—The first lecture of the course was delivered by John R. Clarke, on Nov. 15. His subject was "Gough."

—Junior in chem. lat., "Where are we at?" "What one have we did last?" Applicable to the Republican party.

—The mother and sister of Miss Bertha Black, of the conservatory, recently visited relatives in and near town.

—Messrs. Hamill, Spencer and Thompson, of the Seminary, spent their Thanksgiving vacation in New Wilmington.

—Miss Maud McNall, of the ladies' hall, is recovering from an attack of the chicken-pox. No new cases are reported.

—Don't be reading your neighbor's HOLCAD, but hand $1 to the business manager and receive one of your own.

—Dr. Ferguson preached in the First U. P. church on Sabbath, December 4th, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. McVay.

—Mrs. Prof. McGranahan was visited recently by her mother and brother, Mrs. Marshall and son, of West Sunbury.

—An oyster supper was held at the home

of Rev. Mealy on the evening of the 9th, by the ladies of the Presbyterian church.

—Next term the Sophomore class will read Katellus instead of Tusculan's Disputation, which has been read for several years.

—The New Castle high school foot ball team went home from their encounter with our second eleven, sadder but wiser players.

—Union Thanksgiving service was held in the Second U. P. church. The sermon was preached by Dr. McElree, the pastor, and was a very able one.

—What does this mean? When a young lady is heard saying to a young man who is calling on her at the hall, "No, Mrs. R. doesn't allow us to make matches here."

—Any member of the senior class who anticipates teaching next year should consult the business manager, as he can furnish a means for securing a good position.

—Miss Mary Graham was obliged to return home before the close of the term on account of weak eyes. It is hoped that she may be able to return at the beginning of the next term.

—It is said that several students have petitioned the faculty to have a stove placed at the front entrance of the Ladies' Hall, as they are liable to contract colds standing there when the weather gets cold.

—We had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
We dreamed that each subscriber came
Right up and paid his bill.

—[*Exchange.*

Oh! how different in the morning.

—Rev. Dr. Jno. McNaugher, professor of Greek in Allegheny Seminary, who has been so long confined to his room, is again able to be out and recently spent a short time with friends in New Wilmington.

—A subscription has been taken up by the ladies of the Hall for the purpose of having the walks over to the Hall kept clean during the winter season. Some of the gentlemen have also gladly contributed to this most worthy object.

—If the men who expect to attend the World's Fair would hand their names to the business manager he may be able to secure them a place in the Students' Hall, which is being built especially for the accommodation of college men.

—The *Globe* is agitating the electric light question. It has neat ballots prepared for the purpose of giving the citizens an opportunity of expressing their opinion in regard to the question. No ballots in opposition to it have have been cast thus far.

—Heard at the foot ball game: "Down!" "Foul tackle!" "Isn't it horrid?" After a man had been stretched out for at least ten minutes, Miss Semple wanted to know if he hadn't breathed yet. M—"Which is the Westminsters?" Young Lady—"They ought to wear those liver pads that base ball players wear."

HIS LETTER.

"DEAR FATHER:
Please excuse," he wrote,
"The hurried shortness of this note;
But studies so demand attention
That I have barely time to mention
That I am well, and add that I
Lack funds; please send me some. Goodbye.
Your loving son."
He signed his name
And hastened to—the foot ball game.

EXCHANGES.

Puck's advice to college students is to go to bed early and avoid the rush.—*Ex.*

The December number of the *Collegian* contains several literary productions which show careful preparation.

Don't flunk, accept every chance you get; you cannot tell how well you may turn out from the looks of things when you start

in. The good old rule that a bad beginning makes a good ending holds true in recitations as well as everything else.—*Ex.*

Professor—"Dido et forte dux." Freshie—"They must have been awful little ducks or else she was awful hungry.

"Non paratus," dixit Junior cum a sad and doletul look. "Omne rectum," Prof. respondit, et "nihil" scripsit in his book. —*Ex.*

When German students "flunk" it seems that they kill themselves. It is reported that in the last six years 389 students of the Prussian schools have committed suicide on account of failure in examinations.

The inauguration of President Schuman, of Cornell, took place last Thursday. In his address he spoke of Cornell, despite its property of about $8,000,000, as being "poor and needy," and insisted that the State of New York, which now supports no special institution, ought to give at least $150,000 annually to Cornell. The new president is evidently a very energetic and enthusiastic one, and the university will doubtless go on in the rapid improvement it has made in recent years

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. IX. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY, 1893. NO. 5.

SELF THE PILOT.

Man is ever piloting onward and upward on the voyage of life. His ship was launched more than nineteen centuries ago, but has not reached the harbor as yet. Although the vessel has often been wrecked by wind and wave, yet it is safely steered by the great Pilot, who is the ruler of all things. The vessel has been thronged with self pilots continually; yes, pilots who have faced obstacles of every description but have not faltered. For man is the master of circumstance. Environment is but an agent. It is from environment that man selects that which tends toward the upbuilding of a true and honorable manhood. One fact after another is compiled in history proving that man is the ruler of what his destiny shall be. One's fortune does not depend upon the inborn traits nor surroundings, but to the use they are put.

If the pages of history be but examined it will be found that one born of riches and genius, having in his power every possible advantage, cannot be placed on a level with the careworn and poverty stricken child. If it were not as history records, those of wealthy station would be the leaders of this ever increasing universe, while those possessing little or nothing would be but servants of the former. But such a rendering of the annals of any nation will not stand the test. For it is clearly shown by historic proof that a nation's great leaders are not found nestling among those who have by chance been born of wealth. But from the lowest vocations men of great power have risen, men who have led the world to victory and to glory, men who have steered their ship toward the mark wherein they found happiness and peace.

Thousands of self-piloted men have lived and died who are to-day only remembered by some crumbling tombstones, while others, an account of whose lives have been recorded in the annals of history, are handed down to posterity as ideal pilots. But to pilot self, man cannot imitate the manners, actions or words of another. It matters little what his signature may be, but whatever it is it must be the same wherever he goes and in whatever he is engaged or simply be an imitator of his fellow men.

Not so was the canal boat driver who when young was poor and fatherless. 'Twas he who sat by the glimmering light and fed his eager mind with the knowledge of books. Yes, he not only fed his mind but masticated and digested the knowledge thus obtained, thus preparing himself for the great work of life. For memory brings success. Alas! his work is finished. He has climbed the ladder rung by rung and is no longer the servant of his master; but he is sitting upon the topmost rung exercising his authority over this great and powerful nation. While a young man's mind is like the tender branch swaying in the wind, it needs the firmness of

determined purpose, of resolute opinion, concerning the things which are and those which might be so that it might receive some special benefit in their totality. Circumstance upon circumstance surrounds man upon this earth as the waters surround the vessel upon the deep; they lie in front and behind, on the right hand and on the left, from which he may choose; and he chooses it all, preferring one thing to-day, another to-morrow.

The head will ever guide the hand and every splendid thing that has been done was born and bred in the soul. When the people think the nation moves, mind is brought into contact with mind and there is put in motion an influence before which all human institutions must bow.

Man's thoughts are ever directed in the channel where flows the tide of his personality. In times of fierce battle he has given little to the settlement of right and wrong. He has taken things as he has found them, and so far custom has almost persuaded him that there is no use of troubling self about those things with which he is brought in contact. He is a victim of the ensnaring evils of custom. "Custom is a violent and treacherous ruler. She little by little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift our eyes.

Maturity furnishes the lesson that each life is too limited to embrace everything, and in order to accomplish most it must confine itself within the limits of human and finite possibility. Two things are necessary for the training of man's will; on the one hand, patient recognition of his lack of decisive choice; on the other hand, wise direction toward it. He should neither be driven to hasty decision of character nor left in a permanently yielding condition of indecision. In things of small importance he should be made to feel the manliness of abiding calmly by a decision once arrived at, even if it should bring dishonor upon him. Thus he might be brought up to the great decisions of life, having a will trained to choose between the useful and unuseful, and to abide by that choice.

Thus as one gazes far out upon the ocean of time, espies with discerning eye as he watches the vessels which have launched great men. He cannot help but say that those once high in authority have risen from the most meanly adorned cottage, and so he judges that from the most humble vocations in life are to come the great leaders of the future.

The pilots of the past have sneered at and laughed to scorn those things which were destroying our very bodies. Then it was that one came forth from the cottage in the woods and re-established them which tended toward the upbuilding of a nation. And so true is it of the nation's great leaders of to-day.

They are making light of our various institutions and customs; yes, and they will continue to do so until our institutions are brought to the very verge of the precipice. Then from some insignificant abode in the wilderness will come a pilot who will excite the people to arms and cause the blood to rush furiously through their veins, and again truth will be the conquerer and our institutions crowned with glory.

S. G. Bailey.

EVANGELISTIC.

Report of the Superintendent of West Gujranwala Mission District for the year ending December 31, 1891.

I. Non-Christian.—In presenting the gospel to the heathen this year we have taken advantage of an item of advice given in the Indian Standard, I think it was, viz., that, as a rule, missionaries conform too much to the custom of the English officer in the work of itineration. A route and schedule is prepared and carefully followed out to the letter. This

appears to be absolutely necessary to be able to get over the ground that ought to be gone over. The consequence is that the direct bidding of the Holy Spirit is not regarded, direct dependence is not placed in his promise to lead; no distinction is made between those villages that are indifferent or opposed to the gospel and those where the hearts of the people are open to the truth. It was also suggested that the usual mode of itineration is so rapid that the people have no time to get a proper idea of what is meant by salvation through Christ until we are off to another village to repeat the error. We have a great many new villages; in fact, in the majority of our villages the gospel has never yet been preached. When we go to these villages the people listen eagerly and if we did not know better we might be greatly encouraged and write home stirring accounts of our success. The people are eager indeed, but to see a foreign preacher, just as you in America would be to see a Hindu. They want to see what kind of clothes he wears and if he will only take his wife along he can have a very large audience. But when we have stayed in one region for a week or two and have gone to them day after day they get to know something of what we were talking about, enough to be prepared to present opposition. While I do not like and do not encourage discussion, yet I never feel much encouraged till it comes. The people have their own faiths and are usually firm to bigotry in holding on to them. It is their way of salvation and they are not ready to give it up. One cannot knock the props from under a tumbled-down building and not meet with opposition from the inmates. We constantly tell the people that we do not come to destroy their faith in God, but to show them God's way of salvation from sin; that we do not set ourselves up in opposition to their faith, but to their sin. By following this plan of itineration we are deterred from visiting so large a number of villages as we might otherwise visit, but we think the gain justifies the practice. There is another advantage, in that it takes time and strength to move a camp so often.

I am not impressed with ordinary bazar preaching as an evangelistic agency. So far as my experience goes, it is not very effective. In a new district it is necessary, because there is no other way of meeting the people. My objection to it is that it fails in its purpose, *i. e.*, to meet the class of people who are seekers after the truth when we stand up in the bazar, however careful we may be not to manifest a spirit of opposition, they almost invariably take it as a challenge against their own faith. The reason we do not wish to pose as mere opposers of their religion is that in this country such opposition is regarded in about the same light as political opposition would be at home. The Mohamedans are full of this notion as they themselves are conquerors and religious conquerors for a muslim does it in the name of religion. When we appear the religious teachers come forward at once with their swords unsheathed ready for battle. These are not seekers after the truth. They are not real teachers of the people, but guardians of the faith. They stand in about the same relation to the people as did religious teachers in the time of our Master, they leave the people "as sheep having no shepherd." Yet they have a powerful hold on the people. Priestcraft is their profession and they practice all its arts. They oppose us because it is their bread and butter to do so. These are the people we meet in the bazars. Where it can be done it is much better to have a place of preaching, in which one can silence unreasonable objectors, and where those who are really interested can resort unmolested. We cannot have such places in the villages and have to resort to bazar preaching. We expect to try a magic lantern next year and thus attract the people to our tents at night so that we we can be on our own ground.

We also make a free use of tracts. This

is one of the most effective means of preaching the gospel we have. According to the census of India taken last year, one man out of every eleven and one woman out of two hundred and fifty can read and write. In Europe and America there is such a flood of reading matter of various kinds that men will not often stop to read a tract; but here reading matter is so hard for the poor people to get and their own literature is so meager that they are greedy to get whatever is put into their hands. When I go to the bazars I take a pocketful of tracts and when we have done preaching these are distributed. They are so eager to get the tracts that I have to stand on the highest place I can find to keep from being trampled on. Sometimes I have to throw the tracts to the winds as it is impossible to distribute them, and let the people scramble for them, men and boys both scramble for them. When I distribute tracts I give more to men than to boys. They not only read, but re-read these tracts again and again. I am quite convinced that these publications have a powerful influence.

Though there has been much criticism of missions in respect to educational work of late, I am fully satisfied that for Hindus and Mussleman there is no evangelistic agency equal to the mission school. We have had a number of inquires during the year from these classes and with but one exception they have been men or boys who are or have been in attendance at Gujranwala or some other mission school. Benevolence is not known in false religions. When we preach to them they take it as the act of an enemy and are at once on their guard. When we give them schools and hospitals too they see that our purpose must be to them good and so are better disposed to the truth. It does not militate against this to say that the number of converts from mission schools is small. It is a common admission by old missionaries that bazar preaching has less to show in the way of actual converts from this class of people than the mission school. I sincerely believe that the mission school is the most powerful evangelistic agency for this class of people. Fruit in a large number of conversions it cannot show, simply the fruit gathering time has not yet come. It is coming.

We also carry with us some simple remedies, such as quinine, salves and cough mixtures, &c. We treat a great many cases, and, as we have reason to know, successfully, too, though our medical knowledge is not extensive. We cannot resist the temptation to give a little medicine in relief of common ailments when we know that if we do not give they will go to the native doctors where the treatment is intended only to kill. The native doctors trained by the English in English schools are all right, but they are very few and are found in government hospitals only. Difficult cases we never touch. In this way we get the good will of a great many people. You would be astonished at what a lot of good will there is in a bottle of quinine or a pound of salts.

We have attempted to reach the low caste people in all the villages where we have visited. We go to them at night, as that is the only time that we can reach them. With this class the ordinary preaching of the Word is more effective. They are not so much prejudiced in favor of their own religions, as they do not have much, if any, religion. We receive frequent and voluntary requests to preach to them, and are usually well received. The best native agency in reaching these people is the native workers raised up from among them. In our training institute at Sialkote we are attempting to raise up such an agency.

My Dear Doctor, this is a part of my report to the mission. I have not had time to write a letter, and if I should I do not know that I could write anything more suitable than this. Only very brief extracts are taken from this to put in our mission report, which I sent

you a short time since. I will send you the remainder of the report later. I am very busy, and have very little time for writing.

Hope you are all well. I hope also that this will reach you before the college year closes. Yours, very sincerely,

J. H. MARTIN.

American Mission, Gujranwala, British India, May 24, 1892.

ANCIENT CITIES.

Ancient cities have a peculiar interest of their own, a study of which not only gives us great pleasure but we receive lessons of wisdom and experience in so doing. They mark the progress of mankind in arts, commerce and civilization, and form a sort of index to the rise and fall of national greatness. The larger cities of the ancient world were centers around which lay the countries supplying the physical subsistence of their inmates, but which in turn fed and stimulated the national life of the surrounding nations, and with whose expiring glory the renown of those nations gradually sank into oblivion. One of the especial features of the great ancient cities was their continuous rise and fall; where once might be found a thriving city of great strength and splendor raised up in the midst of a desert, might in a few centuries again be found a bleak and barren waste. Such was a characteristic of the ancient cities. Some, who have not given particular study to this subject, might say that those ancient cities had a birth, lived in splendor and prosperity for a time, died and were no more; but not so to the intelligent thinker. Each one left behind it something which will live as long as a people exist.

The doings and sufferings of the ancients were but the workings to the advancements of mankind; ever pressing forward, but by complicated and uncertain movements, to the realization of the eternal design, and connecting man's works with man's nature, not to look upon them as decaying works of past ingenuity. Towns and cities are the standpoints of history. All who have studied "general history" know, that the fragments of ancient buildings stamp tradition with a certain amount of reality. Although every temple is but a silent monument of some lifeless superstition,—a stone idol but the story of man's forgetfulness of his God,—yet in the great dimensions and fine finish of such structures, we trace the growth of human power, and wonder at the mighty works performed in an age where physical force received little aid from machinery. And let us not forget that it is in the ruins of those ancient cities that we ascertain the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the early world. Graven upon the sides of their temples, and upon the slabs which lined their palaces, we find our forefathers engaged in all the arts of war and peace; and also from those rude efforts of the chisel we learn the dress, the arms, the sports, the domestic and political life of those who, although not forgotten, are now unrepresented among the catalogue of nations. Let us learn a moral from the growth and advancement of mankind in civilization, as evidenced in the standpoints of history, towns and cities. Let it be this: that we despise not the day of small beginnings; because many long centuries ago from several little sparks of light, which were scarcely discernible on account of great surrounding darkness, civilization in the highest sense of the term is enjoyed by many millions of people to-day. Now can we well sanction the words of the writer who said, "The worm and the moth have their niche in the temple of history?"

MUSIC.

Do we all know what real music is? Do we realize the wonderful part it occupies in our existence, the subtle power it exerts over the lives of men from earliest infancy to decrepit old age? Surely everyone within

the hearing of my voice this evening can remember the time when, as night was throwing her dusky mantle over the world, they crept into their mothers' arms and listened to her sweet, low voice trilling some dear, familar tune until the little eyes were closed and the tired baby was lost in dreamland. And perhaps you have all been at the death-bed of a friend when the dying request was for some loved song, and while some tender voice sang, the weary spirit took flight to the land where all shall touch the golden harps and sing forever.

From the creation, music, and especially singing, has formed an essential part in religious devotion. If you have ever been in a Catholic cathedral at Easter and listened to the chanting of the choirs and the pealing of the organ, now low and sweet and now bursting out in a wave of melody which rolls on and on, reaching to the very gates of heaven, you have some idea of the grandeur, the awful solemnity of music, and allow me to add that if you have never had this pleasure then you can scarcely realize what music is in its fullest and grandest sense.

Music is the higher and loftier expression of man's feelings and every nature has in it some music, which if allowed to live would ennoble and elevate manhood; but often, oh! so often, the music is turned to discord, the gifted nature becomes corrupted and the wasted life never knows that in it once slumbered the spirit which, though not so full of power or force, was the same that dwelt in Mozart all his life, and caused him to compose in his dying hours the requiem which he knew would be for his own obsequies, and after it was finished his soul took its flight while his daughter played the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought.

Ossian says of a strain of music that it is like a memory of joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul. Have we not all of us at sometime heard a strain of music that now is like a memory of joys that are past? Do you not still cherish in your bosom the memory of a song that reached your heart? What was it that made the tears rain down the rough and rugged cheeks of these brave soldiers who never flinched when facing the fiery mouths of the enemy's cannon, but who cried like babies when a comrade sang the sweet old Scotch melody, "Annie Laurie;" was it not the strain of music, the memory of joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul?

Music has a wonderful influence, it stirs upon slumbering faculties, it awakens in us nobler and loftier aspirations. Show me the man who without feeling a strange throb in his heart, a misty dimness o'er his eyes, can listen to that wonderful, that divine voice of Adelina Patti as she sings the song dear to all hearts, "Home, Sweet Home." I say show that man to me and I will show you a man for whom the angels do not sing in heaven, for whom no higher life is awaiting. But time warns us that we must stop and we will close with a few lines from the poet's pen which beautifully express the power of music:

"Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

"Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray,'

NELL WHITNEY.

THE IDEAL.

"The ideal is an angelic guide, with whom man travels an endless road between the imperfect and the perfect."

"All excellence whether earthly or spiritual has been attained by the mind keeping before it and dwelling upon the ideas of the great, the good and the grand."

The ideal seeks for embodiment in music, art and poetry. The musician, whose soul is full of music, seeks not to imitate the sounds

of nature; but seeks the realization of his own dream of perfect melody.

The true artist is not one who copies perfectly the landscape before him; but one who strives to put upon his canvas the landscape which his imagination has created. So, in poetry, the embodiment of passion and imagination the poet appeals to the sense of the true, the good and the beautiful in others by painting in word pictures his own beautiful fancies. The more skillful the workman the more closely does his work approach his ideal; but it can never attain to it. The ideal is perfect; the work must ever be imperfect. A sculptor may chisel from marble a form much more graceful and symmetrical than can be found in nature. But the sculptor can ever see where it might have been more beautiful. All beauty is beauty because we see in it some realization of what we think ought to be. A prosaic nature fails to appreciate the most exquisite beauty.

All great inventions are due to the creative imagination. The inventor first constructs a model in his own mind, and then endeavors to copy it in material form. Morse's telegraph was first set up in the realm of his own imagination. Every man has his ideals, the peasant as well as the poet. Especially has every man his ideals of what a man ought to be and ought to have. Ideals deal never with the real *is*, but ever with *ought*, *would*, *should*. No man is satisfied with what he is, so he creates for himself an ideal standard of what he thinks he ought to be. This formation of the ideal of life decides the character of his real manhood. It may prove either his good or evil angel; for since man is fallen, his conceived perfect may be most imperfect. If his *conception* be low and selfish, the *man* will be low and selfish, but if it be truly noble and consistent to the will of God, it is ennobling and cannot be too closely followed. Then, it is his good angel which white and shining ever leads him on toward perfection.

Happiness depends not so much on what we have as on what we think we *ought* to have. A standard of happiness founded upon false conceptions of life or of one's own talents becomes the source of much wretchedness. The girl who thinks she would be "perfectly happy" if she were as beautiful or as much admired as the heroine of some popular novel, is doomed to sad disappointment and finds herself dissatisfied with the real pleasures of life. But if our ideal contemplates suffering, self-sacrifice and evil, as the fires which refine the gold, it is possible for our happiness to be even augmented by sorrow, disappointment and pain. The angel leads us an endless road; we can never reach the ideal perfection. But,

"Treasure the shadow,
Some where past thy sight, waits the true heaven at last,
Tell them whose fear would put thy hope to flight
There is no shadow, save from substance cast."

E. M. C.

COPIED HERE AND THERE.

HER PROPER SPHERE.

She—"I wish I could sketch like you. The only thing I can draw is a house."

He—"You ought to go on the stage."

QUITE TRUE.

"I feel discouraged," said the young M. D., whose practice was slow in coming.

"You must have patience."

"Yes, I know. If I had patients I wouldn't be discouraged."

A NEW AGE.

Mabel—"Oh, dear me! Just look here. Those stamps are all stuck together and so soiled and ragged. I wonder what age they were made in?"

Cousin James—"Perhaps they were manufactured in the mucilage."

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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JANUARY, 1893.

"I URGE on college-bred men," says Wendell Phillips, "that, as a class, they fail in republican duty when they allow others to lead in the agitation of the great social questions which stir and educate the age."

"GIBBON says we have two educations, one from teachers and the other we give ourselves. This last is the real and only education of the masses, one gotten from life, from affairs, from earning one's bread; necessity, the mother of invention; responsibility, that teaches prudence, and inspires respect for right."

INCREASED interest seems to pervade the work in the physical laboratory this term. Many are taking laboratory physics as an extra study. This is an indication that Prof. S. R. Thompson's invaluable services in this department have become at least partially appreciated. By his untiring energy and liberal contribution of means, we can boast of a better laboratory than those of many more pretentious schools. Even the instruction of such an experienced scientist is a privilege that every one does not enjoy.

IT has been noticed that some of the younger students do not regularly attend the lectures of the course. They say the lectures do not interest them. True, some of the lectures may be a little "dry," but there are very few given here but that there is much in them that will elevate and inspire any attentive listener. The lectures have a strong educating influence and should anyone not appreciate them at first he would soon begin to do so. Our lecture course is of a high grade and anyone who fails to attend it certainly neglects a very important privilege of the college course.

THE practice of taking something for nothing is not confined entirely to the lower orders of creation. While the business transactions of to-day are pervaded by an apparent inclination to fair dealing, they are not much less larcenous and parasitic than those of the feudal ages. The man whose idea of a proper compensation for his services and capital is determined by his sense of justice rather than by what he can get, is a rarity. The more euphemistic term, "business tact" has been substituted for the less agreeable one, larceny. There is no question but the morals of business men is of a very low type. No better argument can be adduced in favor of a young man's entering the ministry. Even aside from other considerations, the beneficent, reflex influence upon his life and character is no insignificant one.

THE HOLCAD is a college paper published in the interest of Westminster college. Its aim is to present to young ladies and gentlemen the opportunities afforded here for obtaining an education in the arts and sciences; and we invite the hearty co-operation of the

students, alumni and friends of the institution in our efforts to make it serve this purpose. If you have an editorial, a literary production, or any other item of interest, present it. We do not consider it an impertinence, as some seem to think, that you should present an article of literary merit for publication. On the contrary, we invite and expect such productions; because you should have a share in the management of the advertising medium of your college as well as the members of the editorial staff. Give us your literary and financial assistance, and then our college paper will become one of which you may be proud.

Contrary to the popular notion, many students endeavor to accomplish too much in the time at their disposal. This is not only unprofitable, but tiresome. To be compelled to give only a few minutes to studies that properly demand hours, and to give the time that should be thus spent to committee and society work, is extremely annoying because of the conviction one necessarily has that both are imperfectly done. He who can maintain an unruffled temper under such circumstances and can take the almost innumerable criticisms kindly that are heaped upon him as a consequence, is well fitted in this respect to be a leader of men. However, no one should pursue such a course merely for the purpose of learning patience. True success is attained only by one's doing everything thoroughly that he undertakes, no difference how insignificant it may be.

The only Christian association of the college for young men is the Y. M. C. A. It is dependent upon them for its prosperity and even for its existence and they have a duty toward it. Some students think that if they attend the church prayer meeting and take part there, that is enough for them. If they cannot attend but one meeting each week, the question arises, which one ought they to attend. The life of the Y. M. C. A. is dependent upon the support of the students; while the church prayer meetings have their respective pastors and members to support them. Then they are responsible for their support to one and not to the other. And if they cannot possibly attend both they should give the Y. M. C. A. the first place, as that is within their own sphere. We are by no means arguing against the attendance of the students at the church prayer meetings, for we could wish nothing better, than that all should go, but for those who will attend but one we think they ought to attend the one properly their own. In fact we see no reason at all why anyone who diligently improves his time cannot attend both; they come at a time when they would lose very little time, if any at all, from their studies.

In nearly every school may be found some students who are endeavoring to cultivate a comparatively obtuse intellect. Such are generally attending school through deference to their parents' wishes or at the solicitation of some intimate friend, and not because of any desire or inclination on their own part. There is nothing improper about this. No intellect is so barren that it cannot be improved; yet, while this is true, no one should enter a profession for which he has neither any inclination nor aptitude, because his parents or friends have advised or dictated it. Indeed more of the failures in life are to be attributed to this cause than to any other. Nearly every young man possesses a peculiar fitness for some particular vocation; but because of lack of decision on their part, many leave the choice to their friends. This is a great mistake. The judgment of a friend is nearly always biased in forming an estimate of one's ability, and consequently his advice in such a case is untrustworthy. It is perfectly natural that a parent should overestimate the

ability of his son or daughter; and even if a friend does form a correct estimate of one's ability, he would hesitate to advise him to engage in manual labor if he had spent a number of years in obtaining an education. For this reason every one should choose his own occupation, and in doing this, he should recognize the fact that one occupation is not so much more honorable than another as he may think. Every legitimate occupation is honorable, if one possesses a peculiar fitness for it and pursues it faithfully. It is by far more honorable to be a good farmer than a poor preacher, and vice versa.

So much is said about the importance of literary work in colleges that it is with diffidence that we mention it, lest we may seem importunate. Yet the writer becomes so deeply impressed, as he approaches the end of his college course, with the necessity of thinking clearly and of speaking with exactness that he can scarcely refrain from urging it in the hope that somebody may be impressed. The one great want in every college course is more original work, and from its nature it can be supplied only by voluntary effort of the student. Clearness in thinking and perspicuity in phraseology supplement each other. These are acquired, like the ability to tell a story well, only by continued practice. There are even persons who think clearly and yet do not express their thoughts in exact language. Perspicuity is the distinctive mark of a clear thinker, and is pre-emminently the one that gives him influence over even the uneducated. For this reason everyone should endeavor not only to think clearly, but to express his thoughts in such language that there cannot be any possible ambiguity.

Another Christmas and another New Year's have passed away. Many and varied will be the remembrances of them by different persons. To some they may have been a source of joy and to others a source of sorrow; to some a blessing and to others a curse. They are such just as we make them. If they are spent in social enjoyment and merriment, they are a joy and a blessing; but if in idleness and revelling, they are a curse. The prevalent custom of making presents on these holidays is to be commended when it is done in the proper manner and spirit. While it is mainly reciprocal, it has the good feature connected with it that one enjoys even a trifle much more when it has been given to him by a dear friend than if he had purchased it himself, and at the same time, it teaches liberality. The remembrance of the poor by the rich in the gifts of clothing and provisions is especially commendable. Nevertheless, it is not without its evil tendency. The greater part of charity now-a-days is too much of the express wagon sort; that is, it is at long range. While it may alleviate the physical wants of the poor, it only serves to make caste distinctions all the more prominent. How much more good a turkey does a poor man when delivered from the hand of the donor with a kind word than when it is dropped from an express wagon. The evidence of a personal interest in him on the part of his friend gives him infinitely more joy than the feast. Although it may be an uncharitable view to take, yet one is almost forced to conclude that many of the so-called acts of charity of the present are prompted by selfishness rather than by generosity; that they are performed more for the purpose of gaining social distinction than because of any love for humanity.

Whether or not attendance at religious exercises in college should be compulsory, is a question upon which there is a great diversity of opinion. That compulsion in such matters perverts, to some degree, one's sense of moral obligation, cannot be doubted; that is, the one who attends divine services merely because attendance is required involuntarily

learns to consider his moral obligation to the one who makes this demand as paramount to his obligation to God. There are many who never think seriously about such matters that might do otherwise if it were entirely optional with them. The influence is a little like that of the study of ethics. Knowledge is gained, but the morals of the student are not necessarily elevated. On the other hand, there are many who would never attend religious exercises if they were not required to do so, and who might, perchance, see or hear something that would change the whole trend of their lives for good, if such attendance were required. Whatever may be the objections to compulsion in these matters, every one should remember that the fault lies chiefly with him. It never was intended that these exercises should supplant the voluntary acts of devotion, but rather that they should supplement them. Old people frequently complain of the Sabbath school, because they think that the children of to-day are not so well instructed in sacred things as those of former times. Their complaint is doubtless well founded, but the fault is not to be attributed to the Sabbath school. The trouble is that parents have permitted the Sabbath school to supplant instruction in the home instead of supplementing it.

In a recent issue of the Pittsburg daily *Post*, under the head, "Postmark," Dr. Scouller, of Wooster University, was severely criticized for his attitude upon the subject of athletic contests. Although the *Post* did not assert positively that the decreased attendance at this school is due to this cause, it endeavored to leave that impression. That the views expressed in this article, like those held by many college faculties, are prompted by the desire for political effect rather than because of any earnest conviction on the subject, is too palpable. They forcibly remind one of the tactics usually pursued by ward politicians. The whole intent is to pander to the inclinations of the sporting element in the expectation of pecuniary reward either directly or indirectly in return. One's admiration for men of such courageous conviction as Dr. Scouller cannot fail to be increased thereby. At any rate, much of the sentimentality indulged in on the subject of athletics in college, even when sincere, would scarcely do credit to a high school girl's spring poetry. The picture that is usually drawn of the vigorous, robust athlete, and of the sunken-jawed, spider-legged invalid who never indulged in any athletic sports, is largely a fiction of the imagination. We should not lose sight of the fact that the young men who engage in athletic sports are generally those that have robust physiques and vigorous constitutions with which to begin and in nearly every case they have inherited them. The same is true of those that are weaker. We do not wish to be understood from what we have said as having any quarrel with the advocates of physical culture in its true sense. No one can reasonably object to regular exercise for the purpose of retaining and conserving one's strength. On the contrary, it is something that deserves more attention than it usually receives in our colleges. It is the excessive training to which contestants in athletics necessarily submit themselves for the purpose of developing phenomenal strength that we object. Might not a little more attention devoted to the study and practice of dietetics rather than athletics be more profitable?

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1872.

Rev. D. G. McKay studied theology at the seminary in Allegheny and began to preach in Franklinville, N. Y., in May, 1876. He remained there until September, 1887, and rejoiced to see the small mission then flourish until it became one of the best in Caledonia presbytery. He has been in Shushan, N. Y., since that time. Married October 24, 1878, to

Miss Libbie Leslie, of Newburg, N. Y.; children four, three boys and one girl.

Mr. John F. Byers taught school one year at Jamestown after graduating from Westminster; also one year in Kentucky, one year in Indiana and three years in Wisconsin. He then was admitted to the bar, and has since been practicing law in Minneapolis, Minn. Married August, 1882, to Miss Annie M. Anedt.

Rev. D. W. Irons graduated from Xenia Theological Seminary in April, 1875, and was located at Gilead, O., sixteen months. Since then he has been preaching at Barlow, O. He was married October 8, 1874, to Miss Amanda M. McCullough. Children, eight.

Rev. S. A. Martin pursued his studies at Allegheny, Edinburgh and Princeton, after graduating from Westminster. He was located at Baltimore one year, and was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lebanon, Pa., four years. He is at present professor of Homiletics in Lincoln University. During the year of 1891 he wrote a book on Job, entitled, "The Man of Uz." He was given D. D. by Lafayette College in 1892. His special line of study is Comparative Philology. Married February, 1881, to Miss Kate M. Porter, Easton, Pa. One daughter and two sons.

1873.

Rev. T. D. Stewart attended the Western Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1876. He was located at Cooperstown, Pa., from May, 1876, to October, 1883, and since then has been preaching at the Unity Presbyterian church, in Mercer county, Pa. Married May 21, 1879, to Miss Lizzie A. Stewart. Four children.

Rev. A. S. Stewart graduated from Newburg Theological Seminary in 1876. He was professor in Elder's Ridge Academy from January, 1884, to June, 1886. He then began ministerial duties as his line of life work. Married April 27, 1876, to Miss Charlotte E. Campbell. Children, five.

The only reply received from Miss S. I. Peacock, of Monmouth, Ill., was the brief, "At home."

Miss Anna Peacock taught school in Coultersville, Ill., one year after graduating from college; also one year at Cameron, Ill., and since then has been teaching in Monmouth, Ill.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The music for the Junior orations this year will be furnished by the conservatory. It would have been better in several ways if this had been done previously. We have plenty of talent and material in our own midst, and we think it will be more entertaining than the orchestras usually brought here from some town in the vicinity.

—Miss Ida Little, a student of music here for the past two years, has accepted the position of teacher of music in Hickory Academy.

—Miss Jennie Foster, of last year's class, is doing successful work in the same position in the Volant Academy.

—A copy of the Brooklyn daily *Eagle* came to our hands containing an account of a concert given in the Calvary Baptist church, of that city, under the direction of Prof. Austin. The chorus consisted of 175 voices, and prominent artists of that city also took part. We clip the following in regard to Prof. Austin: "Though a new comer and comparatively a stranger to the Brooklyn public, the magnetism with which he has inspired his chorus, the grace and dignity with which he wields the baton, the rapt attention it receives from his singers, and the fine shadings it develops in his chorus singing, all indicate that he is to become a conductor of no mean repute in this city." Prof. Austin expects to drill a chorus of 300 voices on the Oratona, "Daughter of Jarius," for a concert to be given in May. This Oratona will be remembered by many as having been rendered by the chorus class here under Prof. Austin, several years ago.

A HUGE JOKE.

One evening late in the fall four men went to pay a call upon "Fult" and "Gaza." Finding them out, they quietly settled themselves for a chat. One from his pocket drew a plug of Q. and Q. and not finding a convenient place to expectorate, a pan for heating water was found and as a cuspidore held the juicy nicotine. This suggested other trickery. They tried to smoke the lamp chimney, but with poor success. One man "be think" himself to be out of oil, so he took the oil can in the room to his room, he emptied two-thirds of the oil into his can, filling the other up with water. The quartet then withdrew to await further developments. That night "Gaza" fills the lamp, it burns, but rather gloomily. The next day "Fult" comes in finds the fire about out. Thinks he will invigorate it with a little oil. He pours it on the fire, but it goes out. Not knowing just how to take it, he hunts some dry wood for kindling. This necessitates considerable trouble, as it had rained all the night before and everything is damp. However after diligent search he is successful and returns, places it nicely on the grate, then thinking to hasten the flame he pours some more of the fire extinguisher from the can. It burns for a moment and out it goes. This is a stunner. Then he perceives he is the subject of a joke. He must get even. He thereby retires to his neighbor's room, pours out the oil contained in his lamp, inserts water, then empties his oil can and replaces water. He crawls under the bed and places his friend in a closet to watch the fun. In comes the unsuspecting roomer. He strikes a match, lights the lamp, but it burns very dimly and finally simpers down to nothing. Then noticing that there is not much oil in the lamp, he takes the can (which has been tampered with) fills the lamp, applies match again. Still it will not burn. Here is another muddle. He goes to the closet for something and there discovers the man concealed there. He pounces upon him and they engage in a life and death struggle. He accounts for his presence by saying that he and "Fult," who is under the bed, were going to play a joke upon him. And he tells him to go in and get a glass of water and throw it under the bed on "Fult." He does so, "Fult" is washed out by the flood. "Fult and "Billy" (for that is the title he goes by) then asked their neighbor, Leitch, what is the matter? He tells them that his lamp will not burn, so they assist him in taking it all apart but can come to no conclusion. Exit "Fult" and "Billy." Enter Leitch's roommate, C. D. Fulton. L. imparts to him his trouble. C. D. F. tells him the boys have put water in the lamp, but L. insists that he, himself, filled the lamp. Fulton insists that they had also filled the can with water. Leitch feels beat. He too must have revenge. Next day he transfers the contents of his oil can (water) to that of "Fult's." "Fult" that night fills his lamp, but finds his good nature has again been played upon. He too, must be revenged. Accordingly, when "Snobbs," "Billy" and "Gaza" enter room that night, "Fult" remarks that the fire is mighty poor, picks up the oil can and commences to pour its contents upon the flame: immediately "Gaza" and "Snobbs" snatch their hats and rush pell-mell down the stairs. They entreat the neighbors to come in and help them subdue a raving maniac: five minutes later enter "Gaza" and "Snobbs" with three neighbors, and Al Best bringing up the rear. They find "Fult" and "Billy" convulsed with laughter. "Gaza tumbles to the joke and as quietly as possible dismissed the neighbors. Moral.—Don't use kerosene, benzine, or anything of that nature to start fires, for as "Redy" Smith says, "I once knew a little girl who used benzine to start a fire and she hasn't *ben zine* since. X. Y.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—"Two in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And then in a moment
They landed like this."

—Worse than suspense—Electrocution.

—School opened Wednesday Jan. 4. '93.

—The number of new students this term is small.

—Paddy, reading in German: "Der John" (Sohn).

—Why is Miss Dick so taken with laboratory physics?

—Frank Gealey spent his vacation with college friends.

—Miss Mary Graham,'94, is detained at home by ill health.

—Professor Mitchell spent part of his vacation in Philadelphia.

—Rev. Wright, of Bethel, was present at the opening exercises.

—Mr. J. E. Walker has returned after a brief vacation (6 mo.).

—Mr. Strangeway, reading in German: "Ich habe einen Ring."

—Caution to Seniors—Be sure that your letters are properly stamped.

—Miss McBurney, of New Castle, has quite a large class in elocution this term.

—Sleighing, skating and coasting occupy a prominent part of the student's mind.

—Mr. Huber Ferguson, who is attending Princeton College, spent vacation at home.

—Miss Bertha Wilson entertained very pleasantly on the evening of December 16.

—Misses Sydney Robinson and Agnes McLaughlin are late arrivals at the ladies' hall.

—Poor McK. is not in it. He had to ask three girls before he found one—to go sleighriding.

—Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; but Rome has been fiddling for several centuries since, without paying attention to Nero's temperature at the time.

—Union services were held in the several churches of the town during the week of prayer.

—Mr. Y: "How did your dance get on?" Mr. X: "Didn't get on at all. The faculty got on."

—'93: "What are you going to wear at your class dinner?" '94: "My foot ball clothes."

—The painting of the college is at last completed and its outside appearance is much improved.

—Advise to Sophs—Don't fool with the president of the Juniors. You are too young and inexperienced.

—Mrs. Flip: "George, What do you think of that bathing costume?" Mr. Flip: "Oh, it is good as far as it goes."

—We are much pleased to note that there are very few students of last term who are not back at their accustomed places.

—We have been favored the last week with fine sleighing, and the present indications are that it will continue for sometime.

—Will Jackson, of '92, was in town on the 7th. He started for Chicago on the 9th to resume his studies at the seminary.

—Cholly: "Will you marry me, Ethel?" Ethel (sweetly): "Yes." Cholly: "All right; I'll go and ask mamma if I can marry you."

—"He took her out for an ice cream treat,
His pretty blue eyed Sal,
But fainted when he read the sign,
'Cream ninety cents a gal.'"

—Miss Irene Robinson, formerly of the class of '94, but who is attending Pennsylvania College for Women, visited in town in December.

—Uuncle Tom (shaving): "Yo', C'loe! Fotch me some of dat baby powder to smoof off mah face." Aunt Chloe (to her grandson):

"Chile, jest han' yo' ole gran'fadder dat pot o' chimbly soot."

—Jack: "How long did Billy stay last night?" John: "Until half past ten?" "Why did he not stay longer?" Jack: "Because I held four aces."

—The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. social was held in the Adelphic hall on Thursday evening, January 12. It was prefaced by a short, but interesting program.

—Miss Madge to Mr. Robertson, Jr.: "I see the lecture is only twenty-five cents." Mr. R: "Oh, no; that was a mistake; you are just as *dear* as you ever were."

—Persons back on their subscription should remember that it is a legal debt, and that the paper may be sent on indefinitely, and collected when the manager sees fit.

—A party of seven couple from New Castle's elite met a like party from Mercer at the Wilmington House recently where they participated in an elaborate supper.

—Junior orations began Friday evening, January 13th. The Juniors have been granted longer time to prepare and their performances will no doubt be much finer than usual.

—Prof. Smith: "There is no royal road to knowledge." Mr. Jones: "Perhaps not; but there is an air line." Prof. S: "Indeed! What is it?" Mr. J: "The C. L. S. C."

—Dr. Hedley appeared before a New Wilmington audience for the fifth time on Tuesday evening, January 11, and delivered his excellent lecture on "The Master Passion."

—Ethel: "I thought at one time he was going to kiss me, but fortunately some one came in and he didn't." Estelle: "You had a narrow escape." Ethel: "It was a tight squeeze."

—"What are you crying about, my little man?" "Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I s'pose I catch it again from father."

—"Keen scheme of Harlow's," said Hicks "Took his boy to church last Sunday; pinched him just before the collection and the boy cried; so Harlow had to take him out. Saved his money."

—Miss L: "Sometimes you appear real manly and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it?" Mr. Z: "I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females."

—Veach and Magoffin, entertaining some idea of going onto the stage. Mr. V: (the highwayman) "Throw up your hands and give me your money." Mr. M: "How in thunder can I do that, you Jake? Do you imagine I am a contortionist, and can get my nose into my pants?"

EXCHANGES.

The past year, 1892, was the year 7,910,341 in China.

Tennyson is the 1,173d person buried in Westminster Abbey.

Atlas must have learned something about the weigh(t) of the world.

A pound of coal, it is said, contains a dynamic force to the amount of work a man does in a day.

A number of the Cornell girls are taking the agricultural course, and, singularly, one has chosen veterinary surgery.

We are pleased to add to our exchange list the *College Bulletin*, published by the students of the Norfolk Mission College, Norfolk, Va.

"Money is not at the bottom of everything," sadly remarked the college man as he plunged

his hands down into his pockets.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Prof. Angelo Heilprin, who conducted the Peary relief expedition, expresses the belief that the north pole will be discovered within a few years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has been asked to write the ode for the formal opening of the Columbian Exposition. To him has been attributed the remark that the millennium would be near at hand "when lawyers take what they would give and doctors give what they would take."

The library at Johns Hopkins has received and placed on exhibition a fac simile of the famous map of Juan de la Cosa, who was the pilot of Christopher Columbus. The original was made on ox hide, in the year 1508, at Santa Maria, Spain, and is now in the naval museum at Madrid. It contains the new lands and countries described in the decade before it was made.

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THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Man is said to be a microcosm, and so he is a world within himself. Unity in his being and yet mysterious in his complexity. Every man, in whatever condition or situation he may be placed, may be considered as in the pursuit of some object which will contribute to his own welfare and happiness or that of others. Providence has wisely endowed every rational being with the feeling of hope, which influences men in every act. This will appear very evident when we view the many classes of men all pursuing their several avocations with that alacrity which could only be produced by the action of this innate principle.

Pleasure appears to be generally the object after which men seek, and this is necessary to some extent. But there are channels into which, if the pursuits are permitted to enter, they are liable to be carried by the force of the current far beyond the limit they were designed to reach, and often so far as to prevent a return. If you wish for proof of this, go ask the earnest seeker after gold why he will endure so many hardships, suffer so many privations, make so many sacrifices, and will pursue through the pathless ocean, and move on with increased rapidity until he reaches the gold filled region, there to toil until he gains the coveted object. Go ask him these questions and the response will return, "It is all for pleasure." Doubtless he has been borne on the pinions of imagination far beyond into that dim, unseen future, and has erected castles of pleasure, as he supposes, upon a rock, but very often such edifices have only sand foundations. Perhaps ere he has experienced any of his anticipated pleasure he has been ushered into the dread realities of eternity, or by one spark of fire his most sanguine expectations have been brought to the dust.

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or, like the snowfall in the river,
> A moment white, then melts forever."

Cast your eyes back to those two inhabitants of the Garden of Eden and see the result of this ardent pursuit. That garden abounded in everything that was necessary to the happiness of its possessors, and they possessed the control and use of all it contained except one tree, the fruit of which they were commanded not to eat. This mandate they obeyed for a time, but being seduced by the evil one to eat and hearkening to his voice, which told them they should be much wiser and happier after eating, they ate, and by so doing plunged themselves and all their posterity into the most profound depths of misery. Many and frightful are such examples. Thus pursuers of pleasure have been led to deeds which no other motive could have induced them to commit.

Thus fell our first parents, so have fallen our brightest youths and strongest men. Pleasure has many charms for the uneasy and pleasure loving youth. She appears in many and in varied hues. She may be seen with Indolence lolling on a midday couch or lingering willingly in the path of vice. She may be seen with the drunkard urging him on and on, picturing to him the enjoyment of deeper dissipation, and by her deceptive pictures she leads him down to death. Again, she may be found with the domineering capitalist who follows her path to the death of others. He rises higher and higher on Pleasure's throne, keeping his eyes ever turned from his down-trodden employe, who may be dying of starvation that he may enjoy the delusions of pleasure.

We find pleasure urging the politician onward, ever picturing to him the pleasures he will find in fame and honor; beckoning to him with her deceptive fingers, and smiling on him from afar. Thus he presses onward, obstacles in the way are torn down by his unscrupulous ambition. He gains at last the coveted position; but where, oh! where is Pleasure? She has vanished and in her place is ushered slander, sorrow and labor, "like a picture when the pride of its coloring hath died."

The future is always a fairy land to the young. Life is like a beautiful winding lane, on either side bright flowers, beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire or to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which will be more beautiful and pleasureable. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bare, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have reached a desert waste.

Pleasure has pushed her ventures with a bold hand. She has made timidity strong and weakness valiant. She is an adventurous goddess whose name may be Ambition, Fame or Power. Such are the shadows men have pursued. Fair without, but corrupt within, and her only recompense has been vexation and disappointment. Pollock has said: "Strange competition of immortal souls! To sweat for death! To strive for misery! But think not Pleasure told her end was death." But there is a brighter side. Pleasure has fairer names, and brighter than all shines Charity, her crowning name. Charity seeketh not her own, but the pleasure and happiness of others. Drummond said: "There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving, and half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of pleasure." He that would reach life's grandest pleasures must follow after Charity. "He that would be great among you, let him serve."

Follow in pleasure's pathway, if that path be charity, for she will lead ever onward and upward safe into the harbor—happiness. Pleasure! we find her in content. A contented man is the happiest of God's creatnres; bliss is in his bosom; his wishes are few and easily obtained; care, he has none; doing well is his treasure; changes in providence have no effect upon him, for true contentment grows from real godliness.

"Thinks't thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he, who, in his cot at rest
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasures in the skies?"

Patience, what charming name. The hope of the patient man may be his anchor in the storm and shall be his gladness when the storm has passed. What we may be called to endure may be attended by some pain, but shall be followed by greater pleasure. Patience is not petulant; she is not hasty, but she is calm, ever ready, ever waiting to abound when a summons comes. Let us then pursue pleasure by the path of charity, contentment and patience, which leads us ever on-

ward and upward to that city whose builder is God. Every one who is born of God is bound for heaven, and like a ship on the sea, must expect to meet with storms and tossings, both up and down, and be in constant danger.

Our souls are vessels built by God and are designed to go but one voyage across the sea of life, and it should be our concern to make that a profitable one. It should ever be remembered that we are not sent to sea without an anchor, for hope is the anchor of the soul. Let the winds blow and the howling tempest drive through your masts and rigging, you will outride the storm.

Jan., 1893. JANE D. DONALDSON.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES COLUMBUS.

DELIVERED COLUMBUS DAY, 1892.

The last decade of the fifteenth century was a fateful period in history. Western Europe was restless and unsettled. The forces which had held society in equipoise for centuries were changing their character. The elements of European civilization were separating preparatory to reuniting under new and different conditions. Ancient landmarks were being swept away. The Moors had been driven from their beautiful empire in Spain; the splendor of Granada had departed, and Mohammedanism, leaving its last stronghold in Christendom, had sullenly retreated toward the east. Already were heard the first faint mutterings of that religious revolution soon to shake Europe from center to circumference. The western world instinctively felt that great things were about to happen, and peered into the future with trembling expectancy.

Such was the condition of affairs when, on an August morning, a tiny fleet set sail from the little seaport of Palos, in Andalusia, a fleet destined to change the whole course of civilization. Over the blue waves of the Atlantic, gilded by the first rays of the rising sun, it sails away, out into the mysterious west, a region filled with all the imaginary terrors which an ignorant and credulous eye could invent.

Little did the gaping crowd of ragged Spaniards who crowded the shore to watch its departure imagine that they were standing in the shadow of an event, the greatest that has occurred since the incarnate Son of God walked with men on the Judean hills. It was not merely a wretched fleet of three crazy caravals, commanded by a visionary Italian fanatic, that they saw; it was the finger of eternal destiny pointing out a path for freedom, a new stage for the solution of the problem of ages, the question of man's inherent rights and individual liberty. A few months later Europe was thrilled by wonderful news. The dreams of lands beyond the western seas had become a grand reality. The poor Italian sailor suddenly found himself on the highest pinnacle of fame, and all Spain and all Europe rang with the name of Columbus. An avenue was opened up to enterprise, settlements were made in the new world and the history of America began. The great discoverer himself soon learned the full value of the world's gratitude, and, like most of the great benefactors of humanity, found his reward a crown of thorns. A few years afterward, broken in body and spirit, an object of malice and envy, he went to plead his cause before a throne where state policy and kingly ambition weigh as nothing in the scales of God's infinite justice. In the cathedral of Havanna, lulled by the murmur of those same waves which told their wondrous secret to the Genoese boy, lie the bones of Columbus, his restless spirit finally at rest, his long and stormy voyages over. His spirit has crossed a greater sea than the Atlantic, and reached a country more wondrous than that which makes his name immortal He sleeps where the plaudits of an admiring world will never

reach the great heart the shafts of its ingratitude pierced.

But the discovery of America was but the first and moving factor in a great train of events. The same hand which guided Columbus across the trackless sea had been laid upon the hearts of men and they began to burn with new feelings and ideas. Fetters of credulity and servitude were thrown off and art, science and philosophy felt the revivifying influence of a new social atmosphere. In vain the forces of error sought to check this new tide of advancement. Fanaticism and superstition followed Kepler and Galileo with persecution and chains, but the mighty wave of truth which they set in motion could not be chained. The discovery of America soon led to the circumnavigation of the globe and the unity and order of the world began to be appreciated. Science began to recognize the unity of truth and amazing results followed. In this tendency toward unification religion also was involved. Men refused any longer to parcel out their worship among a multitude of saints and began to seek the one eternal God. Principles of individual liberty began to exercise a powerful influence over men's minds. With increasing intelligence came the demand for increased freedom, both civil and intellectual.

Persecuted at home, these principles fled across the Atlantic and found a congenial atmosphere in America, and there they grew and developed with a rapidity impossible under any other circumstances than those by which they were surrounded. Under these conditions two centuries have witnessed in America a national development which cycles have not seen in Europe. Under the wand of the mighty magician, Industry, forests have vanished and great cities have risen in their places, the earth has yielded up her hidden treasures and nature has given place to art Through man's conquest over steam and electricity, every throb of the great national heart at Washington sends pulsing tides from the storm beaten Atlantic shores to the golden gate of the peaceful Pacific. Intelligence and independence have advanced hand in hand, and America has long since taken her place in the front rank of the nations and is leading the van of the world's progress.

With the advent of America development took a new direction. Hitherto the idea of nationalism had been the moving force in the governments of the world. Like great beasts of prey, the stronger nations devoured the weaker, and each one strove to make herself independent of and formidable to her neighbors. But here conflict gave place to combination, nationalism to cosmopolitanism. America was the link that bound the world together. Through her the ends of the earth were united in the bonds of a frequent and comparatively easy intercourse. On her soil the whole world meets on a common footing. The partitions of national prejudice and dislike are crumbling away and the East and West, the North and the South, Christian and Pagan, meet and clasp hands in the fair land of Columbus.

Africa had her great empire, and it was distinctively African. Asia had her mighty kingdoms, true exponents of Asiatic genius and life. Europe had Greece and Rome, crowning examples of western nationalism; the whole world has America. The tide of empire has circled the earth, and here, at its farthest limit, Africa, Asia and Europe have united to form America. Here, then, is a grand stage for the development of that crowning idea of the ages, cosmopolitanism. With every variety of climate and vegetation, with practically unbounded natural resources, with no powerful rival adjoining her to menace her safety or take advantage of an unguarded moment, separated from possible enemies by three thousand miles of ocean, the dangers which have hitherto attended every attempt at uniting different peoples under one government are in

a great measure averted, and here the world may unite and by its union bring forth the grandest and ultimate product of civilization, the world state in which the bonds of a common brotherhood are not destroyed by the silly prejudices and dislikes of differing nationalities or races.

True, in the union of elements as diverse as those which go to make up American society, some heat is to be expected, but this will only make the resulting combination more lasting. And this new world, fit stage for the highest manifestation of civilization, America, with her magnificent history and her boundless possibilities, "Time's noblest offspring and his last," the world owes to the untiring energy, indomitable will, true heart and steady brain of him we meet to-day to honor, Christopher Columbus. JOHN W. GEALEY.

PUBLIC OPINION.

There is in our Republic one king, there is under our flag one emperor, one czar, one supreme ruler, that is public opinion. Rocked to and fro, as it is in its cradle, society, it rules the world. It is formed in every State and nation, in every assemblage of people, even in the home, and to its sway every other potentate has to yield. A single person, a newspaper or magazine article, may be its source. A single individual may at the height of excitement wield public opinion. He may incite a multitude to riot, or he may quell a mob. He can so establish an opinion amongst an excited throng that it will weigh all down before it.

The city of Rome is in a turmoil. Cæsar has been murdered. Above all the din may be heard, "Long live Brutus!" "Brutus is our king!" Every mouth proclaims his cause. But look yonder in the distant Forum. There Mark Antony stands on a temporary rostrum, bearing a burden in his embrace. In a few moments, with the adroitness of a Roman politician, he turns the opinion of the populace and again is heard as with one tremendous voice the word Cæsar!

The newspapers are the mighty arms that wield public opinion. It has been said that Supreme Judges and men in high authority are sometimes governed rather by press comments than by the real merits of the case before them. The newspapers are out with their opinions after some great event almost before the people have had time to collect their thoughts, and after reading the newspapers and studying their views it is hard to arrive at any other. Public opinion thus formed becomes a very avalanche of power in the controlling of the people, and sweeps all before it with perfect ease. We find it controls in religion, politics, in fact in very department of life.

Its power over nations is equally as great as over people. It was the opinion of each Grecian State that its chief aim should be to gain supremacy over the other. Hence the fall of Greece. Rome, that "Seven Hilled City," grew in power and prosperity until she was truly called "The Mistress of the World." Then like a man who suddenly acquires a large fortune, and spends lavishly, thinking it will last forever, so in this "Eternal City" the opinion became prevalent that the crown of life lay in pleasure and luxury, and after a time spent in this manner she met her fate. Despotic in its demands, when not directed right, like every other tyrant it is whimsical and capricious. It is as often wrong as it is right. Reason and justice are not infrequently preverted because its imperious will must not be thwarted. No matter whether a thing be great or small, no matter whether it concern the high or low, the rich or poor, public opinion asserts its power, and nothing for the time is allowed to question its authority. Its dominion is world wide, and its voice is recognized and acknowledged in the republic and the monarchy alike. It pays no heed to State lines, but every barrier that ordinarily limits the rule of power is swept away if it

stands between it and the desire it wishes to accomplish. Though it may be of humble origin, it frequently becomes absolute at a bound, and opposition is strangled before it can attain its feet. Such is public opinion, the monarch to whom kings must bow, and the despot whom tyrants fear more than the artillery of their enemies on the battlefield. It is said that the ultimate conclusion, or sentiment of the public, on any great question is right, and no popular opinion ever prevailed for a time and was eventually found to be wrong, but had its purpose, and resulted in good to society. To the latter part of this proposition, the best thinkers would not, perhaps, quietly assent. It is doubtless true that an Overruling Providence who sees the end from the beginning and has a grand purpose to accomplish does mold the human will and compel the wrath of man to praise Him, but it does not follow that man's follies are necessary to that end.

Although the War of the Crusades, originating with the fanaticism of Peter the Hermit, and exciting all Europe to arms, and carried on for the useless purpose of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels, were overruled for good in opening up communication between Europe and the East, and through the benign influence of commerce unfettering the human mind, yet it cannot be said such was their purpose or that such was the design of heaven. Neither can it be said when public sentiment is created through the corrupt use of money that the purpose then has ultimate good in view.

When the Roman empire was put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder by the Pretorium Guard, as narated in the brilliant pages of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, public opinion was thus created and compelled in favor of the emperor so chosen. Whilst the final overthrow of the empire was thus hastened, it will not do to say this corruption was decreed that good might come. Public opinion is a mighty force for good, when rightly directed and controlled, and every man is responsible for the influence he exerts in creating such opinion. If he allow caprice, without reason, to control him, he cannot know that the result will be good. Such a man may sing hosanas to-day and cry "crucify him" to-morrow.

It behooves every one, therefore, to have correct private views, for in this way only is correct public opinion created. It is sometimes curious to watch the little rivulets of thought flowing in from here, there and everywhere until at last they form one great, vast, overwhelming wave of popular opinion on any great subject. In this way correct public sentiment is formed, as has been stated, because no one person, in such a case, can be said to have dictated the result.

When public opinion has been formed in this way it may almost be said to be infallible, and then only the maxim, "The voice of the people, the voice of God," is true indeed. In that case it becomes all to yield a willing obedience to its behests, because there can be no appeal to any higher authority. Then the voice of public opinion, although unyielding, can hardly be said to be despotic, because it is then the truth and right, and right is not despotic, but is the very essence of liberty.

J. R. MAGOFFIN.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE SOUL.

The science of the human soul is one of the many sciences of nature. All are conscious of its phenomena of thinking, perceiving, hoping, loving, fearing. It is the substance of the soul about which the student of psychology is at first concerned. When he seeks to analyze the mind, to turn himself in upon himself, as it were, and reflect upon his own thoughts, the question comes to him, "What evidence have we of the existence of the soul?" The answer is, that we know its existence intuitively, by looking in upon it as it is acting. He then tries to resolve the soul into matter,

claiming that it is a mere modification of matter. Prior to this time he is occupied entirely with material phenomena. All his present knowledge is of the sensible world. His mind has been trained by methods of investigation appropriate to material objects, and he naturally tends to attribute these laws and phenomena to a material agent. Therefore this question, the relation of the soul to matter, must needs be settled and set aside before he can properly pursue his studies and investigations. The materialist holds that there is nothing in the universe but nature and its laws, that there is no spiritual substance, that the mind or soul in man is but a mode of force and motion in matter, and cannot exist apart from the body. He asserts that we know the soul only as connected with the body, that it is developed with the body, is dependent on the body for its knowledge and enjoyment, its energy and activity, and finally it terminates a series of material existences; it is but a convenient term for the higher form of activity which matter exerts in its more highly organized forms of existence. All these arguments of the materialist will, no doubt, have weight with the student in his first attempts to understand and analyze the phenomena of the human soul, accustomed as he has been to reflect only on objects of the sensible world. But the knowledge of the phenomena of the soul is obtained by different organs altogether than those by which we know matter. We know the former by self consciousness, and the latter by sense perception, two distinct and separate faculties of the mind. Man cannot admit the existence of one of these faculties and deny the other. The verdict of consciousness is as certain and true as the knowledge of matter acquired through the eye, ear or some other organ of sense. We would certainly not have this knowledge through the senses were it not for the testimony of consciousness. Man only knows, usually, as he is conscious of what he knows. Hence his consciousness necessarily implies this distinct faculty of the mind. We know by consciousness that the phenomena of the soul are not necessarily referred to or dependent upon matter, but that they are connected with an acting and suffering *ego*, of which no material or sensible objects are known. There can be no similarity between the phenomena of the sensible and of the spiritual world. We see a rose, and at the same time a feeling of beauty is aroused. These experiences are entirely different, the one coming to us by the senses and having some relation to space, while the asthetic feeling aroused is known as something altogether different. It has no extension, neither do we experience it through any organ of sense. It is an experience of an active soul. This soul is no modification of matter, nor is it dependent upon it for its highest activities. True, the soul is awakened with the training of the senses and is developed for some time along with them, but it does not depend upon them for this arousing. Its own energy within first calls it into activity. Matter of itself is inert, and rather can it be said that the soul looks in upon the senses, directing them in their activities.

Nor is the assertion, that the soul is but the highest form of material existence, true. How is the not living changed into the living? is a question that cannot be accounted for by natural causes. The microscope has revealed how life is developed from the cell, upon each part of which life is dependent, but the process by which nutrient matter is changed into living matter cannot be explained by chemistry or any other physical science. Well may it be said in the light of established science:

> "Cells in the crannied flesh,
> I pluck you out of your crannies,
> Hold you here in my hand,
> Little cells, throbs and all.
> And if I could understand
> What you are, throbs and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

The body is organized for the uses of the

soul, which perhaps is itself the organizing agent. "Every change must have an adequate cause, and the organic living cell must have outside of it a God and inside of it an immaterial principle, to be accounted for under the law of causation." This science of the spirituality of the human soul will probably never be an exact one. To the vagaries of false philosophy there seems no end. Even sound thinkers, though agreed upon the great outlines of philosophy, differ widely in details. Here is proof that the powers of the human mind are imperfectly fitted for these inquiries. Only when we resort to revelation is the problem made simple to us; then it becomes one to which man's powers are fully competent. From revelation we learn of the soul's spirituality, immortality, free agency, responsibility and originality of its moral intentions. The infinite mind, because it is infinite, can communicate such testimony to the finite in a way perfectly conclusive. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." The Spiritual Creator implies a spirit created.

Feb. 7, 1893. KATE ADAMS.

POETRY AS A NATIONAL POWER.

"Every man's heart is a living drama; every death is a drop scene; every book only a faint footlight to throw a little flicker on the stage." There is but one heart in man to be stirred, and every stir creates a new combination of feelings. Every action and emotion have their development growing and gaining on the soul. Even the material world is full of meaning and, by suggesting thought, is making us we what are and what we will be. Nature, in voice with the universal Pan, calls forth from the heart all hidden feelings and emotions, and, disclosing her glorious beauties, teaches us to "Look through nature to nature's God." The rose bush, in the sunlight, is full of buds and blossoms, and each bud and blossom is a token of promise. The quiet sunshine above the flowers, glistening among its leaves and shedding its waves of warmth over the earth, is lighting both heart and hope and bringing to the surface thousands of thoughts of what has been and what will be. The fields of ripening grain, stretching away in the distance their golden flood, appear as the lapses of fading childhood, and the hills, casting their deep, blue shadows, stand as the monuments of bygone years.

As nature has placed in the heart of a man a love and longing for the beautiful, so she ministers to all these desires and stirs his heart with poetry, which nestles every where, even in the first spring buds, and by appealing to his æsthetic nature, causes him to reproduce his feelings in words as the artist portrays his emotions on canvas—

> "For the heart
> Giveth grace to every art"

Poetry is both expressive and conservative of the beautiful, and is an art whose mission is to minister to man's æsthetic nature. As the poet declares that —

> "Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
> I leave it behind with the games of youths."

And even as he speaks, the flowers are blooming under his feet and he scents the violet's breath when he adds—

> "Beauty through my senses stole,
> I yielded myself the perfect whole."

This suggests to us the nature of poetry.

The highest of the faculties is the imagination, by whose aid every step in advance is taken, and emotion is its companion, through which come all the finer experiences and all great and noble deeds are achieved. Landor, the Greek, whose art was his religion, repeats that "All poetry is the art of exciting, by words, the power of the imagination, and that it must show by example what life and the world are." Aristotle regards poetry as a structure whose office is imitation through imagery and its end delight. The historian relates events as they actually have been; while poets, things that might have been.

It has been said that in "French literature that part is most poetry which is written in prose." And true it is, for is not poetry a division of discourse which is addressed to the feelings, whether it be verse or prose? The feelings, to which poetry unconsciously ministers, react upon our mental faculties and litt them from any lethargy into which they may have fallen. And the feelings lie in close connection with the will, which acts as they furnish the motive or occasion. The delicate thoughts and grace of form are only expressed in poetry, which deals with things as the November frost—painting the foliage in bewitching colors. Nothing is too insignificant to have a poetic side, nor is anything too high for the poetic imagination. But are we able, even here, to analyze poetry, as the botanist does a plant? Philosophers would say that the quality of poetry lies with the recipient and cannot therefore be defined. Passion, the chief element in poetry, is thought by some to be all that is necessary, and Byron was its follower when his summing up is given in "Don Juan"—

> "Thus to their extreme verge the passions brought
> Dash into poetry, which is but a pa-sion,
> Or at least was so, ere it grew a fashion."

"Poetry should only be employed as an interpreter of feeling," says some one, but Ruskin adds other elements, saying that poetry is the suggestion, by the "imagination," of noble "thoughts" and for noble "emotions." Since the poet is only able to compose when inspired with noble thoughts and emotions, the recipient must, in some measure, become inspired with the same noble thoughts which lead to noble deeds.

Poetry has been termed, of late, a force, to be studied just as light and heat are in physics. And it is true that, in ages past, there was an energy put forth in the minstrels' songs which was undisputed. And never before the present age has the sentiment imparting this energy, the poetic impulse, at least, been more forcible. All our country's buildings, establishments of worship, beauty and learning have not arisen from government edicts, but from the sentiment, the impulses of individuals. Lowell, in his soliloquy of Columbus, was conscious of this when he made him say—

> 'For I believed the poets, it is they
> Who utter wisdom from the deep,
> And listening to the inner flow of things
> Speak to the ages out of eternity."

The halls of art, shedding beauty on all around them, do they not lend a hand in raising the nation to heights of culture and refinement? The same sentimental spirit fills the soul of the sculptor and painter that prevails in the work of the poet. Many beautiful edifices have been erected by man for the worship of God. Deeply laid in the mind of the architect is the all embracing art of poesy, whose spirit calls other arts to its aid. The poetic spirit is thought by some to be a divine inspiration. If it be true, what more fitting than those so inspired should throw into their work the spirit which prevails in their minds, aiding in the purposes for which the temples were builded.

Some one has said, "The mission of poetry is to bring sustenance to that part of our nature which lies in between the intellect and the will. That part which enjoys and suffers, which is open to disturbing influences and responds to every touch of the impression—the feelings." The highest mission of poetry is not merely to please and "its end delight," but the influence it exerts over the readers. To give pleasure is itself a pleasure. It is a beguiling task to weave words into a soft melodious flow that shall entrance the ear and kindle the eye. It is a happy art to make such subdued show of emotion as seems to struggle with pride. It is a pretty practice to throw an emotion and earnestness into words that shall seem full of pleading and yet ask nothing. Poetry is comforting, inspiring, aesthetically beautiful and sometimes epoch

making. The didactic influence generally goes on as part of the inspiring.

Such a poem as Hood's "One More Unfortunate" has done more to soften the hearts and advance charity than any uninspired words ever spoken or penned. Tennyson is reported to have said; "For me verses have no other aim than to call to life nobler and better sentiments than we feel and express in every day life. If they can suggest pictures worthy of an artist's eye, so much the better." One cause of the popularity of Tennyson is that there is so much of the Bible in his poems. How much, few even of his most ardent admirers can comprehend. What a world of convictions unspoken lies behind such poems as "Dora" and "Enoch Arden." Their beauty does not lie in the poems themselves, but in the light that falls upon us from the Faith of Centuries. Christianity, in truth, embraces not only a system of doctrines, nay even more, it is a life, a spirit, and hopes and beliefs filling many hearts. We cannot help seeing that the Bible gains an under influence and a new power over men and upon the world through the poet's mind. Its narrations and teachings clothe themselves in a more modern form and find entrances in many places which otherwise were closed against them. That does not mean that poetry is better, or in any measure equal to the Bible, but only a form and an attractive way of expressing Christian truths. People will read a poem who will not read a sermon, and although the teachings may be indirect, they may hear unconsciously the "still small voice" and it will exercise an influence which perhaps may be more powerful because it is unconscious.

The Bible must be a power in literature if it would be a force in society, for literature, as a wise critic has said, is the "best that has been thought and said in the world." And if this saying be true, literature will certainly lead culture and mould conduct. Certain it is that never before was the influence of poetry more needed than now. Poetry never grows old or tiresome. What satisfies our aesthetic nature at one time will continue to satisfy it. "Poetry is immortal." It haunts the mind as prose has never done and becomes richer and better from use. "The soul of beauty is the beauty of the soul," and poetry is the inmost expression of the soul. It seems to follow that poetry must be the very life of society, the very spirit of national life. Poetry inspires and develops all the higher aspirations of the soul and is therefore one of the mighty forces by which the human race is being moved forward to a fuller, higher and nobler existence.

To measure rightly the power of poetry as a factor of national development, we need but reflect what results would follow were it blotted out from among the forces that act upon our daily lives. You would take away the fire of the orator, the heroism of the soldier, the inspiration of the philosopher and philanthropist and the enthusiasm of the artist. Take away poetry from the national life and you carry with you whatever is great and ennobling. You draw away the very wine and leave only the dregs. "Art and industry may supply and set up the machinery of society, vast and complicated as it is, but poetry is the steam, the power which puts all its resistless power into motion."

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HE who pretends a delicate sensibility toward men, and yet has no regard for the high objects of religion, no adoration for the Omnipotent Creator, is either a hypocrite or is deluded by his own judgment. One's tender regard for the feelings of others is necessarily the correlative of love to God.

SOME persons possess that mysterious power which scientists call personal magnetism and which spiritualists call affinity of soul, to a remarkable degree. It is this that renders preachers and actors popular. The success of these is not due mainly to what they say or how they say it; not to their elocution or particular quality of voice, but to this mystic power. Indeed, in many instances it is the secret of the revivalist's magic spell. Its possessors, however, do not always put it to a good use. The conjurer who possesses it in an excessive degree may have power over not only the physical life of a person but also over the soul life, and for this reason it becomes dangerous. Despite this fact, few who are fortunate enough to possess it ever think seriously about the influence that they exert. Certainly it is a serious thought.

AFTER the recital given recently by Prof. Webber, that gentleman remarked that the audience was very appreciative. Others who have given musical entertainments here have made the same remark. Evidently this is because of the excellent musical advantages that are enjoyed here, and therefore the musical department should receive the support and encouragement of both the citizens and students. No one possesses so little musical talent that it is not worth cultivation; because, by cultivation, he may at least learn to appreciate good music.

IF some heaven descended messenger would define the proper sphere of woman it would certainly relieve the minds of many of the fair sex; not that any of them would then pursue a different course, because they would probably be of the same opinion still, but because they might be spared some prolonged cogitations upon the subject. Many spend days, months, and even years, in debating whether or not they would be justified in acquiring an education; while others who are compelled to do kitchen work protest against the imagined insult to their dignity by doing everything as poorly as they can; by baking pan cakes that would make a dog whine in despair, or by baking bread that is better suited for the manufacture of statuary than for digestion. This undue solicitation and concern about one's proper sphere in life is all nonsense. All women are not necessarily fitted for one particular vocation, and therefore their proper place in life cannot be sharply defined. The one thing that each one should remember is, that if her lot should be to form the complement of the domestic circle, not the circle itself, then

her proper place is defined by that familiar Saxon word, home.

In the December number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* we had the pleasure of reading an ably written article on "The Anamoly of Classic Culture." It, however, presents only half of the truth. The writer admits that the Latin and Greek tongues have become of incalculable service to mankind; that, "when thought was dying, they brought new inspiration and life." But, in opposition to this, he says that "we have come now to a universal phenomenon, that of the pupil excelling his master." He therefore argues that this "lingual dissection" in the study of Latin and Greek is unprogressive and contrary to the spirit of the nineteenth century. He objects to being driven through the prosody and syntax of Homer and Virgil and thereby being compelled to neglect the study of such authors as Wordsworth and Shakspeare. No one can well deny the validity of this objection. Certainly if the Iliad or Aneid is superior in point of literary excellence to "The Excursion" or "Hamlet," then the universal law of growth has been set at naught. But is it the object of the study of Latin and Greek to gain a knowledge of the literature of those tongues? We think not. Is it not rather that we may thereby learn to understand our own language better and at the same time cultivate our intellects? He who objects to the study of the classics should first present some substitute that would serve this same purpose.

What is Christianity? Is it a thing to be trifled with, or is it a living reality? Every individual, whether young or old, who lays claim to that sacred name is publishing by his life and thoughts to all those about him an answer to one or the other of these questions. If Christianity means trifling, then we can readily understand how some professing Christians can say slighting things about religious work, when there are those near who make no profession and who may laugh at their remarks. Fellow Christian, don't you think the world has more respect for the man who comes out openly and says Christianity is a myth and a sham than it has for one who has made a profession, and who, when in the company of unreligious men, laughs and jeers, and tells the low joke about things Christian and sacred. Benedict Arnold did not do half as much to crush the colonies as did Cornwallis, yet the former is despised the world over, while the latter is honored, at least in his own land. The one pretended to serve the colonies, while the sole object of the other was to crush them. So in the eyes of the world the infidel deserves more respect than the merely pretending Christian. Let us not betray by word or look or action—even when it would be popular to do so— the sacred name we profess to bear. Almost any other topic is more welcomed as a subject of conversation than that of religion, hence the tendency to suppress it altogether, or, what is worse, say slighting things about it. Most of these slighting remarks are not made wilfully, but thoughtlessly. But, Christian student, should not a matter of such awful consequences to you and your fellows both for time and eternity deserve your serious and prayerful consideration?

Nearly every mail brings to our hands a blank petition to Congress to establish a road department at Washington. These petitions are generally accompanied by a letter requesting us to endeavor to obtain signatures to them and to make favorable mention of the project in these columns. Even the more novel scheme of having road making taught in our common schools has been brought to our notice recently. The way of presenting this scheme is by means of a pamphlet entitled, "Errors in School Books." It points out many erroneous statements in school books in general use; but, as the author says, its main

object is to direct the minds of educators to the fact that the omission to teach the fourth "R" is a serious mistake, and something which sooner or later should be remedied. He thinks that the fundamental common school education should be enlarged so as to embrace not only "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic," but also the fourth R, "Roads." The only merit that these plans possess is that their originators seem to recognize the fact that something should be done to improve the roads of our country; but, aside from this, they are ridiculous, to say the least. One is almost irresistibly led to the conclusion that those who have devised them are prompted by mercenary motives. Even the best that can be said of them is that they are fanatical. Both of them are striking examples of how ready many people are to seek remedies for the slightest evils through legislative enactment. There would be just as much propriety in establishing a department of architecture or a fish pond department at Washington as in establishing a road department.

"Everything, nothing, something, enough," has been given as the four stages of culture. In the first stage are those so unlearned that they do not know how little they do know. Living in an atom of the world as they do, they fail to realize the extension of knowledge. Their minds are not lead into new directions and pondering the same things over and over they soon conclude that they do not know everythimg that is to be known. But as their knowledge begins to grow, as they step upon the threshold of a field so wide that millions have spent their whole lives working in it yet only a corner has been investigated, a field in which wonderful progress has been made along certain lines, still no one has ever reached the other other side, as they stand and view what great things there are to be learned in comparison with what they already know, they despairingly confess that they know nothing. They go on and find after toilsome labor that they can know something, and after years of toil they see that it is possible to learn enough for the full development of all their faculties and that their thoughts and actions may be towards the achievements of some definte purpose.

An error into which many young writers fall is that of expressing their thoughts bluntly in the expectation of being credited with originality. They seem to think that because of some peculiarity or oddity of style they will be considered as having discovered something new under the sun. Such a conception of originality is utterly false. It does not necessarily mean the discovery of something new, but rather that quality in one's writing by which he touches the whole circumference of human experience, that is, being true to life. Anyone will be convinced who, but for a moment considers what endeared Burns or Shakespeare to the hearts of so many people. The best that an undergraduate can do is to put incidents, pictures and thoughts from life in a pleasing manner; for when he has learned to do this he has discovered the secret of literary effort; namely, that of reaching the hearts of men.

Thursday, Jan. 25, the day of prayer for colleges, was duly observed at Westminster. At 10 o'clock A. M. a college prayermeeting was held in the chapel and was well attended. The hour was devoted to prayer and to short talks in regard to the welfare of the institution. The opportunities that the student of to-day enjoys because of sacrifices made by friends of the college in years gone by, was especially emphasized, and this should be a source of gratitude to all. Many of the present students are enjoying the privileges and blessings of a higher education solely because of offerings made by individuals who thought more of the prosperity of the higher institutions of learning

than they thought of themselves, and who made real sacrifices that the rising generation might enjoy greater privileges than were afforded themselves. Such devotion to the cause of education will not go unrewarded. Such benefactors to the public welfare, although, perhaps, occupying an humble position in life, should have their names written among the great of the land, for although they gave not millions, they did what they could with a prayer that it might be blessed of God. Sacrifice, how great! Purpose, how noble! But that which we all looked forward to with no little expectancy was the sermon by Dr. McKlurkin in the afternoon, and we do not hesitate to say that no one was disappointed. The Dr. is remembered by some yet connected with the college and by many of the towns people, with a feeling of pride that it was their privilege to form the acquaintance of one so highly esteemed by all who know him. The sermon was characteristic of the man, full of thought clearly expressed, simple in style, earnest in delivery, powerful in effect. He chose for his text 1st Kings 19:13: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" We are sorry we could not publish the sermon in full, but will attempt to give our readers a few of the excellent ideas expressed: 1. The words of the the text may be applied to the idle Christian. Service is one of the first laws in Christ's kingdom. The idle Christian is a contradiction to his profession and to those about him. The lives of those about us demand our service, for their lives are passing away. Our lives are passing away. 2. What doest thou here, thoughtless Christian? In this glacier period of theology which threatens to sweep all before it, there is much need of serious, earnest, prayerful thinking. Not such thinking as is seen among the higher critics, not such thinking as will elevate the reason of man to the level of God's word. Not that which will seek to penetrate the mysteries which God never intended should be revealed, for where the infinite touches the finite there must always be mystery. Notwithstanding the advanced ideas of Profs. Smith, Harper and Briggs, there are still some settled doctrines. 3. The heart lesson. The heart must be right if we would do anything for God. Elijah got the heart lesson of love. Nothing is worth working for that will not promote the cause of Christ. God never uses a man who has not love for his fellow men.

With this issue, a number of the members of the staff lay down their quills and yield their places to those who will continue in school another year or perhaps two years. Both the retrospective and the prospective views suggest many thoughts; some, serious and sad; others, hopeful and joyful. In many instances, doubtless, statements and assertions have been made in these columns that were overdrawn and in others the pen should have remained upon the rack. This thought becomes the more serious when we consider that this paper reaches every quarter of the globe; from the jungles of Africa to the forests of Maine. It would be impossible, therefore, to retract anything, no difference how strong our inclination might be to do so. We do not mention this as an apology for our short-sightedness or remissness, but rather in order that others may profit by avoiding our errors. Young people too frequently lose sight of the responsibility connected with the expression of their thoughts in writing and of the result that may follow. Even a spoken word may determine a soul's destiny for weal or for woe. It, however, may be forgotten, because it is dependent upon memory for its perpetuity; but not so with these thoughts that have been expressed in writing. Under favorable conditions, they may be preserved "in black and white" throughout cycles of ages. "One cannot relieve himself of his sense of responsibility with the thought that his humble

situation in life or reputation for intellectual power is such that little significance will be attached to his words. The general reader seldom knows anything of the personal character of the writer; and even when he does know anything about him, he inadvertently yet properly supposes that he has given his subject due consideration and that therefore his views are worthy of acceptance. While we, nevertheless, find some relief and satisfaction from this view of the matter, for no one is expected to learn journalism in a year, yet the severance of connection with this paper is unpleasant also because we are forcibly reminded thereby that our college days will soon be at an end. We have formed associations and acquaintances here that shall ever be dear to us. The treatment we have received at the hands of our patrons has always been most cordial, and we take this opportunity to thank them for it and to bespeak the same generous support for our successors. On the other hand, we experience a strange commingling of hope and joy with our sadness. There is a spirit of adventure implanted in the breast of every American youth. We are all anxious to grapple with the problems of practical life although we know the contest frequently ends in utter failure, and, in a sense, the approach of commencement is hailed with delight. Whatever our experience may be, let us always be true to our *alma mater* and never forget the benefits that we have received here.

We perhaps owe our readers an apology for the delay in the publication of this issue of the Holcad. The delay was caused by sickness at the office of publication, a misfortune entirely beyond our help.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1872.

Rev. J. H. Gibson graduated from Xenia Theological Seminary in 1876. He was located at New Wilmington 1876–1880, at Johnstown 1881–1886, and at Connellsville 1886 to present date. Married Jan. 23, 1878, to Miss Jessie McClellan, Xenia, O. Children two.

Dr. W. L. Smith graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1875. He practiced in Eastbrook, Pa., for four years and has been practicing in New Wilmington since that time. Married Jan. 20, 1880, to Miss Emma J. McCreary, Neshannock Falls, Pa. Three children, two daughters and one son.

1873.

Rev. W. J. Wilson graduated from Western Theological Seminary in 1876; was established as pastor at Cowansville, Pa., in 1876 and remained there until 1879. He then preached one year at Malvern, Iowa, ten and one-half years at Callinsburg, Pa. In June, '91, he went to Shilocta, where he is still located. Married September 16, 1872, to Miss Alice E. Reid, of Reidsburg, Pa. One child. His wife died in 1888 and in 1890 he was again married to Miss Mary Osborn, of Mercer, Pa

MUSIC NOTES.

—Miss McDowell and Miss Ferguson, both of '91, have large classes in music, the former in New Castle and the latter in Evans City.

—The last students' recital was given in chapel February 8th. The performers were all very well prepared and not only did credit to themselves but also to the department.

—The music for the Junior orations has been furnished entirely by the pupils of the conservatory. Instead of bearing a secondary part, as it did formerly, it has been an important feature of each evening's entertainment.

—The mixed quartet, composed of the following singers: Misses Clark and McNall, Messrs. Donaldson and Fulton, sang before a veteran's reception in Butler, January 26th. They were highly appreciated, especially in the song entitled, "The Professor at Home."

—The Westminster Quartette, consisting of

Messrs. Dunn, Donaldson, Snodgrass and Fulton, and assisted by J. G. Smith, accompanist, and Miss Jean Donaldson, reciter, gave a concert at West Middlesex on Saturday evening, February 4th. An excellent program was rendered. The same company, assisted by Miss Gertrude Clark, soprano soloist, gave a concert in Franklin on the 16th inst.

—All music lovers in Westminster enjoyed a rare treat on the evening of February 3d. Mr. Charles Webber, the famous tenor singer and teacher of voice, now of New York city, gave a song recital in the Second church. The program consisted of eleven numbers, which were chosen to express the different powers of the voice. Each rendition was prefaced by an explanation of the technic to be brought into use, so that not only those proficient in voice culture, but others as well, might understand the purpose of the song. The following was his program:

"The Garland"..... *Mendelssohn*
"Romance"..... *Lacome*
Serenade from Faust..... *Gounod*
a "Fruehlingsnacht," }
b "Mondnacht," } *Schumann*
c "Wanderlied," }
"By the Beehive"..... *Ehlert*
"Your Presence"..... *Webber*
a "The Dream." }
b "Gold Rolls Beneath Me," } *Rubinstein*
c "The Asra" }
"My Love is All for You"..... *Hedgcock*
"I Attempt from Lovesickness to Fly"..... *Purcell*
"Because I Love You"..... *Ford*
"This Secret Spell"..... *Mascheroni*

ART NOTES.

—Miss Dick is doing some forest oaks in crayon.

—A study of yellow flags in a brown pitcher is being done by Miss McNall.

—Miss Latimore is painting a lighthouse around which the wild waves of old ocean are dashing.

—Miss Wilson's water color of a byway in Venice makes a very rich picture. The deep blue of the Italian sky and the other brilliant colorings of that sunny clime add much to the effect of the picture.

—Miss Donaldson has finished an agricultural scene. A man is ploughing on the side of a hill and an open field fills the entire view.

—Miss Chapin has been working on heads in crayon. Among those she has done lately are St. Andre and Judas, whose Jewish features

—Miss Dickson is doing a river scene in crayon. A quiet stream fills the center of the view and bushes and tall trees on the banks cast their shadow over the water.

—Miss Latimore's picture of a sugar camp is a very interesting and natural one. It is in a lonely part of the woods and the bright green of the grass and the trees tell us it is the early springtime.

and piercing eyes are well brought out. A little girl with sunny curls falling over her face and clasping a shaggy dog tightly in her arms. Another is the entire figure of an oriental woman filling her pitcher with water.

—Miss Barr has finished the figure of a young girl kneeling in prayer. The expression of devotion on her face has been brought out in a very natural manner. The picture is a beautiful one and is a study in itself. She is at present doing a peasant woman who has a bundle of fagots thrown over her back. These are are both copies from famous works of Mr. Charles Sprague Pierce.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—William Astor has promised $100,000 to found a negro university in Oklahoma.

—The University of Michigan has a Japanese Student Association with a membership of 13.

—Hon. B. F. Butler graduated from Waterville college (now Colby University), Maine, in 1838.

—The usual day of prayer for colleges was generally observed by the colleges of the

country this year. It is well that the college world should thus pause for prayer. The work of college life will move on in truer lines as a result.

—Senator Kenna, who died recently, was a graduate of St. Vincent college at Wheeling, W. Va.

—The campus of the Leland Stanford University contains 70,000 acres and contains a driveway seventeen miles long.

—The World's Fair will need from twelve to fifteen hundred guides, who will probably be chosen largely from college students.

—Advice to Freshmen.—"Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth in order that thou mayst be solid before thy Senior year. —*Ex.*

—The Hon. James G. Blaine was a graduate of Washington college, Pa. While in college he was a leader in his studies and in athletic sports, having the powers of body and mind that distinguished the future statesman. He graduated with the most illustrious honors of the class of '47.

—It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will present to Harvard a building for students' rooms, the building to be a memorial of their son, William H. Vanderbilt, who was a member of the present Senior class, but who died in May of last year. It is to be of stone, fire proof and equipped with everything possible for the health and comfort of students. It is expected, when finished, to be the finest and largest building in the college grounds.

—Philipps Brooks, lately deceased, graduated from Harvard in 1855 at the age of 20. He was noted for intellectual mastery and physical powers. He was a leader in the classroom and athletic contest, and his leadership was even then marked with a beautiful blending of Puritan sturdiness and cavalier courtesy, forming a wholesome and inspiring Christian manhood. Such was the college life of the man who was destined to exert untold influence for good, and whose dying hours were illumined by the blessings of unnumbered lives to whom his life had been a blessing. May the story of his life be written in characters of light on the hearts of college men and women of to-day!

—Aunt Zerepta (as they pass the campus) —"What makes them students holler, ''Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, Fizz, Booman'?" Uncle Henry—"Sh', Zerepta; don't be so ignorant! These here scholars 's all mighty full o' learnin'. There jest repeatin' some o' their ainchen old time Latin or Hebrew phrases out loud. Sort o' learnin' their lessons by by heart?"

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—No more Junior orations for another year!

—Why is the covered sled in such demand?

—The select chorus is waiting anxiously for its treat.

—Students should by all means patronize our advertisers.

—Skating, sleighing, sledding, sliding, slipping—slang!!

—Dr. Witherspoon made the town a flying visit on February 8th.

—Miss Hodgen recently visited with Mrs. Dr. Elliott, of Greenfield.

—Miss Campbell to Mr. Walker:—"Trinken sie gern?" (Laughter.)

—It is said that this year's Senior vacation will be shortened two weeks.

—Nine weddings are reported for the town next summer. "God save the queen."

—Messrs. Irvine and Davis, of Sharon, Pa., took in Webber's song recital.

—Mr. Spencer,'92, of Allegheny Seminary, spent a recent Sabbath at home.

—Miss Mary Ferguson was at home for a few days at the first of the month.

—Misses McDowell, Johnson, McNaugher

and Wood were recent visitors at the ladies' hall.

—Misses Frew and Woodworth, of New Castle, made a short visit in town.

—Miss Margaret McLarn was called home on account of the death of a cousin.

—Frst skater.—What figures do you cut? Second skater.—Nothing but the star.

—Miss Hannah Peebles, '92, has returned for the purpose of taking music and art.

—Miss Peebles, of New Castle, spent a week in January with Miss Bertha Wilson.

—Prof. Webber was detained in town several days after his recital by a severe cold.

—Miss Etta Johnston,'94, spent a recent Sabbath with Miss Pettit, of West Middlesex.

—The Scotch and Irish had a collision at Ft. Donaldson—hence Magoffin rooms by himself.

—Teacher.—"What punctuation mark follows a question?" Prep.—"A decimal point."

—Miss Bessie Bell, of Grove City, was recently the guest of her grandfather, 'Squire Sampson.

—A students' recital was given on the even- of the 8th. A very entertaining program was carried out.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson was unable to meet his classes for several days on account of a a severe cold.

—The Seniors are ransacking their brains and their Mental Sciences for material for psychology essays.

—Jno. Shaw says he drove to New Castle in thirty-five minutes. Strange to say, he is left to tell the story.

—We received a poem entitled "A Vision." It was quite a production. Still we cannot print anonymous articles.

—The Freshman class, besides a number of other students, attended the Presbyterian social at the home of Mr. Bell, near West Middlesex.

—Dr. and Mrs. Greenawalt, of Pittsburg, recently visited their niece, Miss Mame Latimer, at the Ladies' Hall.

—Miss Eleanor Kerr, formerly of Braddock, but who has for some time been traveling in Europe, has entered college.

—The flood caused by rain and melting snow cut off all intercourse between New Wilmington and New Castle on the 7th.

—Misses Carrie and Alda Kracer were summoned home on February 7th by a dispatch announcing the death of their infant sister.

—Miss Kate Edgar, '92, has resigned her positon as teacher in Mercer township, and is now at her home in New Wilmington.

—Mr. Weihe, the popular editor of the Globe, has removed to Ellwood City where he will wield the goose quill on editorial work.

—The billetdoux to and from town were interrupted one day last week, owing to the flood's washing out W. N. Y. & P. tracks.

—The annual missionary services were conducted on Jan. 22 by Messrs. Little and Carson, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Out of thirty members of the Y. W. C. A. twenty-three are members of classes which meet for Bible study every Sabbath afternoon.

—Miss Gertrude Ramsey, of Sharon, Pa., Mattie Woodworth, New Castle, Lucie Steit, Pulaski, were the guests of Alice Semple recently.

—A gentleman, recently, admiring the handiwork of one of the art pupils, mistook crab apples for pumpkins. The gentleman was certainly no artist.

— Mr. John F. Shaw was called home Feb. 4th, on account of the illness of his mother. We are glad to be able to report her much improved at this writing.

—The faculty have announced their intention of shortening the spring vacation to one

week, thus making commencement come on June 14th, instead of June 21st.

—S. Morgan, our new landlord, has made quite a number of improvements on the old hotel. Persons expecting to visit town should read his "ad" in another column.

—McKean and Magoffin attended a banquet at Grove City College January 31st, given by the Philokalian literary society. They report a very enjoyable time.

—A fish-pond social was given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pettit on Friday evening, February 10. Proceeds for the benefit of missions.

—Miss Jane Donaldson, in conversation: "I just think it is perfectly horrid the way orphans are treated at orphan asylums. Why, even their parents are not permitted to see them."

—A very entertaining lecture was given on the evening of the 9th by the Hon. Mr. Handy. The subject of the lecture was "Patrick Henry," and was handled in a very masterly way.

—Overheard at the Webber recital—Mr. Russell: "Well, Fraulein Kraeer, what did you think of that selection?" "Miss K. (who has began the study of German), "Oh, that was sehr goose!"

—We are glad to be able to report that Mr. Jno. Bigger, '96, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is convalescent. His father and sister, who were with him during his sickness, have returned home.

—The Philomath Literary Society have decided to contribute $25 per annum to the college missionary fund. The Chrestomaths and Leagoreans have for some years been contributing liberally for the same purpose.

—Prof. McLaughry left on Jan. 31 for Bryn Mawr, where she intends to spend the next six months in study. Miss Hulda Campbell, of New Wilmington, a thorough student and experienced and efficient teacher, takes her place.

—It is reported that Santa Claus went through here enroute for West Middlesex. Rider and Driver pulled his sleigh. He had on board one baby doll, one devil in a box, one jumping jack, robes and soap stones. In his hurry to turn his sleigh upset and out tumbled baby doll, jumping jack and all. The goods however were not perishable and he arrived at his destination safely with all on board.

—Interest in base ball is being revived already. Pitcher Dunn and Catcher Fulton are in steady training, and we feel safe in saying that by the opening of the ball season we shall have one of the best college batteries in Western Pennsylvania. The reputation acquired by Mr. Dunn in the Franklin and West Middlesex teams, and by Mr. Fulton in the Avalon and Wellsville teams last season, are fully merited. The improvement in the rest of the team over that of former years is in like proportion. The whole aggregation deserves the loyal support of every student of the college. Base ball should be made the distinctive college game as well as the distinctive national game, and should have the preference also to all other athletic sports.

EXCHANGES.

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar, is the same;
Dust formed us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

—*Gay.*

"Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us."

"By one rash act we may lose the confidence of friends that years of faithfulness have gained."

Our grand bussiness is, not to "see" what

lies dimly at a distance, but to "do" what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

The sex of newspapers has never been authoritatively decided, but it is thought that the *Youth's Companion* is a girl.—*Ex.*

To become rich we must possess the three keys which unlock its treasures, patience, perseverence, prudence.—*Ex.*

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be. Now put foundations under them. —[*Thoreau.*

A Japanese student describes Harvard in a letter home thus: "A very large building, where the boys play foot ball and on wet days read books.—*Ex.*

Fame is an undertaker; it pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.—*Colton.*

"The greatest problem that I have to deal with," said the keeper of the imbecile asylum, "is to find some occupation for the people under my charge." "Why not set them to inventing college yells?" asked the visitor.

"Professor," said a graduate trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.—*Ex.*

Shakespeare's idea of a college course according to an exchange: Freshman year, "Comedy of Errors;" Sophomore year, "Much Ado About Nothing;" Junior year, "As You Like It;" Senior year, "All's Well That Ends Well."

"There is no such thing as death—
In nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some form of life arise.
The little leaf that falls,
All brown and sere to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the buds
That gives the flower its birth."

—A Quaker and a hot headed youth were quarreling. The Quaker kept his temper, which increased the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are." "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgetteth thyself."

—A fat fellow mounting a horse. "Heaven help you," a bystander exclaimed. By an over balance the fat man tumbled over the other side. "Confound your prayers," said he, "for they got me more help than I wanted."

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth.
Better than banking trade or leases.
Take a bank note and fold it up.
And then you'll find your money in-creases.

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
Keeps the cash in hand where nothing can trouble it,
And every time you fold it across,
It's as plain as the light of day that you double it.

Tenderfoot.—I see you have had a hanging. Was the prisoner hung by the jury?

Fire Eater Frank.—Naw, can't you see? He was hung by the neck.

THE HOLCAD.

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"LOUIS AGASSIZ, TEACHER."

There have always been lives consecrated to noble endeavor. There have always been men bending every energy to the hastening of some needed reform or the maintaining of some vital principle. We call these men great and see their lives as the bright gleams of humanity shining down through the ages.

Among them educators hold pre-eminent place because of the influence they exert. They mold the character of nations and wield a sceptre over the wondrous realm of mind, a realm unlimited by time or space, compassed only by the mind of the infinite.

Of all the great men who have devoted their lives to the teaching of their fellowmen no one has done more to show the importance of education and to introduce true methods than Louis Agassiz. He whom the world delighted to honor as naturalist, scientist, philosopher, chose none of these as the title most prized, but instead the humbler one of teacher. The naturalist, the scientist, eagerly pursued his studies that the teacher might be the better able to instruct others.

Primarily a teacher of natural sciences, Agassiz taught far more than these. In the truest, highest sense of the term he was a teacher, one who believed it his duty, not to fill the mind of his pupil with a confused mass of facts, but to so train him that he would be able to use all his mental powers, to think and discover for himself. When Harvard offered Agassiz the professorship of natural history he accepted because he saw here an opportunity to elevate and ennoble this branch of learning and to aid in a much needed reform of educational methods.

American schools at that time taught little more of the natural sciences than their elements, and that little was learned by rote from text books, with no encouragment given the pupil to see for himself. There was no true teaching, the teaching that trains to the habit of observation, that develops the pupil into the student, making him an inquirer after knowledge, not merely a "passive recipient" of it. Agassiz knew this and longed to see it changed. It is said of him: "He had a profound interest in popular education, but the soul of that interest was for improvement in educational methods." He saw a vast treasure-house of knowledge fast locked to students of nature, because the keys, which are observation and intelligent application, were not placed in their hands. He said: "All I can do or say shall be to lead young people to study the book of nature and not pin their faith to any other."

This determination he carried to his work at Harvard. In consequence, the natural sciences were taught there as they had not been before and as they were not elsewhere. There was an enthusiasm and delight in the work that was entirely new. Lessons were learned, not committed. "If you study Nature from

books," the teacher told his pupils, "when you go out of doors you cannot find her." He declared that "there is this charm in teaching from Nature, no one can warp her to suit his own views. She brings us back to absolute truth as often as we wander."

This teacher was himself a most enthusiastic student. Content with no degree of attainment, he was always eagerly pressing forward to something beyond. Thus his pupils were taught by example, and caught that inspiration which comes from an active mind continually enriched with fresh stores of knowledge.

It is written of him: "He never exhausted a subject, leaving his pupils to think that nothing remained. At whatever point he ended there were always grander things beyond."

Aggassiz's was a soul to appreciate the grand, the sublime in the natural world. To him "nature was the thought of God expressed in organic forms," and "the study of nature an intercourse with the highest mind." He said to his pupils: "You should never trifle with nature. At the lowest, her works are the works of the highest power." "A laboratory of natural history is a sanctuary where nothing profane should be tolerated." "The work of the student is to search out the thoughts of God, and as well as may be to think them over again." Could any one listen to such teaching, and looking at the man know that it came from the heart, without feeling himself lifted above all trifling considerations of his work and brought indeed into communion with the divine mind? Of this man, with capabilities of mind and effort far beyond his fellows, a pupil wrote: "Not content with what he could himself know and do and enjoy, he was powerfully impelled to make others the sharers of his knowledge, his activity, his effort. His enthusiasm did not consist merely in earnest words, but also in earnest deeds in relation to others, and especially in relation to young men. Whenever he saw one who would study nature, he opened the way for him, took him into his laboratory, spread his treasures before him, directed his studies, and this, too, without any thought or expectation of pecuniary reward."

What wonder that the list of Agassiz's pupils contains so many names of note among the naturalists of America to-day. No young man with a desire for such study could but be attracted to a teacher with such interest in both the work and the worker. No one with a mind and soul capable of comprehending his teacher's lofty ideas, his earnest enthusiasm, could fail to be inspired with a determination to labor toward the heights his master had attained. Great as was his work in the schoolroom, it was but a part of what Agassiz did in the interest of education, for by him was laid the very foundation of scientific schools and teaching in America. In pursuance of his cherished educational plans the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Cambridge, was established, a school where students of natural history might receive graduate instruction. The founding of this school opened a new field in educational work. Original investigation had not before been considered within the province of the schools. Indeed less than two decades ago there was scarcely another in the country.

Some one says, "Science has two functions. One is the discovery of new truth; the other, and far more characteristic, is the giving of clear and perfect form to old truth—giving rational form to the vague intuitions of the popular mind." If doing this entitles to the name scientist, no one was ever more worthy of it than Louis Agassiz. Agassiz, the scientist, gave his life with unfaltering devotion to the discovery of truth, while Agassiz, the teacher, made every effort to give clear and perfect form to this truth, and to so bring it within reach of the people that the popular mind might gain rational conception of it.

Having adopted America as the land of his work, he entered earnestly into sympathy with her interests. Recognizing the fact that the fate of scientific education must be decided by the people, he strove to lead them to an appreciation of learning in general and of the sciences in particular. He said "he believed men in all walks of life would be more useful and more successful through the thorough development of the powers of observation and judgment." By published articles and on the lecture platform he gave to the public the results of his scientific researches. Wherever he spoke, whether at the centers of eastern learning and culture or in some remote village, whether to the workingman or the scholar, the effect was the same. When he spoke to the specialist, his attainments as a scientist with his ability as a teacher, gained merited honor and appreciation. When he lectured to audiences with little or no technical knowledge of scientific subjects, he spoke so clearly and enthusiastically that his hearers were both instructed and charmed. No one could see and hear him without discovering uses and beauties in the world about never before dreamed of.

Still, the burden of his teaching was for reform in the educational methods of the country; an exchange of the senseless text-book routine for the rational method of studying Nature herself. "It is students we want." "Train the pupils to be observers." "Take your text from the brooks, not from the booksellers." "There can be no true progress until such methods become general." These were precepts he constantly sought to enforce by example.

Much as the writer, lecturer, teacher was doing to reform prevailing methods of teaching the natural sciences, he was not satisfied. The progress was too slow. He could not reach the masses of the people. There must be helpers in the work; more teachers of the same mind to hasten the reform. A summer school on the island of Penikese was the outcome of this desire to reach directly the teachers of the land who would, he hoped, learn new methods and carry away with them some zeal for true teaching. That rocky little island, "ringed about with sapphire seas, fanned by breezes salt and cool," braving the great Atlantic for a bare existence, seemed a fitting place for the naturalist teacher's crowning work. A speck dropped from the terminal moraine of the great northern glacier, it was in itself an object lesson.

One June morning he welcomed to Penikese a chosen company of fifty teachers, and with hopes and expectations of its success greater than they could realize, established this scientific institute. Most beautifully has our Quaker poet has described that scene:

> "Over sails that not in vain
> Wooed the west wind's steady strain,
> Line of coast that low and far
> Stretched its undulating bar,
> Fell the beautiful white day.
>
> "Said the master to the youth,
> We have come in search of truth,
> Trying with uncertain key
> Door by door of mystery;
> We are reaching through his laws
> To the garment hem of Cause,
> Him the Endless, Unbegun,
> The Unnamable, the One,
> Light of all our light the Source;
> Life of life and Force of force.
> As with fingers of the blind
> We are groping here to find
> What the hieroglyphics mean
> Of the Unseen in the seen,
> What it is that hides beneath
> Blight and bloom and birth and death."

Had ever teacher nobler thought? His own life recently consecrated to the search for truth, he would lead others to the same reverent consecration. A man of mighty intellect, large heart, deep sympathies, fiery zeal, and intense earnestness, he gave the whole strength of his nature to this work of education. "This to him was no ordinary school, but a mission

work of the greatest importance," a pupil writes.

See him that morning when he assembles his pupils as he stands before them reverently saying, as the poet records,

"By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer.

"Then the master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft air stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken."

That summer is gone and the school is closed forever, but the lessons learned there were taught again from ocean to ocean as the student teachers went back to their work, and the effect on their life work cannot be estimated.

'Tis another June.

"In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese,
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again"

JAN. 13, 1893. INA M HANNA,'94.

COMMON PEOPLE.

Humanity, like the earth, has its lofty mountains, its deep, dark gorges, and its broad, fertile plains. Men of genius are the mountain peaks which, grand, awe inspiring and alone lift their heads high in the sunlight. The lowest of the human race are the deep, black chasms into which the sunlight never smiles. Between these extremes are the multitude of common people, the wide stretching fertile plains. We gaze with wonder and admiration at a majestic mountain peak or a man of true genius; we shudder and draw back from the depths of humanity; to the common monotonous plains we seldom give a thought. And yet the great mass of people are common people. The proportion of genius to the vulgar is but one to a million. To each of the great majority of men there comes a time when he is boldly confronted by the fact that he is a man of neither very great nor very small power, just a common place man. No agonies, no heartrendings can change it. The most of the duties of life are humble ones and require only average abilites. Power and high position fall to the lot of only a few.

Every burial ground proves this. There, the soft snow forms a white covering above thousands of hearts which once pulsed and throbbed as ambitiously as any beating now. Their head stones tell us when they lived and when they died. Why have they left no record of their lives behind them? Simply because they were not so endowed by their Maker. God gave to them but two talents, to only a few has he entrusted the five talents. A great man is great because he can not help it. His work reveals his soul, which was born great. A true genius never thinks of winning fame. Fame comes. Homer sang for a night's lodging and Shakespeare wrote his plays to put money into his purse.

It is, perhaps, a fault of our educational system that children and youth are filled with impossible aspirations. They are taught "Nothing is impossible to him who wills," and each one thinks that if he wills and works hard enough he can make his life sublime, and departing leave behind him footprints on the sands of time. Yes, *if*, but will power and hard work is the very essence of some genius, and only one man in thousands can toil terribly. Some great men have not been hard workers. Patrick Henry had more of a fondness for hunting, fishing and playing the fiddle than for study. Oliver Goldsmith was indolent and spent much of his time wandering about in poverty. They were men of genius because the Husbandman gave to them five talents. There is in every man a desire for fame and a love of power. If a man, in his youth, has

been bright and has been flattered, or, perhaps, received only honest praise, he naturally weaves many bright hued dreams of future greatness and enduring fame. But, when the time has come for the realization of his dreams, and he has tried to climb the heights—and failed, or duty has plainly marked out his path along the dusty highway of life, he is doubtless discouraged and for a time carries a heavy heart. But if he be a man of sense and be brave enough and honest enough to accept the fact and do the best he can in his own place, he by and by realizes that the most of happiness and the most of usefulness is found in the middle class. A nature capable of the highest pleasure is also prone to the deepest misery. Has not your observation taught you that the man or woman who to-day is feverishly gay or joyful is the one who to-morrow will be found silent and depressed?

Common people experience nothing of the wretchedness of the depths of humanity—the cold, the hunger, the homelessness, the friendlessness. Nor do they know of the wearing responsibilities of the great leaders of mankind. Great power carries with it great responsibilities. The soldier in the ranks wraps his blanket about him and lies down to dream of home. The general sits in his tent and thinks and plans and listens through all the dark night. And, after all, the *best* thing in life is usefulness. It is the middle class of men and women who do the work of the world. They are the farmers, the merchants, the doctors, the lawyers, the housekeepers, the preachers, the teachers of the world. They are the mainstay of our civilization. They are the basis on which everything else rests. The only true test of the advancement of our civilization is found in the improved condition of the intelligence, education and religion of the common people.

Men of wonderful natural powers are like the meteors which flash for a moment, but leave no light behind them. "Men may wonder at and admire the true genius, but they only love and worship the true man." To the common men and women has been entrusted the work of raising the lowest class from the depth of their poverty and ignorance. Those who give their lives for the good of their fellowmen are, with few exceptions, from the middle class, or are those who have raised themselves from the lowest into the middle class.

The man or woman of average abilities, of only two talents, makes the best and truest friend; those having great natural gifts are too often impatient with the less favored. Every man must work, and if he work faithfully and steadily, the unforced results of his labor will be the things God meant him to do. If done humbly and peacefully, they will be good and right; if ambitiously, false and deceitful. "Nothing was ever done beautifully which was done in rivalship, nor nobly which was done in pride." Ruskin says, "God chooses work for every creature, which will be delightful to them if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do, and if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. Away yonder an eagle has raised its broad and sweeping wings and has winged its way to its home among the hoary peaks that proudly prop the sky. A little lark has stilled its cheerful song and looks eagerly and restlessly after the eagle. Now the lark plumes its wings and rises high in the air, almost out of sight, but see, it grows weary, slowly, slowly drops; again, with concentrated effort it rises higher and higher until it has reached a bristling crag, where for an instant it beats its breast on the sharp rocks, then falls exhausted and bruised to earth again. Poor, foolish, little bird; better have sung the sweet song God gave you to sing in the lower air where he placed you.

EMMA M. CAMPBELL, '93.

PROGRESS.

In a garden of exquisite beauty, in a country with perfect climate, the Almighty Father placed our first parents.

Possessing everything the heart could wish, holding dominion over every living thing, Adam and Eve were perfectly happy.

Let us imagine that we, from this progressive nineteenth century, can look back and see these two first human creatures wandering through this vale of beauty. On every side the vegetation is luxuriant beyond description; the trees in all their magnificent glory are stretching forth their stately branches laden with luscious fruit, silently making their offering to the lords of the garden, who pass on and on, finding at each step a scene more beautiful than the former.

We look once more, and a cloud seems to envelop all this beauty as a shroud. Our finer senses feel a foreboding of some impending evil suspended as the sword of Damocles, ready at any moment to fall on the heads of the wanderers with such awful force.

Now Adam has left Eve; she pursues her way alone. Alone? Ah, no! for as we peer through the tangled meshes of roses and sweet shrubs we see approaching a creature of dazzling beauty.

Ah, Mother Eve, beware! He has his evil eye fixed upon you, he is nearing your side. The cloud grows darker, the suspended sword quivers as if ready to fall. Now he has reached her side, he speaks, she, wondering to hear the serpent speak with human tongue, follows him as he requests. He leads her to the tree of knowledge, by eating the fruit of which he claims to have acquired human speech, he tempts her with its beauty, and finally cajoles her into tasting the forbidden fruit. Now the sword drops and the human race has received a blow from which in can never recover.

The scene changes. His children had disobeyed his expressed commands, and the anger of the Almighty God was excited against them. They were driven forth from this vale of beauty into a wild and desolate country, there compelled to earn their livelihood by the sweat of the brow. Before their lives had been one round of happiness. With no need for labor, they had been free at all times to roam through the garden, the lovliness of which no mortal can conceive. But ah, the change, the woeful change in their position! Now they are placed in a desert with no comforts and no joys, transformed from beings of perfection to creatures of sin, and made to suffer all the ills of sintul humanity. But there in that garden of Eden, originating with the creatures made in the image of a perfect God, a little spring issued forth which has flowed on through the years, daily widening and deepening, until now it has merged into the majestic, everflowing river of Progress, and never since that day has progress experienced a retrogression.

Civilization, once rocked in her cradle in the far East, has fled from the scenes of her childhood and is now to be found in all parts of the world, and wherever she is there may be found some tributaries of the great river of Progress.

The antiquaries proclaim against the theory of progress. They say that the world of today is not much more advanced than it was at the time when Rome was at the heighth of her glory and magnificence. They forget, however, that the face of antiquity has been revealed to us with all its harshness effaced, and that although we have no Homer, Cicero or Plato, neither had they a Shakespeare, a Bacon or a Newton.

Apples might have fallen from trees for countless ages before the eyes of these very antiquaries, but the law of gravitation would still be a thing unknown or unthought of were it not for the progress made by the human race, and the questioning instinct which has so developed by ages of progress as to have become a part of man's existence.

Progress is not made by sudden leaps and jumps ; but inch by inch, step by step, through the centuries the world has advanced from the crude state in which our first parents found it at their repulsion from Eden, to the prosperous condition of the world now in this nineteenth century, a century of wonderful achievements in arts of all kinds, from the greatest theories of the philosopher to the most minute detail of some of the wonderful inventions of the present age.

In ancient times, before the founding of the Roman empire, Egypt was the farthest advanced of all nations. In her greatest city, Alexandria, stood the first public library. Though not the first to study the heavens, she improved upon what had already been found and opened a still wider field for research. The fertile banks of her wonderful river, the Nile, may be said to be the birthplace of science; in fact her progress was very marked until the time when she lost her true religion and fell into idolatry ; then, though making some progress through all these years, she has not the bright history she might have had had she submitted to be led by the Divine Hand, for religion has been a principal factor in the advancement of the world.

In every country where the spirit of religion exists the waters of the river Progress are found overflowing its banks. But religion and education go hand in hand, and when once one has experienced the true religion, he instantly begins to seek for an education which opens new fields to his view. By reading the history of nations he finds that the progress of that nation dates from the time when the people began their quest for higher religion and education.

In the eleventh century a small, insignificant looking dwarf was filled with anger at the manner in which Christian pilgrims to the Holy City were outraged by the barbarians of the East. This monk traveled through the Christian countries of Europe, preaching and setting forth these cruelties with an eloquence and earnestness hardly to be expected from a person bearing so little outward semblance of the mighty fire burning in his soul. His earnest zeal set all Europe ablaze, and Peter the Hermit fanned into life the hidden embers of right and justice, which had lain dormant in the hearts of the people through all the dark ages, that were just receiving their death blow.

Aroused from the lethargy which had so long enshrouded them, men, women and children joined in one band and started, with the noble monk at their head, in the vain endeaver to snatch Jerusalem from the hands of the barbarians. You all know the result of the first crusade, the thousands of precious lives sacrificed for the love of religion, how the impetus given by these people gave rise to the long list of conquests and losses suffered by the bold "Soldiers of the Red Cross."

Although the Crusaders had failed of obtaining their desired end, they had gained advantages of far more value. Amazed to find the "infidel dogs" more cultured and farther advanced in knowledge than themselves, they immediately form the determination no longer to permit themselves to be surpassed by people considered barbarians.

From this time to the year 1517, when the leader of the Reformation, now a famous professor, but once a charity scholar, earning his bread by singing hymns from house to house, nailed his ninety-five theses on the door of a church in Whittenberg, the world was slowly preparing for the great reformation which was to be the turning point in its history.

The church had become corrupt to a horrible degree, and great minds were roused by the cruelties inflicted upon persons who were giving their life's blood for its reform. The first move made by the charity scholar, Martin Luther, aroused the indignation of the pope, and immediately the people were forced to see that a great change was about to take place, and that now the conflict was raging between

the gradual unfolding of human consciousness and the stubborn fixedness of the papal power.

The world was now in the midst of a great revolution, the seeds of which had been ripening throughout the fifteenth century, and many were the victims, many the martyrs, who suffered all the agonies of death at the burning stake, that all Christendom might reap the benefits of a free and liberal religion in a world of progression and liberty. Over all Europe the great movement was advancing. It was Wycliffe, John Huss and Jerome of Prague who sowed the seeds which were destined to yield such an abundant harvest, but it was Luther, Erasmus and Quingli who gathered from the wheat the tares and prepared the world for the harvest to come.

The reformation gave renewed impulse not only to education and religion, but also to many forms of manufacture, and, in fact, more has been achieved for the advancement of the world since the reformation than was accomplished in all the ages preceding.

The reformation gave great minds subjects for thought and made the people eager to have more knowledge concerning these subjects. This knowledge could be obtained only through books, thus inventive minds were aroused, and the consequence was that the printing press was introduced into England.

But this is only one of the many inventions produced and perfected by fertile brains and skillful fingers. We will not take time to speak in detail of the progress made in science of every form, philosophy, psychology, astronomy, in the fine arts, music, sculpturing, printing, also the wonderful advance made in the ruling of nations, the instituting of new laws which aid in the general trend of every nation towards a higher advancement and a greater progress.

And now we are on the threshold of a new century, a century which will perhaps surpass the present in respect to the progress made by its people and the advancement of the world in general.

We have followed the footsteps of the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve as they traveled over the rough and stony pathway lying between this life and the life eternal, and we have seen that, though they made many mistakes, and, times without number, transgressed the laws laid down for them by the Merciful Father, he was with them through all the varying fortunes that fell to their lot, and never allowed a crisis to approach without raising up minds sufficiently great to meet and battle with it.

Thus we see that God is the fixed light of the world, and only through Him can other wandering lights reflect their lesser brilliancy. We have found that while man has allowed himself to be guided by this fixed light he has advanced in all that ennobles manhood, and just as men have left Him have they retrograded.

Now, as we have traced the advancement of the world from the beginning to the present era, we shall say in conclusion that, although God has been the principal light of this advancement, still it has been along the line of man's natural endowment, quickened and guided by the supreme life and intelligence, thus acknowledging God and man co-workers in a world of progress.

NELLIE WHITNEY, '94.

THE HUMAN EYE.

When the sable robe of night enshrouds the earth in a gloomy mantle it seems as if chaos had once more gained universal dominion. But when the first crimson flush of dawn has developed into a sea of light on the eastern sky chaos flees away and a world of wondrous beauty and grandeur springs into being. The towering mountains rear their lofty summits; the rivers run their cources to the sea; the plains are covered with a profusion of plant life, and

earth with its fields of flowers, its laughing brooks, its placid lakes, its majestic ocean, becomes a glorious reality.

But why should such a scene of beauty come to be? Such glories are in themselves but dead and senseless things. The silvery lake is unmoved by the beauties of the mountain reflected in its shining depths. The blue of ocean is unheeded by the world of blooming flowers "That waste their sweetness on the desert air." This scene of creation is incomplete until a ray of light from the rising sun steals into the eye of man, and all the beauties of earth and sky sweep in on that ray to move a human soul.

In order that the soul may come into a knowledge of the material world by means of sight, two things are necessary; namely, light and the human eye. The former is shed in profusion over the earth by the shining of the sun. The latter has been possessed by man since first he breathed the balmy air of Paradise.

What, then, is the structure of the organ which has been called the "window of the soul?" A slightly elongated sphere, a little less than an inch in diameter, composed of three distinct layers, inclosing three refracting media. This ball is moved in its socket in various directions by many muscles, and is protected by eyelids, eyebrows and the bones in which it is incased. The cornea is in front, behind which is the iris, or curtain; through an opening in the iris the light enters and is refracted by the acqueous humor; then through the double convex crystalline lens, which changes its shape and position for long or short distances; then through the vitreous humor, which causes the rays to slightly diverge after they have passed through the lens. The retina, an expansion of the optic nerve, then receives the image and transmits the impressions along the optic nerve to the brain, and then—we arrive at the borders between the physical and spiritual, the realms of mind and matter, and the veil of mystery intervenes and we can go no farther.

Such is the human eye, by which the soul gains the greater part of its perception of the outside world. It is superior to the other senses, since its operations are so finely adjusted that sensation is almost unknown, while the energies of the soul are taken up with the perception of the object in view; so that when one gazes on a scene of beauty he may be unconscious of having an eye as a medium between the physical and spiritual, while the world of matter seems to touch directly upon the fabric of the soul.

But while the original perception of sight brings much knowledge to the soul, yet it is by acquired perception that it reaches out to the greatest acquisitions. An object comes within the view of the eye; its distance is calculated from its size. Again, the magnitude may be known by the distance, or an object may be seen with clearness of color or outline, and it is affirmed to be not far distant, while by means of intermediate objects, distance may be judged to be long or short. This may lead to error of judgment; as when a narrow region of uneven surface, with many intervening objects, seems to extend over a great space; or when bare, level plains, in a clear atmosphere, cause mountains to seem close at hand, when in reality they are many miles away. But in spite of error the acquired perception of sight enables man to accomplish in an hour what would otherwise take him days to do, if sight were not substituted for the other slower and less convenient senses. The sense of sight stands high above the others as a source of knowledge. The thirst for truth, so powerful in the soul, finds little to satisfy its longings until it finds it by means of sight. The eye looks upon the pages of history and sees the progress of men through the centuries rising like a picture before the soul.

All the progress in thought and all that

the mind of man has attained require but the fixing of the eye, and the soul may revel in those realms of truth. Nay more, it may gain more than the tr h proclaimed by man; it may fix the eye upon the sacred page and feel the teachings of a spirit from on high; may be thrilled by the words once spoken by the Gallilean: "Peace be unto you." Then turning the eye out upon the world of nature, new realms of knowledge may be attained. Man looks upon the earth's present formation and proclaims its past history, tracing the progress of life forms from the lowest up to that highest form called man. He may see in nature sights and scenes that reveal a world of truth and that an unseen power moves mysteriously in the realms about him. Weary of earthly sights he may turn his eye toward the starry sphere, where worlds unnumbered run their mystic round through an infinitude of space, and seek to follow their harmonious movements until, through the medium of the eye, he catches the "music of the spheres;" and then, enraptured, he cries out in the words of the poet:

> **"In reason's ear they all rejoice,**
> **And utter forth a glorious voice,**
> **Forever singing, as they shine,**
> **The hand that made us is divine."**

But at last the eye that first caught a loving mother's smiles, that brightened with the gladness of youth, that flashed with the fire of maturity, that lighted up with the joys of life, and that poured forth tears in its sorrows, will cease to be a light unto the soul, will look for the last time upon the fleeting scenes of the present, and then be closed in the slumber of the tomb. But from that darkness come tones of triumph on the wings of song: "It shall sleep, but not forever; there will be a glorious morn." And then, when the eternal light is breaking over the heavenly hills, proclaiming the dawn of the resurrection morn, and the glories of the celestial city are brought to view in all their magnificence by that light that knows no evening, "When the mortal shall have put on immortality," and clothed in a spiritual body the soul has attained its final triumph, then with an eye that shall never grow dim, but with powers suited to such scenes, the soul shall look out upon new regions of splendor throughout the cycling ages of a never ending eternity.

J. S. Cotton, '93.

ART AND ARTISTS.

There is less difference between the artist and the admirer of art than you may imagine. To be able to appreciate art is next to being able to express it. In point of satisfaction the difference is still less marked.

The ability to give expression to art feeling is a special gift or talent, while the ability to appreciate it seems to be almost universal. They are both susceptible of culture, and may be developed almost without limit; at least no one has ever reached a point where they felt they were more than barely past the portals. The farther one penetrates the realms of art the more expansive they become.

Art is to the esthetic world what love is to the social world—its light, its life. An atmosphere of art pervades the physical world Without it nature would lose half its charms.

Art and love are universal and eternal. We can only conceive of good as associated with love and the beautiful as associated with art. As the power of love becomes known the world grows better, and as art becomes more highly appreciated the world grows more beautiful.

It is no wonder, therefore, that almost every educated person is a lover of art, nor that their love for it is finding readier and more pronounced expression. Each generation has a greater inheritance of it, which promises much for the future.—*Quiet Observer.*

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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MARCH, 1893.

In the spring the cultured Senior
Turns his ponies out on grass,
Or with tones persuasive tries
To sell them to the Junior class.

In the spring the hopeful Junior
Waits the time with eager brow,
For time flies and soon, oh soon
Will papa's pants fit Johnny now.

In the spring the natty Sophomore
Seeks some hollow in the woods,
Where he may commune with nature
And poor down Milwaukee goods.

In the spring the anxious Freshman
Slips along with fearful mien.
Lest he meet a hungry bovine
Seeking something fresh and green.

We are grieved to notice that the German jokes are decreasing in number. Any one knowing a good one in which dir occurs at least once will please send it in.

If for any reason any of our subscribers have been a little modest about paying their subscriptions to the old business manager, let them take courage, as the new manager has a soft place in his heart for such.

We think that Mr. Miller, in his lecture, struck the key note of the emigration question when he said that we have a right to demand two things from every emigrant, intelligence and obedience. Those who have intelligence to understand the principles of our government and are willing to render loyal obedience to her laws should be welcomed, for they will be a blessing to us, but we are infinitely better off without that degraded, lawless class which has no respect for our institutions and laws.

There is a very general inclination on the part of the majority of people to overlook the little improprieties of which almost all college students are guilty; yet we think that those who heard the exhibition of vocal power given by certain individuals while on their way home from religious services one night last week must feel that it was out of place even for college students. Even if the persons had no interest in the cause of the meetings, common courtesy and their sense of propriety should have prompted them to refrain from that which must jar on the feelings of many.

More than one visitor has been heard to remark on the excellent work done by the different societies during the present term. We believe that these remarks are not unmerited; each society seems to have determined that its work for the present term should be the very best possible. Although this should always be the aim of every society and individual, yet experience has taught us to expect the best and most earnest society work in the winter term. During the winter months, in which the students are almost entirely cut off from outdoor sports, their spare time is naturally turned to reading and

literary work, but at the approach of warm weather there is a decided falling off of interest. Not only is there a subtle influence in the air which soon robs one of all desire for intellectual glory, but out-door amusements of all kinds beckon to us on every hand, and he who can resist all these is strong willed indeed. Every student should strive therefore to derive the greatest possible profit out of the few remaining weeks of winter and leave a record which shall reflect credit upon both himself and his society.

It is amusing to see how promptly the majority of students resent any fancied attack upon their sacred rights and privileges. It needs but to be announced that there will be school on some holiday, or that the senior vacation will be a week shorter and the whole class is up in arms. Of course the students have no respect for the holiday and every member of the senior class knows that there is still ample time to prepare his or her graduating performance, but that does not matter; their liberties have been assailed and they must not submit without a struggle. Accordingly there follows the speedy canvass and the petition with its long list of names, headed by those which it is supposed will have most weight with the faculty, and then there is the committee to present it, who are also provided with a list of arguments which represents the united effort of the entire class, and which has caused more destruction of brain tissue than the work of the previous six months. Perhaps after all this effort the faculty still insist that the proposed change shall be carried out, and the class are compelled to submit, although there is a very general opinion among them that college discipline is little short of downright tyranny.

A movement is now being made by the students and faculty of the college through which it is hoped we shall be able to secure a gymnazium in the near future. As a step toward this it is proposed to attempt now to secure an athletic field. Heretofore the students have not only been deprived of the benefits of gymnazium training, but have not even had a good ground for outdoor practice. A piece of ground which would make an excellent field has been offered at a reasonable figure, and the students are very desirous of obtaining it. Although all felt the need of better facilities for physical culture, yet we thought it was useless to think of securing them at present, until lately we learned of a method by which other colleges under similar circumstances had been successful in securing gymnaziums—that of soliciting aid from outside friends. The plan was discussed among the faculty and students and met the unanimous approval of all. Accordingly an executive committee was formed, consisting of three members of the faculty, two members each from Senior and Junior classes and one each from Sophomore and Freshman classes. This committee has been busily engaged making preparations for a thorough canvass in the coming vacation. It is hoped that the movement will meet with success. The same plan has been successful in other colleges, why not in our own? Westminster has a long list of alumni and friends who are interested in her welfare and we think they will be willing and glad to aid us in procuring this, which will be of such evident advantage and benefit to us. The lack of good facilities for athletic training has for several years greatly checked the growth and prosperity of the institution, and we feel assured that with a good gymnazium we would be able to draw many students who otherwise would not come.

A great many college students are heard to say, "This is not a good day to study. I can make good progress some days and on others it is impossible to concentrate my thoughts." Again one will say, "I feel blue

to-day and cannot study." Would it not seem that such have lost sight of the great idea in education? Have they not forgotten that it is power we are after, and to possess it over the outer world we must first gain a control over self? The student who can bring himself down to hard, concentrated thought on one of his dull days has gained more in the true line of education than he does in two or three days of regular study. It has been well said that the overcoming of a fit of despondency is worth more than conquering the most difficult problem in mathematics, and surely it will be of more practical benefit in the struggle for position in this cold, unfeeling world. It is well illustrated in almost any intellectual man. He can sit down in a crowded car and fix his attention upon his book, allowing no common occurrence to disturb him, and even in his dullest days can do a good amount of work. But this power, like all others, grows only by practice, and the longer and more earnestly we practice it, the stronger we will become until we shall be able to a great extent to lift ourselves above circumstances. It may take years of constant effort before we shall be able to effectually triumph over adverse circumstances, but we shall have gained a power which shall be of inestimable value to us in after life.

THE moral standard of a college depends very much upon the religious sentiment among the students. For some time there has been a strong increase in the religious sentiment among the students of our college. Some weeks ago a few boys heard of the great revival that is going through the colleges. They begun an early morning prayer-meeting in one of their rooms. Soon the number increased and the meeting was held in a room of the college. It was suggested to the ladies, and they begun to hold morning meetings at the domitory. The sentiment increased and Rev. J. G. Kennedy, of Wellsville, O., was invited to come and hold a series of meeings. He kindly accepted and has been here about two weeks. All the regular evening meetings were postponed so that all might attend the special service. Rev. Kennedy's clear and forcible manner of presenting the truth attracted large and attentive audiences. Although there were not so many conversions as one might hope for, yet when it is remembered that there are very few students here who are not church members not many could be expected. But the good done cannot as well be estimated from the number of conversions as from the deep impressions made upon the hearts of those who attended the meetings. The morning meetings gradually increased. The morning Rev. Kennedy left seventy of the young people met for prayer. The students and citizens of the town are aroused to a sense of their duty as they have not been for years, and it is hoped that this condition may be maintained and much good may yet be realized.

WHILE the increasing number of colleges which are springing up over the land are an indication of an increasing interest in education, and therefore a sign of the country's advancement, yet there is great danger of serious defects creeping into the educational system through their influence. In the limited space allotted to this article we have time to notice but one of several which might be mentioned. There is a tendency in many places towards shortening the college curriculum on the plea that in these days of hurry and push a young person cannot afford to spend five or six years out of the prime of his life in acquiring a college education. Hence a shorter and more practical course of study is advocated. Such theories suould not be adopted by any sincere friend of education too hastily. The aim of a college education appears to us not so much the making a man a clever merchant, a skillful tradesman, or the training him to be

a successful doctor or lawyer, as in making him a well developed, cultured man, to lay the foundation for a broad, symmetrical mind, an intellect capable of grasping partially at least the great questions which are continually presenting themselves both to the individual himself and the nation. At present the tendency of almost all the professions is to narrow a man, to confine him to a single line of thought, and to counteract this in some degree at least is a necessity even to the highest success in his own particular line of business, and is indispensable in fitting him to be an intelligent member of society and a useful and patriotic citizen. Hence to begin the narrowing process even in college would surely be a detriment to the best interests and true aim of college education. The argument that many young men do not graduate from college until they are from twenty-five to thirty is to be attributed rather to defects in the common school system than to a too extended college curriculum. It is a fact that in common schools, especially in the country, a great deal of time is needlessly wasted. There seems no reason why any young person of ordinary capacity and health could not complete the amount of work done in both common school and in the ordinary college course by the time he reaches 21 years of age without injury to either mental power or general health, and this would afford him abundant time for training in the particular profession or trade he intends to pursue. Every educated man ought to view with deep distrust any effort to lower the standard of college work, no matter what the pretext may be.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The sum of all the salaries of college professors is annually $80,000,000.

—Colby University has received a bequest of $1,500 to found a memorial scholarship.

—The new Yale Infirmary has been opened for public inspection. It will accommodate about forty patients.

—There are three thousand students enrolled at the University of Berlin. Eight hundred of these are Americans.

—Europe has about one-fourth as many universities as the United States, yet she has 1,723 more professors and 41,814 more students.

—A memorial hall is to be built in the "yard" at Harvard in honor of the late Phillips Brooks. It will be devoted to religious and social uses.

—It is said by the friends of Vassar that no graduate of that institution has ever been divorced from her husband. The public is now asking if they ever marry.

—It is reported that Gordan McKay has announced his intention of leaving his fortune of $2,000,000, which he made by his shoe machines, to Harvard University.

—Williams College is particularly interested in the recent revolt in Hawaii because Hon. S. B. Doyle, member of the class of '67, has been made temporary President of the new government.

—Within the last year Western Reserve University received gifts amounting to $300,000. $125,000 was the largest single gift, from Mr. J. L. Woods, of Cleveland, to the medical department.

—Dr. J. M. Coulter has been elected President of Lake Forest University. He is a man of high standing in all educational circles and has been pronounced one of the foremost educators in the president's chair to-day.

—Yale now offers her women students a course of studies, scholarships and degrees on the same terms on which they are offered to men. It is thought to be but a question of time when Harvard will offer the same advantages.

—The living alumni of the University of

Michigan are 10,603, which is almost twice as many as that of any other American educational institution. Harvard is next with 5,593, Yale third with 4,618, and Union fourth with 3,960.

—There are fourteen colleges in the United States containing libraries of more than 50,000 volumes, Harvard having the greatest number, 700,000. It is estimated that there are in all the American college libraries about 3,000,000 volumes.

—It is reported that Cornell has promised to row the men from Cambridge, England, this spring. The race will be quite exciting, as Cornell has been wishing for some years for a satisfactory crew to row with. No doubt she will have her match this time.

—The following subject for the annual spring debate between the Harvard Union and Yale Union has been selected by the former: "Resolved, That the time is now come when the policy of protection in the United States should be abandoned." Yale has the choice of sides and also the privilege of setting the time for the debate.

ART NOTES.

—The work done in the Art Department this term has been of a grade of excellence not exceeded in the past. A number of beautiful pictures have been completed which, with the work of next term, promises a fine display commencement, in crayon, oil, water color and china painting. One of the special features of the spring work is that of the sketching class. The beautiful scenery near the town affords splendid advantages in this line.

—With such a competent instructor at the head of the department the only felt want is greater facility. This want, if met, would place this department of the college on a level with any in the State.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Miss Whissen assisted at a recent concert given by the Y. P. C. U., of Sharpsville.

—Of Interest to Students.—Dr. Hans Von Bulow is in an insane asylum near Berlin.

—Miss Mary Johnson, '90, a graduate of the Conservatory, is again numbered among the voice pupils. She is one of Sharpsville's successful music teachers.

—Mrs. Christian Thelen, of the Conservatory, has accepted the position of soprano in the choir of the Point Breeze Presbyterian church, East End, Pittsburgh.

—The violin upon which the wedding march was played at George Washington's marriage has come into the possession of the Sunbury (Pa.) Musical Society.

—The Westminster Quartet, assisted by Miss Jane Donaldson, elocutionist, gave an entertainment at Coraopolis, March 6. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance.

—Next term the ladies of the Hall will give a cantata entitled, "The Flower Queen." It will be given with floral decorations and costumes and will be under the supervision of Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen.

—Remenyi, the world renowned violinist, will give a concert in New Castle some time during the month of March, the date having not yet been fixed. All advanced music pupils should avail themselves of the rare opportunity to listen to this great artist.

—A recent musical invention is the Janko keyboard. This keyboard consists of five banks of ivory keys with not a black sheep in it. It offers many advantages over the old one and a recent exposition of it at Chamber Music Hall, New York City, was a most satisfactory test.

—The colored people have organized a World's Fair Colored Opera and Concert Troupe, an organization composed of the

best colored musicians in America. Their object is to demonstrate the progress made by the colored people in all branches of art.

—The musical part of the World's Fair will be under the directorship of Theodore Thomas. June 7, 8 and 9, there will be a festival by representative choral societies of the Eastern States, three concerts in Festival Hall, massed chorus of 2,000, orchestra of 200, organ and eminent soloists. On June 21, 22 and 23, there will be a similar festival by representative choral societies of the Western States. Edward Lloyd, the tenor of Loudon, has been engaged for several dates. During September Saint Saens, the famous French composer, and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, of England, will visit the Exposition, conducting several programs of their own choral and instrumental works. To a lover of music this will be one of the most pleasing features of the Exposition.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—What meaneth all this stir?
The water-works are here.
No, not here, but near

—A gym—Stovelids.

—A new staff—Water works.

—Fourteen preliminary contestants.

—Beware of the reporter and the detective.

—What kind of a bird does Miss McL. most admire.

—Mr. T. W. Kennedy, '91, stopped in town Feb. 17.

—Mr. W. M. Anderson, '91, visited in town recently.

—Mr. A. A. Graham, '91, spent a recent Sabbath in town.

—Mr. Ed McElree, '91, was home over Sabbath, Feb. 19.

—Mr. Will Barnes has gone to Chicago to engage in business.

—Mr. C. D. Fulton left here March 7th for Henderson, N. C., where he will teach. We wish him success.

—Miss Prugh, of Butler, Pa., is visiting Miss Daisy Barnes.

—Miss Hodgens is recovering from a severe attack of sore throat.

—Spring term will open March 29. Only one week of vacation.

—Some of the delegates to Grove City report a "real nice time."

—Mr. Frank Byerly was sick for a few days, but is again in his classes.

—Misses Carrie and Alda Kraeer will not return to school this term.

—Mr. D. A. B. remarks that it amuses him to hear the Professor smile.

—To whomsoever concerned: Company is not concealed behind the piano.

—Owing to a strike on the Sharpsville R. R., we only get one mail a day.

—Rev. W. W. Anderson, of the U. P. Seminary, was in town March 3rd.

—Miss Kate C. Edgar, '92, expects to spend the summer in Sterling, N. Y.

—Miss Jane Wilson, of Pittsburgh, was the guest of Miss Hattie McLaughry last week.

—A small bell and rattle fixed to the chapel door would add to the racket it makes.

—There are hopes of having a trainer next spring to teach the young idea how to shoot.

—Rev. J. S. Thompson, '88, and wife, '90, of Clintonville, Pa., visited here on February 27th.

—Rev. Thomas Anderson, '91, of the U. P. Seminary, Allegheny, spent a few days in town.

—Prof. Chas. Weber, of New York, after his recital remained a few weeks visiting Prof. Thelen.

—Rev. J. G. Kennedy, of Wellsville, Ohio, is conducting a series of meetings in the college chapel. He is very earnest in his work

and all are greatly benefited by his being among us.

—Prof. McLaughry writes from Bryn Mawr that she finds her work there very pleasant.

—Miss B. May White, '91, who has been in Chicago this year, visited in town one day last week.

—Work has begun on the waterworks. The contractor expects to have them in by the last of May.

—Examinations begin Monday, March 20th. There will be but one week of vacation, instead of two, as formerly.

—The athletic fever has made its annual appearance. There threatens to be a violent outbreak this year.

—Dr. Ferguson and Prof. McGranahan filled Rev. Mr. Kennedy's pulpit the two Sabbaths he was here.

—Any one overburdened with this world's goods may find a safe deposit in the Athletic Executive Committee.

—The Seniors say they are studying a part of Schwegler that even Dr. Ferguson never read before ! ! !

—Professor in geology : "Mr. Smith, will you recite about faults ?" Mr. S. : "Well, rocks have their faults."

—A number of students will go to Chicago at the opening of the Fair to fill positions they have secured there.

—The revival meetings held in the chapel by Rev. J. G. Kennedy, of Wellsville, Ohio, have been well attended.

—Mr. Leitch excels in blank verse, but, as is often the case, slumbering genius is not appreciated by the Professor.

—The triennial catalogue will be issued this year. Any of the alumni will please give notice of change of address.

—Minister gives out 100th Psalm, L. M., 3d stanza. Choir leader, not noting, begins with the seeming command, "All peop"—and stops suddenly to begin again.

—Mr. F. S. McKinney and Mr. J. G. Smith spent Sabbath, Feb. 26, at Mr. Smith's home in Lowellville, Ohio.

—On the night of February 25th a sled load of students drove over to East Brook and enjoyed oysters at Mr. Wilson's.

—Why did Mr. Robertson object to registering when visiting the Old Folks' Home with some young ladies from the city ?

—Word has been received of the safe arrival of Rev. E. P. Dunlap and wife in China, where he goes as a missionary.

—Rev. Cooper, of Butler county, has bought the residence of Rev. H. G. McVey, which he will occupy after April 1st.

—Mr. John Bigger, who was sick the first of the term with typhoid fever, is now at his home in Washington county entirely recovered.

—Several musical treats are being prepared by the professors and students of the Conservatory for next term and commencement.

—Ask a Freshman, "What means that roaring sound ?" He will tell you, "'Tis only the wintry breezes blowing through the treezes."

—Prof. Thompson, in speaking of a man who was entirely deaf, said that he knew nothing at all about music except by hearing people talk about it.

—Messrs. J. I. Stewart and Geo. Weddell went to Washington for the inauguration and report the new administration safely started on its four years' trip.

—McG'.s German teacher complains that instead of declining the second personal pronoun du, deiner, dir, dich, he declines it "du, meiner, dir, dich."

—Young lady discussing Mr. Handy's lecture : "I think he should quote his *scripture*

correctly. Why, he said 'A thing of beauty is a joy for an hour.' "

—Geo. R. Wendling delivered his eighth lecture before a New Wilmington audience on Saturday evening, Feb. 18. His subject was, "The Man of Galilee."

—Seniors in German are taking extra work in English grammar under Miss Campbell. Are making a specialty of intransitive verbs and personal pronouns.

—Mr. T. M. Anderson, '91, of Allegheny Theological Seminary, spent a day in town last week on his way home from Sharon, where he had been preaching.

—First Senior: "Isn't that an *awful* long lesson the Doctor gave us in Schwegler?" Second Senior: "Oh, no, not very. Only *twice* as long as last year's class had."

—Several members of the Y. M. C. A. attended the district Y. M. C. A. convention at Grove City on March 3d. They report a very interesting and instructive meeting.

—Commencement this year will be on June 14, a week sooner than usual, that those desiring to visit the Exposition may have the advantage of the earlier part of the season.

—Prof. Mitchell has a class in New Testament Greek which meets once a week. The work is voluntary on the part of both professor and students and is very much enjoyed.

—Rev. J. G. Kennedy has made friends of all who met him during his stay here. All appreciate his earnestness in the work he is doing and feel sorry to have him go away.

—The Seniors are mourning because of their short vacation, but console themselves by thinking it is so because the faculty disliked to part with "the best class that has ever been in college."

—Mr. A. Best, as soon as relieved from the cumbersome duties of a constable, will begin his work on "The Spiritual Law in the Natural World," with an appendix of his experiences with and "carcumwentions" of the students.

—Three members of the faculty, two members each from the Senior and Junior classes, and one member each from the Sophomore and Freshman classes, constitute the Athletic Executive Committee.

—A missionary meeting was held in the college chapel Sabbath afternoon, March 3d. The life of Dr. John G. Paton was considered. An interesting program will be prepared for the next meeting, to be held April 2d.

—On the afternoon of March 6 a union meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. was held in college chapel, at which the delegates to Grove City made their report. All reported the convention very interesting.

—It is reported that quite a force of Italians are to be employed in putting in the water works. Mr. P. has been heard enquiring whether the dagoes have as yet come to any decision regarding the merits of the respective societies.

A chieftain bold, who thrice before
Had not been out in vain, not he,
Thus spoke, "We shall run up a flag,
To taunt the Sophomores and raise
Our reputation." Started he
With ladder in his hand His face
Wore hair of other growth. But, hark!
He hears a still, small voice and quails.
"They 'circumvented' us," said he,
"My game is up,—the Sophs are there."
The worst remaineth yet to tell.
He does not seem to know that he
Was not the one who "killed the bear."

—*Selected.*

—If the "Freshman class of '93" would but have their poems printed, 'twould surely bring tears to the eyes of Holmes. What wonder, to find himself so eclipsed! Doubtless they will apply for patents on the process by which they construct those marvelous productions of their genius.

—Through the kindness of Pittsburgh friends of the college, Prof. S. R. Thompson

is enabled to add to the equipment of the botanical laboratory. The increased number desiring to do the work in this department made the purchasing of some new microscopes and other appliances necessary. The laboratory will be fitted for more efficient work than ever before.

—Don't forget that John H. Ryder, of Cleveland, who has photographed the Senior classes for the past eleven years, will be with us this year as usual. It is superfluous to say that his work has stood the test of time and is of the very highest grade. Those desiring pictures should leave their orders at once with Jno. McB. Donaldson.

—Washington's birthday was observed in ye ancient manner. On the night of the 20th the Freshmen attempted to run up their flag, but were anticipated by the Sophomores. They tapped the bell gently. The janitor was called upon and made a few remarks from a step ladder. Both classes remained in force till morning, when they dispersed quietly.

EXCHANGES.

The college papers are beginning to write up athletic notes.

Sympathetic Subscribers Should Send Substantial Succor.—*Ex.*

The best answer you can make to self-conceit is to keep still.—*Ex.*

"A good way to get rid of your own troubles is to help get rid of those of somebody else."

Mrs. Blaine and her sister, Gail Hamilton, will, it is reported, write the biography of J. G. Blaine.

An exchange says a man's full mental power is not reached before the age of twenty-five. Either this is wrong or the college freshman has been misinformed as to himself. —*Ex.*

"One of the best recipes for beautifying hands is passing gold and silver off the finger tips to the needy."

"Man is a great deal like a fish. You know a fish would not get into very serious trouble if it would keep its mouth shut."

The students' education does not end in the school room. Death has written across the gateway to eternity, "The end of education." —*Ex.*

"Your library must be a great treasure to you." Dodge: "It is. There isn't a day I don't come in and discover some new beauty in the bindings."

"My," said the visitor as he lifted Willie up into the air, "you are solid." "Yes," said Willie proudly, "there isn't anything plated about me."

We notice that the Hopedale Normal College is now issuing its paper, *The College Campus*, quarterly. Heretofore it has reached us but once a month.

"The sea of thought is a boundless sea,
Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
Die and fall on the shore of speech.—*Ex.*

There is a very interesting production in the February issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, entitled "Our Nation's Idol," which reflects great credit on the author.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature" the eloquent orator shouted: "Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spencers and Macaulays? Where are they,

I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery: "All dead!"—*Ex.*

"One of the growing evils of the present day is lack of originality. It is no longer the man who is great who is original, but the man who is original is great.—*Ex.*

To Oliver Wendell Holmes is attributed the remark that millennium would be near at hand "when lawyers take what they would give and doctors give what they would take."—*Ex.*

Why is the gay pianist,
Whose music thrills with bliss,
Unhappy if his hair does not

Stand up like this?

—*Ex.*

We notice quite an interesting article in the two February numbers of the *Illini* entitled "The Darwinian Theory," in which the author seems to think that man still bears the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

A copy of *The Sibyl* reached us this month. We enjoyed glancing through its pages very much. Its literary department shows decided talent, its editorials are well written, and altogether it is a credit to the girls of Elmira

We are glad to see that so many of our exchanges have taken so decided a stand on the question of "Hazing." This is a barbarous pastime, to say the least, and any college would be fully justified in employing very strict measures with students who are found using this as a means of initiation into their ranks.

Both Understood.—A lady occupied a seat in a car alone. A drummer stopped and with a smile and a bow enquired, "Engaged?" "No, married," she responded, looking him straight in the eyes, and he took another seat.

In the sanctum.—Stranger: "I wish to submit for publication a few verses I just dashed off." Editor: "What's the subject?" Stranger: "My Heart's Passionate Pants." Editor: "My friend, this is not a second-hand clothing store. Take your heart's garments elsewhere."

More thinking and less imitation is one of the greatest needs of the average student. Honest and sincere efforts to develop and express one's own mind in matters in which it is interested are worth more than the most skillful adaptations of borrowed thoughts or common place utterances regarding questions beyond one's scope.—*Ex.*

A discovery has been made by Flanders Petri, the Egyptologist, that mummy cases were manufactured of sheets of paper pasted one upon another. Some precious manuscripts have already been discovered, and there is a wide field of interesting speculation as to what priceless treasures may yet be brought to light by the disintegration of these cases into original sheets.—*Ex.*

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THE MISSION OF ALEXANDER.

Greek is the richest and most delicate tongue which the people of the earth have ever spoken. It is the most complete in grammatical structure, the most beautiful in sound and the most impressive in meaning that the world has ever known. It expresses better than any other language the thrill of joy, the message of defiance, the pæan of battle, the shout of victory and every emotion the mind of man is capable of experiencing. "Socrates made it capable of expressing every shade of moral and spiritual meaning ; Plato shaped the common words to become the vehicle of ideas which trembled heavenward like a flame of fire." So that at this time "this language with its multitudinous expressions, all in harmonious accord, lay like a rich meadow of stately timothy swaying and waving in the breezes of thought."

The intellectual adventures of Greece planted the first flag on the shores of philosophy ; for the competition of errors is necessary to the elucidation of truths, and the imagination indicates the soil which reason is destined to cultivate and possess. Just as in the religion of every people, even utter savages, there are deities invented and these are naturally taken from the material world; so the philosophy of the Greeks began in naturalism and polytheism. But its evolution from naturalism and polytheism to spiritualism and monotheism was gradual. We observe it in its first rebellion against polytheism and its first deflection toward the hidden truth in the Eleatic and Pythagorean schools. Then we observe all the philosophers arrayed one against another, so that their systems become mutually contradictory and destructive. But with the coming of Socrates we are introduced to a revolution in the domain of the mind very similar to that which took place in the domain of politics when Cyrus entered Babylon. It was from Socrates that the impulse to change philosophy into devotion proceeded. "He initiated the spiritual and moral movement from the world without to the world within, from outward nature to the mind of man." He saved philosophy from being merely an intellectual pursuit by attaching to it the issues of life. Cicero says : "Socrates drew philosophy from heaven to earth." The philosophy of Socrates succeeded, and we observe that upon his death the influence of the Socratic system was deeply impressed upon his age and country.

Plato was a diligent pupil under Socrates, and as he surpassed Socrates in certain respects, so in turn was Plato surpassed by his disciple Aristotle ("the master of those who know"). In his philosophies the genius of the Grecian intellect reached its culmination.

Along with the growth and advancement in thought, culture in art and music had ad-

vanced. And not only in these lines, but also in the science of government had the Greeks advanced beyond all other nations. The ancient Greek constitution was that of an aristocracy with a prince at the head. It was not by a sudden leap of the mind, but gradually, insensibly and permanently monarchy ceased—as fashion, as it were, worn out and obselete—and republicanism succeeded. The two principal causes for change of government were, first, the colonies of Greece, which were principally overflows of redundant population ; and as these were usually the poorer classes of people, the average equality of the emigrants planted the seeds of a new constitution. As the people of the fatherland perceived the prosperity of the colonies they gave all the credit to the new form of government and therefore coveted it for itself. The second cause for change was that there was in the Greek an inherent aversion to one person having all the power. From the earliest times it was not the monarch but the state that called forth virtue of devotion and inspired the enthusiasm of loyalty.

Now was the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy, "and a mighty king shall stand up that shall rule with great dominion and do according to his will. And when he shall stand up his kingdom shall be broken and shall be divided to the four winds of the heaven." Thus Alexander was brought forth in the zenith of Greek civilization and was educated at this time with Aristotle as his instructor in morals, politics and philosophies; thus he was made a true Greek, although he was of Macedonian descent. Alexander showed his spirit in his childhood in saying to his playmates when he heard of his father's victories: "Friends, my father will possess himself of everything, and leave nothing for us to do." He possessed all the characteristics of a conqueror. In body he was most handsome, most active; in mind most manly, most ambitious of glory, most religious. His first act upon his arrival in Asia was the performance of various religious rites at Troy in honor of the Trojan heroes. This was indicative of his spirit and also prophetic of all that was to follow. Alexander was most sagacious in discovering the proper measures while yet enveloped in darkness; most skilful in arranging, arming and marshaling armies; most chivalrous in raising the courage of his soldiers, filling them with hopes of victory and dispelling their fears by his own undaunted bearing; in fulfilling his own engagements, most faithful. It is said of him: "Alexander was never known to break his pledged word" In his own expense frugal, but in his generosity to others most unsparing. "Not without the especial purpose of deity was such a man given to the world to whom none has ever yet been equaled."

Alexander's army was composed of men who were true Greeks, as may be seen from the courage and daring they displayed and the wonderful victories they won. His conquests were many and important. In the short space of twelve years he had crossed the Hellespont and conquered the world. First, the battle of Granicus, which laid open all Asia Minor to him, was fought; next, subjugating Phœnicia and having the fleets of the Mediterranean under his control, he easily effected the conquest of Egypt. While here he founded Alexandria, "the birthplace of science," the most memorable act, in its consequences, of his whole life. Then came the decisive battle of Arbela. This marked the end of the long struggle betweeen the east and the west and prefaced the way for Greek civilization over all West Asia. Babylon, Susa and Persepolis were taken; Bactria and Sogdiana were conquered; India, Arabia, Carthage, Italy and Spain were added to his already vast dominions.

Alexander not only kept the conquered countries under Macedonian sway, but they were also taught the Greek language, style of

thought, culture and idea of government. In this he was aided greatly by the old Greek colonies. All along the Asiatic shores, in the Grecian isles, on the plains of Italy, and even in Libya and Egypt were these colonies which had chafed under eastern despotism, and now hailed Alexander as their deliverer, since he restored to them their liberties, and they were thus reawakened to their old national spirit. The spreading of Grecian civilization was also hastened by the generals and soldiers of Alexander's army affiliating with the subdued nations by intermarriages and adopting many of their customs, thus removing the barrier between Greek and Barbarian. And this meant everything to the future world.

Such were the life and deeds of Alexander, the great Macedonian conquerer. What was his mission? Not simply military conquest; not even change of language, life and thought. It was something that reaches out to the whole world, something that affects us. It was that which the great mental transformation of the east produced. It was the preparation of the world for Christ. CARRIE KRAEER, '94.

CELESTIAL SCENERY.

One of the most important lessons which a study of the celestial orbs teaches us is the avoidance of rash judgments as to the ways and works of the Creator. It is readily admitted that we are ignorant of many of the divine purposes and of the details of His operations in the distant regions of creation, and that through the eternal ages we shall always remain ignorant of many of His ways, but there are certain plans and principles which the Deity evidently intends that we shall search out for ourselves and not take the first view as a conclusive one, for we are so very often mistaken when we judge by appearances.

One planet appears to be so inferior in size and brightness that we are apt to class it as one of the least important of God's works, but when we see it rightly it is a miracle of beauty, marvelous in its dimensions and in the complexity of its structure.

Saturn, when viewed by the naked eye, is a dull looking body, shining with a pale yellow light and distinguished from the fixed stars only by its steady light. It is far inferior to Venus in apparent size and even surpassed in lustre by the smallest of the primary planets. Slowly he drags his way onward, his slow advance alternating with yet slower retrogression. The astrologers selected him as the planet working the most evil effects on the fortunes of the human race. Le Boudaroy said: "Saturn is in the seventh heaven. He makes rustics, signifies peasants, laborers and mechanics; makes thin, solitary people who, when walking, keep their eyes to the ground; causes death, ice and epidemics; in short, it has no light except that which others impart to it."

But how different all this is from reality! If we should take a journey to Saturn we would be greatly astonished to see a globe more than a hundred times larger than our earth and in connection with its satellites and rings comprehending a greater quantity of surface than Jupiter, and with its majestic rings constituting the most singular and astonishing phenomenon that has yet been discovered within the limits of our system. These great rings are variegated in color, the exterior one appearing gray, the middle one the most brilliant, being more luminous than the planet itself, while the interior one is a rich purple, so transparent that the surface of the planet may be seen through this "crape veil," as it has been termed by astronomers. They appear in the heavens like large luminous arches or semicircles of light stretching across the firmament from the eastern to the western boundaries, more beautiful than the body of the planet itself. They reflect the solar light with peculiar splendor and therefore present a most magnificent and brilliant aspect in the heavens. One wishing to see these rings in all their dif-

ferent phases would need only to travel over the different regions, for only a short distance from the equator they will be seen as complete semicircles stretched across the whole celestial hemisphere and appearing in their greatest splendor. After the setting of the sun their brightness increases, just as our moon when the sun has declined, and the shadow of the globe is seen on the eastern boundary opposite the sun. Midnight approaching, the shadow gradually moves to the highest point of the arches, declining from that time until at sunrise it is seen on the western horizon. After sunrise its brightness diminishes and it presents the appearance of a cloudy arch during the day. But near the polar regions only a very small portion of the rings will appear, dividing the celestial hemisphere into two unequal parts and presenting the same general appearance on a smaller scale.

Added to this are its satellites, of which there are eight, the largest one excelling Mercury in size.

The scenery upon Saturn surpasses anything with which we are familiar. The immense arch of the rings extending way up in the heavens spans the sky and sheds a soft radiance around, while to add to the strange beauty of the night the eight moons in all their varied aspects—one rising above the horizon, while another is setting and a third approaching the meridian, one entering into an eclipse and another emerging from one, one appearing as a crescent and another in a gibbous phase, and sometimes the whole of them shining in one vast assemblage.

The majestic motion of the rings, at one time illuminating the sky, at another casting a deep shade over the planet and unveiling to view the wonders of the starry firmament, are scenes worthy of the majesty of the Divine Being to display and of rational creatures to behold. It was Homer who said in one of the finest night pieces in poetry :

"Behold the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spread her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

Can such displays of wisdom lead us to conclude that the numerous beautiful objects of this planet were created to shed their lustre on barren shores and naked rocks where eternal silence and solitude have prevailed and will ever prevail, where no vegetable or mineral beauties adorn the landscape, where no trace of rational intelligence is to be found throughout all their wastes and wilds, and where no thanksgivings nor melodies nor adorations ascend to that Ruler of the Skies ?

Such a conclusion would show a most gloomy and distorted view of the character and attributes of the Creator and would represent Him as exerting His creating power to no purpose, which through the inspired writers we are assured he has not done : "Thus saith Jehovah that created the heavens, God himself that formed it ; he hath established it ; He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited ; I am Jehovah and there is none else."

Truly we may say in the language of the Bible, "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork." ETTA JOHNSON, '94.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

We live in an age characterized by activity and inquiry. Nothing escapes the inquisitive scrutiny and penetrating inquiry of the active, restless brain of this industrious, wide awake age. This investigation and study has been so

thorough and comprehensive that there is little territory left for the pioneer in any department. Everything must pass, and almost everything has passed, through the ordeal of scrutiny.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the light of criticism, inquiry and research has been turned in upon the religious beliefs and creeds and systems of the race ; for religion is the most important and serious subject on which the mind can dwell and is a subject present to every generation and to each individual soul.

A difficulty faces one at the very threshold of the study of religion in the unsettled meaning of the word. If we take our own preconceived definition of the term into the study our results will correspond with the narrowness of our standard, and we can only approach a comprehensive definition of religion by a careful study of man and his needs and requirements and his religions ; or, in other words, we can get a clear notion of religion by a careful study of man's religious history and nature.

We are startled also, and of course hindered by its dazing effect, with the fact of history in this direction, that religions come and go, rise and fall, are born and die, and religion is perpetual. Like individuals of the race religions live and die, but like the race itself religion runs on perpetually.

We may not discuss the reasons for this ; whether it is because of the nature of man, or whether it is the perpetual pressure of divine love in leading man back to virtue, truth and God. But the fact remains, which opens a wide field for students of morals, ethics, history and philosophy.

We do not proceed very far till we are overwhelmed with troops of religions, and in the midst of them we stand and the question is irresistibly raised over the wrecked frameworks of religions lying along the channel of history. Will they continue? Are they permanent?

Mere denominationalists will be shocked at such a question, and the bigotry begotten of the narrowness of creed and fed on husks of truth, and not on Christ, will fume and threaten and froth and die. But the question will stand and awaits an answer. If we turn to history for an answer, its breath withers the religions of men and they fade and die. If we turn to human nature for an answer, its certain reply is that religions fade, but religion lives. And then if we study revelation—the holy Word of God—the truth comes to the front and a voice from the sky proclaims the permanent Religion—the Kingdom of God.

But why shall this endure in the midst of the wrecks of the world's religions? What are the elements of its permanency?

We might settle this for devout minds at once by saying it is divine. It may be approximately settled and brought within the range of the probable, and therefore reasonable, by a study of man's nature and needs and of the elements which meet them. And these are three in number and characteristic and inherent and are found to correspond exactly with man's needs and the demands of his nature.

There is the universal call from humanity for help—the cry of waking infancy when the angel enrolls a new name on the list of mortal beings and the piteous pleading of age when the gathered mourners weep.

Where is this cry met and silenced as it is in the kingdom of the truth--Christianity? Where is the strong and eternal One found on whom to depend? And then the universal spirit and longing for kinship and fellowship and the noble ambition to use the powers won through dependence and companionship in progress, all these beautifully meet and blend in the life and teaching of the Christ and lie sweetly

embosomed in the religion of His cross. And in its ability to meet and answer humanity's cry for one on whom to depend and with whom to commune and by whose power to advance in power and in beauty lies the claim of the religion of Bethlehem's Babe to permanency and perpetuation.

It may be safely prophesied then what the religion of the future will be, must be. In the light of man's nature and need the question is settled. This will not be a commingling of the divergent and limited views of men on unessentials nor the enthronement of the idols of the human intellect, but the exaltation of the way, the truth and the life. And its effect will be seen in the perfection of the individual soul and human society.

It will not be the enthronement of some intellectual conception nor the irresistible promulgation of a stately morality, but the crowning of a personal king, eternal, immortal, invisible.

A *creed* would perpetuate a cold religionism instead of a living, moving religion ; a *code* would establish the withering ministry of a bloodless moralism. But the *person* of the King makes religion real and blessed and the thought of morality a living thing, and by Him alone can creed and code be possessed. In Him of whom it can be said, He is, is the life of faith and the life of morals found; in Him will the strong, undying interest of the future center, and from Him will radiate all the elements and powers demanded by the perpetual conditions for a perpetual religion. And on Him the religion of the future will be based. He will supply the ideal and the motive power by which men may gratify their longing for progress and by which all holy desire will be kindled.

He will be humanity's leader and inspirer and His will be the religion of the future.

MARGARET CHAPIN, '94.

SLEEP PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

Sleep is necessary, everybody admits; but why, is a question that remains unanswered. Whether it is caused by the demand of the physical system for time to rebuild wasted tissues or by the congestion of the brain by continued action, we know not. But that sleep we must, if we are to hold ourselves in equilibrium, is undisputed. The amount of sleep required varies greatly. In childhood and in old age the demand is greater than in manhood; and some persons demand more than others. There are some sluggish natures that are always crying, "a little more slumber, a little more sleep," while others require but little, as Napoleon, who was said to be able to do with "forty winks."

The conditions most favorable to sleep are a heated church and a dull sermon. Few people have the power to withstand such potent influences; they seem to act like narcotics on the spirit. The heat of the church might be resisted but the sermon is irresistible; its monotony falls as a continuous patter and soon sooths the wearied soul to rest.

Since time will not permit us to review sleep in its two phases, physical and psychical, we will take up the latter. The soul is active during sleep, as is evident from our dreams; but that it is continually active is disputed by some, but the weight of evidence is on the side of constant activity. Dr. Porter says that "the soul is active, because on awaking it is at once aware of its own identity, which involves the belief of continued existence during the interval of sleep, and when it awakes it may recall or review a continued series of sensational experiences if it cannot bring back an uninterrupted course of conscious activities. Of course there are many things that we do not recall, but if on waking we take up the train of thought we can unravel it through the labyrinth of numberless dreams and im-

pressions. When a person is awakened suddenly from the soundest sleep or even from stupor and their thoughts are directed to their mental condition the instant before, they will always be able to recall some dream or absorbing sensation. The reason why these activities are not recalled is because the thoughts and actions of waking hours are so absorbing as to exclude the others, and even if the clue was at hand they could only be reached indirectly.

The powers and capacities of the soul do not act with equal energy, however, but vary in different persons in different conditions of sleep. But because a person allows their imagination to roam over the scenes of childhood, to picture in the imagination the grandeur of some landscape during waking hours, they are not confused in mind, but there has been some association that has started the thought. The inconsistency of the facts represented, with the actual circumstances of the sleeper at the time, shows how independent of present experience and position the exercise of the imagination is. The consistency of the dream in itself shows how rationally the sleeper employs his recollections.

That dreams are always thus self-consistent, no one will say; for they are often grotesque in combination and not infrequently they involve the performance of impossible feats. But along with this admission, are we always consistent in our use of imagination during waking hours, are not our "day dreams" as grotesque and inconsistent as any real dream, and then sleeping dreams are conceived under different circumstances, there is nothing to recall the imagination from its dizzy heights. So onward it soars, utterly regardless of time and space, compressing into a few minutes occurrences that would occupy hours or even days to accomplish under ordinary circumstances. In our dreams we occupy a year in making a voyage, we perform a journey, we climb a mountain, but while this is done in an inconceivably short time, it is clear evidence of actual intellectual exercise.

There are also many examples of concentrated mental action during sleep. These efforts are always along the line of the person's work and thought. There is a vast amount of evidence that is indisputable on this point. Dr. Porter says that "the exercise of judgment in respect to the higher relations of thought varies very greatly in the energy of its action and the perfection of its results." There are many cases in dreams in which single steps or parts of a series of steps in reasoning are taken surely and correctly, while these processes are entirely disconnected with what went before and followed after; as if the rational powers had resumed for a single instant their full energy of function.

In other cases the reasoning may be correct and the data may be false, and the falseness of the data may not be percieved. In still other cases the data may be correctly discerned and the conclusions correctly derived, so that both premise and reasoning combined to a valid and true conclusion. Even the more difficult feats of the invention and construction of the materials of an argument have been successfully performed in dreams. The creations of poetry even to the selection of rythmatical words, the composition of sermons and orations have been often effected; difficult problems in mathematics have been solved and remembered; new and ingenuous theories have been devised; happy expedients of deliverence from practical difficulties have presented themselves and brought relief from serious embarrassment. In all examples of this kind it is not easy sometimes to distinguish between the suggestion to the memory of what had been previously achieved by a person when awake, and an original act of the mind upon the data brought before him for the first time in his dreams. From these facts we are led to the inference that intellectual activity is compatible with that rest to

the muscular system, the sensory and motor nerves and the nerve center, which is obtained in sleep. And towards an explanation of this intellectual activity we perceive that the evidence of such action is more abundant in the case of those who have developed their powers of reflection by voluntarily acquired habits of concentration.

There is thus shown to be a continuity of intellectual work during sleep, which is more concentrated and valuable according to the mind's interest in the subject of study. There is assuredly no warrant for maintaining that intellectual work can be uniformly prosecuted exactly as in waking hours, but if we allow for two things, 1st, the termination of such conscious relation to things external as is implied in the activity of the senses throughout the waking hours, and 2d, the intensity of intellectual interest in some employment, not essentially dependent upon the use of the senses, it is proved that mental activity of a high order is compatible with physical repose in sleep.

"Our little life is rounded with sleep" and the toils and anxieties, the schemings and excitements of the day, all merge into sleep, which brings peace and renovation to the mind and body.

The fretful child cries itself asleep; in sleep the weary man loosens his over-strung faculties, the wretched man forgets his misery. And notwithstanding the fact that our mind travels onward during sleep, we pass nearly one-third of our lives in that which for all active purposes of life is a blank. MARK R.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE EDUCATED.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." Come and let us help ourselves if we wish to obtain any help from heaven. We are not thrust into the midst of the trackless deep, like a mariner without a compass, to direct his course. We have an infallible guide, the most touching and powerful motives to urge us onward.

Those seated upon the lofty eminence of true greatness holding in their hand the lamp of revealed truths, tell us they must soon yield the towering summit to some other resident and bid us with all their earnestness, "Come on." The fond wishes, the anxious fears, the ceaseless prayers of friends, trembling for our fate at every step we advance, bid us with the most impressive eloquence, "Come on." The millions upon millions of the heathen world, groaning under slavery infinitely worse than physical, enveloped with a cloud of ignorance dark and gloomy as eternal night itself, bid us, as we would be guiltless of their blood, as we value their immortal souls, "Come on." Reform workers bid us, "Come on." Men are daily dropping out of the ranks in all the pursuits of life. Their places must be filled.

The path of success is not filled with roses, but rather with thorns. We cannot all succeed alike. Some may fall; some must fall. Confucius says: "Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Never before was competition in every calling and pursuit so fierce as now; never did success demand for its attainment such a union of physical and intellectual qualities as at the present time. Carlyle says: "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe strings."

How much truth in the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."

There are limits to human capabilities. We may meet with obstacles which even our utmost energy cannot overcome. But let us will to find the way if possible. Mountains often dwindle into mole hills when we once resolutely determine to cross them.

Opportunity is shy. The slow and unobservant fail to see it or reach for it when it has gone; the watchful detect it instantly and catch it immediately. However, we must do more

than seize opportunity when it does come. We must not be content with waiting for "something to turn up;" we must try to turn up something. The man with dreamy fancy, who expects learning without labor and wealth without work of head or hands is ready to listen to any promise of something for nothing or of much for little. As one says, "Most fish will not bite a bare hook; but men who expect thousands without investing cents, either *cents* or *sense*, practically try to fish with a bare hook, and are astonished when merited failure comes. If we would have success we must make an effort to win it. It is very seldom that anything worth having comes without cost. We must be willing to work with mind and muscle if we would win honorable and enduring success. Every living thing must work or die. Persons differ in their capacity for work of different kinds. One may be a genius in one thing and very weak in another. There has been a great diversity of gifts given us. To have great mental culture, physical culture is important. The body as well as the mind has rights that must be respected. Wm. Mathews says that, "Though the pale, sickly student may win the most prizes in college, it is the tough sinewy one who will win the most prizes in life." The mind and body work together. Without either one we are only half ourselves. It is not enough to tell others what they are to do, but to set the example of doing. We must bid them not "go on," but "come on." If we wish work done we must go to work and do it. Talk will never do the work. When so many fields of labor await us, surely none need be idle. These all demand whatever talents and influence we possess.

To the educated world they look directly. No reform, either political or moral, ever has succeeded nor perhaps ever will succeed, independent of its co-operation. It wields the great Archimedean lever, moves the great balance wheel both of power and influence and consequently is charged with a great responsibility. One has said: "The world must be revolutionized and the educated world is the instrument with which to do it." How, then, can it best accomplish this mighty purpose? The ignorance and immortality of our race suggest intellectual and moral power as essentially necessary. In this great arena we occupy a prominent part both as a class and as individuals. As a class, because our influence is successive, one continuous endless chain; as individuals, because the character and influence of the class will be in a direct ratio to the character and influence of its members. Our intellectual and moral powers must be exercised.

> **"Look nature through, tis revolution all;**
> **All change, no death;**
> **Can it be matter immortal,**
> **And shall spirit die?"**

No, it cannot be. It is manifest that the first object of education is intellectual and moral culture. The great law of habit is applicable to our mental as well as physical constitution. Our powers, whether physical or mental, acquire strength and activity from being called into exercise.

In order to develop intellect a desire for knowledge is necessary and should be cultivated. We must think. But if we do not desire to think, can we think? We act because we will to act; we will to act because influenced by desire. Seldom do we find one who voluntarily pursues an object that he does not desire to pursue. Man was made to think and knowledge is the result of thought. Labor is necessary to the cultivation of intellect. All hopes of excellence without labor can never be realized. That man who can wrap himself in the interminable folds of forgetfulness and slumber regardless of his future destiny never can arrive at eminence. His doom is sealed for time and eternity. We must think, think frequently, think intensely. Above all should we cultivate our moral powers. Moral cul-

ture has demands upon every man, because his dignity chiefly consists in his moral powers. Without them man would be incomplete. Of moral powers not a trace is discernible in inferior beings, hence the superiority everywhere conceded to man. Our moral powers are too often neglected; we can boast of our statesmen, our orators; we can measure the planets, orbits and comets; we can show you our stately steamers, our swift winged cars, our electric messenger; these all are the triumphs of genius, the achievements of intellect.

How striking the contrast in the moral world; how insignificant its triumphs, how few its heroes. The reason is obvious. The stimuli are unequal, consequently the time spent, the attention bestowed, the interest felt are also unequal. The moral reformer has much to encounter. Our government holds forth no inducements, many of our literary institutions hold forth no inducements. Their courses of instruction, their discipline are calculated to extinguish rather than call forth the moral powers. They treat the moral nature as a secondary object, whereas it should be the first one. If we would do right and cultivate our sense of right, truth must be our object, revelation our guide, reason our judge and conscience our monitor.

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward till the goal ye win."

BERTHA HOUSTON,'94.

THE AGITATOR.

The index to a nation's character is its great men. They are those who become known to the outside world and decide its reputation abroad. Man is naturally emulous; slow, perhaps, to recognize a benefit, yet "Nature never sends a great man into the world without confiding the secret to another soul." Great men live, and their lives become custom, become laws, become religion to other men. Thus a man's greatness is determined by the results of his life. He is remembered because the results of his life are constantly seen. There are names with which every one is familiar. They will ever be synonyms for greatness and around them will ever cluster a host of the most enviable attributes so long as there is a lover of truth and of freedom. We never cease to extol those names connected with the history of our country. There can be nothing new added to the praises of the pilgrim fathers, of Washington and Lincoln. Each name suggests pages of history and a store of nobility, yet history contains the name of one who excelled the pilgrims in their most eminent characteristic, who corrected the errors of Washington and who prepared and pointed out the way for Abraham Lincoln. This is liberal praise, perhaps, but view the man, scrutinize his course, weigh the results of his life in the balance of history, how then deny that this and more, too, is due to the name of Wendell Phillips?

In childhood one's life is determined. The man is as the child; the child largely what his surroundings make him. Intellectual power and genius are transmitted according to the laws of heredity, but circumstances and conditions from character. The cheeks of even the lowest of our race at one time dimpled under the heaven of a mother's smiles. One's surroundings may be a halo of glory that shall light his way way to fame and honor, or a crown of infamy that shall blast his future, scorch his soul and shadow deep his path forever. It was no small thing in this great philanthropist's favor that his childhood was controlled by the finest type of womanhood, a puritan mother. Here he developod that high standard of character, high in thought, high in detection of right and wrong, noble and sublime in his love for humanity. Born to wealth, he was constantly surrounded by all that would cultivate the æsthetic element of

his nature. Books, statuary and paintings filled the home. Besides it was his fortune to be born in Boston, that theatre of patriotic deeds and sacred memories. Almost within his playground were the walls that echoed the soul inspiring words of the Otises, the harbor into which the patriots threw the tea, the spot where the first revolutionary blood was shed, the church tower, the timely tolling of whose bell rallied the determined farmers to the Lexington fight, the Memorable Bunker Hill and the spot from which Paul Revere leaped forth on his famous ride. Certainly environment like this ought to produce a poetic nature and a character overflowing with true nobility and patriotism. These sacred places were ever reminding him of the noble deeds of those men, who, though many of them dead, yet were still swaying the country with their influence. In these surroundings Wendell Phillips received his education and training. Graduating at Harvard he entered law, but though successful at this no court could long limit the strides of his genius; the dingy walls of the barrister's office were too small. His arena shall he "Walled by the wide air and domed by Heaven's blue."

It was for the sake of an approving conscience that Rev. Geo. Phillips, ten years after the landing of the pilgrims, gave up the luxury of his native England and chose the suffering and hardships of unbroken and unrestrained America. It is the same principle, but in a greater degree, which is seen seven generations later in the character of Wendell Phillips, when he threw off the shackles of custom, gave up his brilliant prospects, became an exile to his family and aristocratic society, adopted the cause of truth and freedom, joined himself to the despised Abolitionists, and magnanimously started that glorious career destined to be fraught with such laborious struggles as well as such glorious results. With a heart full of love for his fellow beings, and trained in the religion of truth and justice, his nature revolted at the thought of the threatenings and insults heaped on the anti-slavery society. He soon espoused their cause and began his wonderful career as a reformer and orator.

He believed in agitation. He had faith in men, in the force of ideas. He saw how certainly each man was held in the bonds of public opinion, making universal practice the shield of conscience, yet he affirmed that all that was needed was to get truth before them and it would be safe. For this reason he agitated every reform. He threw his whole soul into the vexed question of race; discarded church and State, affirming that treason to a church that preached slavery and a State that decreed it was the highest patriotism. Slavery received his first and highest attention, yet on none of the great questions of his day was he silent. Temperance, labor, the Indian, relief of poverty, care of the insane, were all subjects especially dear to him. Indeed in all such questions he was the leader. Men sought his opinion and the press his productions. But it was through his oratory he was able to do so much for his fellow beings. It was the medium pre-eminent by which he communicated with mankind. Through it could be seen that true feeling, that quality "of being," which, in the opinion of Brockett, made him "the finest orator in christendom." It was this quality that enabled him to turn the hisses of the mob into the cheers of applause when it had gathered expressly for the purpose of howling him down.

Oratory, which has done more for the uplifting of humanity from barbarism than any other agent, may well be proud of him. Indeed among orators he was king. His form a type of manhood, his attitude a study for the sculptor, his voice a musical condensation in description, an awe inspiring thunder in accusation; in tone and manner so calm, yet in matter of speech so lively, so brilliant; in enunciation so distinct, of invective a perfect master, he became the pattern and was consulted and imitated by others, the most complimentary proof of his worth. How cold and meaningless are words to describe the lovely character of this man, who, imitating the one perfect man, gave his life to the service of his fellow beings. Adhering to this divine principle, open and fearless in his character, prompt in decision, firm in action, possessed with a broad and well trained intellect and characterized with such purity of purpose, the man shone forth through his eloquence, and holding the attention of all, he implanted the principles of love, truth and justice, gave despised causes the tone of respectability and worth, and thus equalizing humanity removed the greatest barriers to civilization and freedom. We say Wendell Phillips is dead, yet how little of him has passed away. "Great men never die." It is the resultant influence of such lives as his that makes the nation great.

W. M. Bigger, '94.

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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APRIL, 1893.

THE Geary bill is now attracting considerable attention. According to the provisions of the bill all Chinese not properly registered again the first of May shall be subject to summary expulsion. Few of them are making any effort to comply with the provisions of the bill and there is a great deal of interest manifested as to what the action of the government shall be in the matter.

As the beautiful days of spring come on and the little boy is seen with his marbles or his fishing rod, we cannot help but experience some such feeling as we imagine the poet had when he wrote—

> "O for boyhood's painless play ;
> Sleep that wakes in laughing day ;
> Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;
> Knowledge (never learned of schools)."

Let no one despise his innocent sports, but let us rather be as cheerful and active in our work as he is in his play and live wide awake, so that we may drink in the many lessons that nature is ready to teach us.

A NEW and, it is claimed, very interesting game has just been invented. It is called "Foot Ball Billiards." The game requires eighteen players, nine on a side, and is played on a circular field one hundred feet in diameter. This game is said to excel modern foot ball in that it contains all its interesting and exciting features, while it lacks its rough and dangerous ones. The game is fast gaining in favor and many predict that it will soon become one of the most popular American games.

THE value of a habit of careful, systematic reading cannot be overestimated. In laying the foundations for an intellectual character the kind and quality of what one reads is a powerful influence. The mere habit of reading in a thorough, thoughtful manner, apart from the mere acquiring of information, gives to all our mental acts a method and deliberation which is in the highest degree useful and in reality almost indispensable. In this connection it is a matter for regret that so few students have either the time or inclination to read systematically while in college. Even in a library, modest as ours is, there is ample means for attaining a considerable degree of culture along almost any of the more common lines of literary or scientific inquiry. Yet the great majority of us go through college without having developed our literary tastes and many without having even discovered in what direction they lie.

THE enterprising people of New Wilmington are determined to do all in their power to make their town a pleasant place for the students. It was chiefly through their efforts that the college building was painted recently and thereby much was added to its beauty as well as its durability. Now they are renew-

ing their labors by furnishing the town with water works. The pipes are being rapidly laid and the work will be pushed to a timely completion. The Italians who dig the ditches, when they first came, were objects of interest to some people. As they marched in single file from the railroad station, each one with all his movable possessions in a trunk or sack thrown across his shoulder, it recalled to mind the heavy weight the Greek hoplite used to carry in battle. The water supply is to be obtained from natural springs on "Furnace Hill," which are of sufficient elevation to reach any part of town. The reservoir is to be constructed so that an abundance of water can be held in reserve to be used in case of fire.

It is certainly true that the reputation of a college has much to do with its success. The relationship between its reputation and success seems to follow the analogy of action and reaction, or, as Thucydides expresses it, "A causes B, and B causes A." A college must be successful before it can gain a good reputation, but this reputation reacts again, stimulating it to greater success. If then a good reputation is of such importance, every college student should endeavor to advance the interests of his college. But it is rather on the other side of the question that we wish to speak concerning our own college. While the students and alumni of Westminster are always ready to speak a good word for the college and glad to advance her interests, there are a few who thoughtlessly or purposely are doing much to injure her. We refer to the newspaper notoriety to which she has been subjected in the past two years. Not only has every item of a sensational character been eagerly grasped, but these have been clothed in such magnified and distorted forms that in many instances they bore not the slightest relationship to the truth. Such articles cannot fail to react injuriously upon the success of the college, for, while among those acquainted with the institution they are accepted for what they are worth, among strangers they often produce false impressions. It is to be hoped that in the future this zeal will be transferred to some field in which it will be more praiseworthy, and that in such representations Westminster will receive at least justice.

There seems to be a very general desire among the students and citizens of the town that there be some changes made respecting the annual lecture courses. It is evident that the courses of entertainment for the past two or three years have not been perfectly satisfactory. Many are disposed to lay the blame upon the lecture committee, but we think they have done the best that is possible under the present conditions. Of course the success of the course depends largely on a careful and judicious selection of entertainers, but the committee cannot secure the best talent without the necessary money. Heretofore they have given eight entertainments and charged two dollars for course tickets, while on family tickets it has been reduced much lower even than this. As a result they do not realize sufficient money to procure eight first-class entertainments and are compelled to procure talent proportionate to their means. There are two ways of obviating this—either reduce the number of entertainments or raise the price of tickets. We think that either of these methods would meet the approval of the majority of students. If the number of lectures were reduced to six or the cost of tickets raised to three dollars, the committee would then be enabled to secure first-class talent throughout. There are few who would not prefer six first-class lectures to eight medium or poor ones; or, in case they do not wish the number of lectures reduced, we think almost anybody would be glad to pay the extra dollar and secure first-class entertainments. It is hoped and expected that some such plan will be adopted for next year and that the

Westminster Lecture Course will be better in the future than it has been in the past.

TIME is universally acknowledged to be one of the most valuable possessions of man, and yet there are few things of which he is so prodigal. In all departments of life his failure to economize is largely in little things, and his treatment of time is no exception. Few men will deliberately throw away weeks and months of their life, but how many thoughtlessly waste the minutes. It seems like a little thing to waste ten minutes here and ten minutes there, but it is not a little thing, for not only will the sum of these wasted minutes in a month or a year represent a considerable time, but it will represent a time which has been utterly lost and for which we have nothing whatever to show. We often meet students who seem to be constantly hurried for time. They do not have time for athletics, they do not even have time for sufficient exercise, and yet they do not make much progress in their studies. The probable reason is that they have not economized their time. They have idly wasted moments which, if properly employed, would have accomplished much in their school work, and now they are compelled to take time which should be devoted to healthful exercise to the accomplishment of this work. Every student, therefore, should train himself to a careful economy of time and he will find that he will be able to devote a considerable time each day to pleasant and healthful exercise and still have ample time for his school work.

"GOD made the country, but man makes the town; Kings make the nobles, but God made the clown."

The illusions of childhood soon vanish amid the hurry and activity of our nineteenth century. Even before the doors of college close, metaphorically, of course, behind our new senior hat and Prince Albert and we are landed forth upon an unsuspecting public, their golden color begins to fade. We begin to realize that the oft reiterated declaration that in America any boy may become President is true only conditionally, one of the most important conditions being that we can persuade a majority of the 11,000,000 American citizens who wield the right of suffrage to share our own views in regard to our fitness for the position. A few years of active contact with the practical world and we wake to the sad, cold fact that our path of life will be at best but midway on the social scale. Many a heartache it may bring us, but the conviction will finally come with overwhelming force that we are probably fated never to rise above mediocrity. And yet why should we lament over our hard lot. Only one man in a thousand can be prominent—not one man in a million can be truly great. Many a bitter disappointment would be spared if those who have reached years of maturity could but realize this fact and cease filling the mind of youth with vain and foolish expectation of future greatness. Many a life has been blighted by converting the boy who would have made a first-class mechanic into a third-rate lawyer or an inefficient minister. In fact the strongest objection which can be urged against educating the youth of the laboring classes in college is that it fills them with dissatisfaction with their condition and a dislike for honest manual labor. But is this really the fault of the education? Is it not the fault of the spirit in which it is viewed, particularly by the laboring classes themselves? A well chosen college course is not at all calculated to unfit anyone to fill his sphere in life, however humble. On the contrary, its influence should be to make a man a more intelligent, more contented, more successful farmer, tradesman or mechanic. That it does not do so is owing not to the college education, but to the foolish supposition that because one is educated he must enter one of the learned professions or he will be wasting his life—a belief that is

fostered by well-meaning but unpractical relatives or friends. Let us remember that what the world needs is not great men, but true men ; that the circle of life and influence is as perfect a circle if it is contained within the area of a county as if it extended from sea to sea. We cannot all be great men, but we can all be true men, men who will leave behind us an influence for good—blocks, however humble, in God's great temple.

VACATION.

Only one week's vacation was given this spring, so that school might close one week sooner next June on acconnt of the Columbian Exposition. The best time to be in Chicago for many persons will be before the hot days of summer come on, and it is desired to accommodate those who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity. Owing to the shortness of the vacation several of the students remained in New Wilmington to pass the time as best they could and were present to welcome back their companions on the opening of school.

The Presbyterian social given on Thursday night, March 23d, was a very pleasant gathering. About one hundred young people were present and the enjoyments of games and social chat were seasoned by serving refreshments, to which some persons at least did ample justice. The crowd at length departed to their respective homes, assisted on their way by the light of the overhanging moon.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1869.

Miss Eliza Calhoun was sent as a missionary to India in the fall of 1869 by the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. She came back to this country in the summer of 1880 for a brief rest, returning again in the fall of 1881. Was married January 5, 1884, to Rev. M. M. Carleton, of the American Presbyterian Mission. Mrs. Carleton's present work is the teaching of a day school for native Christian children, also conducting women's prayer meeting Saturday afternnoons and Sabbath school Sabbath afternoons. Her husband, after thirty-eight years in the mission field, spends the evening of his life in retirement and well earned rest.

1874.

Rev. W. E. Dunlap graduated from Xenia Theological Seminary and was engaged as pastor at Topeka, Kansas, for about four years; at Salinesville, Ohio, about three years, and at Boyden, Iowa, eight years, where he still remains. Was married to Miss Minnie M. Addy Dec. 28, 1880. Three children.

Rev. T. A. Houston graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary in 1877. He was principal of New Vernon Academy for nine months. Was married May 28, 1878, to Miss Mary E. McClelland. Six children. Was engaged as pastor at Hoojestown, Ill., for eight years. Since then he has been pastor of Center church, Lawrence county, Pa.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The University of Michigan has fifteen of its own graduates upon its faculty.

—Whittier was given his L. L. D. by Harvard College in 1886 at its 250th anniversary.

—The libraries of the University of Michigan and of Williams are kept open on Sundays.

—Dalton Hall, the new scientific building of Bryn Mawr College, was formally opened March 10.

—Massachusetts is said to have one public library to each four hundred of its inhabitants.

—It is said that Senator Stanford has made his will, leaving $120,000,000 to the Stanford University.

—There are enrolled in all colleges of the United States together about 70,000 students

and 40,000 of these are enrolled at colleges of the M. E. church.

—The public libraries of all Europe contain 21,000,000 volumes; those of America 50,000,000 volumes.

—Connecticut has more college students according to her population than any other State in the Union.

—The first woman to receive Ph. D. from John Hopkins University will be Miss Florence Bascom, of Williamstown, Mass.

—There are at present over 4,500,000 volumes in the college libraries of the United States, an increase of 500,000 during the past year.

—The law department of the University of Michigan supports over twenty mock courts, besides a supreme court and a United States Senate.

—Two hundred and fifty graduates of American colleges are in European Universities preparing for educational work in this country.

—The faculty of the University of Minnesota has decided to allow an address by some distinguished speaker to take the place of orations by graduates on commencement day.

—The faculty of Princeton has decided to place the students under no supervision hereafter in examinations, but to trust to their word of honor that no cheating has been done.

—One of the most interesting features of Harvard's exhibit at the World's Fair will be two plaster casts representing the typical college youth and young woman of the United States.

—The fiftieth annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge took place on March 22d, and resulted in a victory for Oxford by two and a half lengths. This is Oxford's twenty-seventh victory out of the fifty contests.

—Mr. George Lichtenthaler, of Bloomington, Ill., who died recently in California, is said to have had the finest private collection of shells, marine plants and ferns in the world. He left his entire collection to Leland Stanford University.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Chapin has begun the study of casts. When she has crayoned a number of these she will begin the study of portraits.

—Misses Chapin and Elliott are commencing a study of still life. The composition represents an old barn floor with a pile of partly husked corn lying upon it, while an old red hat filled with the large yellow ears, lying near, suggests the evening feeding hour.

—The art students have undertaken the task of repapering the studio before the annual commencement art exhibition. They are solisiting funds and will probably give an entertainment in the near future for that purpose.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Miss Lizzie Gibson, '89, is studying music at the National Conservatory of Music, New York city.

—Paderewski, the Polish pianist, will make his only appearance before a Pittsburgh audience Saturday evening, April 22.

—Miss May Chapin, '92, a graduate of the conservatory, is teaching music in the Farmington Academy, Butler county, Pa.

—The recitals of the graduates of the conservatory will take place in the latter part of May. There will be six graduates and three of them will perform at each recital.

—The Westminster Quartet sang at the annual banquet of the Westminster alumni, which was held at Pittsburgh on the evening of March 30, at the Monongahela House. It was well received.

—Prof. Thelen, Mrs. Thelen, Miss May McCreary, '92, assisted by Miss Jean Donald-

son, elocutionist, are to give a concert in the Presbyterian church, Youngstown, Ohio, April 20.

—The Philo and Chrestomath literary societies are hard at work on the cantata, Belshazzar's Feast. It is under the directorship of Prof. Thelen and will be given some time during commencement week.

—The number of students in attendance at the conservatory this term is very satisfactory. There is often a falling off of music students in the spring term, but the number this term, especially in piano, is rather increased.

—A concert for the benefit of the base ball club was given by local talent, assisted by Misses Bessie Bell, of Grove City, and Bright Smith, of New Castle, in the college chapel, Tuesday evening, April 4. This was the program:

Quartet, "The Merry Dance".....*Macy*
Westminster Quartet.
Vocal solo, "One Spring Morning".....*Nevin*
Miss Bright Smith.
Guitar solo, "Military Tattoo".....*Hayden*
Miss Maud Eckles.
Vocal solo, "Love in Springtime".....*Arditte*
Miss Bessie Bell.
Quartet, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming". *Foster*
Mixed Quartet
Vocal solo, "Jewel Song".....[*Faust*] *Gounod*
Mrs. Thelen.
Duet, gnitar and mandolin.....*Delores*
B. B. Snodgrass and W. M. Bigger.
Vocal solo, "Waltz Song".....*Patterson*
Miss Gertrude Clark.
Recitation, "The Gipsy Flower Girl"
Miss Jean Donaldson.
Vocal solo, "Old Grenadier".....*McKenzie*
W. H. Fulton.
Vocal solo, "Still as the Night".....*C Bohn*
Miss Bright Smith.
Recitation, "The Low-backed Car."
Miss Jean Donaldson.
Vocal solo, "The Flower Song".....*Gounod*
Miss Bessie Bell.
Quintet.

ITEMS.

—Messrs. Moody and Sankey are said to have received in royalties from their hymn and tune books about £220,000.

—While in Lewiston, Maine, recently Remenyi wrote his sentiments in an autograph album as follows:

"Fiddler, I was,
Fiddler, I am,
Fiddler, I,
Remenyi."

A Terrible Storm.—At New Castle, Eng., the papers announce the forthcoming production of a work entitled "A Storm at Sea." It will be played on five pianos and one organ with two performers at each instrument.

Music at the Fair.—The attitude of the executive committee of the Columbian Exposition towards music is most liberal. Two especially erected music halls are nearing completion. Fronting the lagoon, between Horticultural and Transportation buildings, a most central position, is Festival Hall, which will have a seating capacity of about 6,500, including accommodations for a chorus of 2,000 and an orchestra of 250. On the lake shore is the structure known as Casino, Peristyle and Music Hall. Roman in design, its architectural composition is after the Art Building, perhaps the most admired of all the Exposition buildings. The site is one of the most important of any the Exposition affords. The music hall will give accommodation for an audience of more than 2,000 and the stage will seat a chorus of 300 and an orchestra of 120. One of the rooms, having seats for 500 people, will be devoted to chamber music and recitals. The total cost of the halls for music will exceed $250,000. An appropriation of $175,000 provides a permanent orchestra of 120 players for the entire period of six months. Invitations will be extended to the eminent organists of the Old World as well as leading American organists to visit the Exposition as guests. Invitations have been sent to leading

European composers to visit the Exposition and conduct programs of their own compositions. Acceptances have already been received from Camille Saint Saens, of France, and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, of England, and many others are probable.

Towards music the Exposition has done all that was possible, and from the highest motive —for art's sake. The attendance will doubtless be enormous and the result will mark a step forward in the musical knowledge of a nation.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Spring reigns.

—Water in the mains.

—The handwriting on the wall.

—Who shall be queen? Who shall be queen? Ask Fulton.

—Mr. Wm. Barnes came home from a trip to Chicago March 16th.

—A base ball entertainment was given on the evening of April 4th.

—The chapel suddenly woke one morning to a fresh coat of kalsomine.

—Miss Lizzie Graham, a former student, is in school again this term.

—Mr. John Dunn, an alumnus, visited here over Sabbath of March 19th.

—We understand that Mr. Potter, of Mt. Jackson, visited town recently.

—Misses Smeallie, Black, Mahan and Nelson spent last Monday in Sharon.

—"Shall we saunter down the hill to the hall?" says he. Says she, "Yes."

—Mr. Reed McClure, '91, was home from Clarion for a few days in vacation.

—Dr. Thompson, President of Miami University, visited the college recently.

—Miss Frisbee, of Allegheny College, visited the Misses Chapin in vacation.

—A student, mistaking Baughman's laundry sign on Smith's store front, said to another: "Will you have a beer on me?"

—Rev. Campbell conducted chapel exercises on the morning of March 15th.

—Several parties made trips to the sugar camps near town as vacation amusement.

—When the science hall is built and the field bought for athletics, then what next?

—Robt. Totten, a graduate of this college, is now editing the New Wilmington *Globe*.

—The Presbyterian social was among vacation diversions to those who remained here.

—Rev. J. S. McKee, of Butler, preached for Dr. McElree on the Sabbath of March 19th.

—Miss Laura McClure spent a few days visiting friends in McKeesport during vacation.

—We are glad to state that sufficient money has been raised to purchase the athletic field.

—Every member of the botany class has adopted a tree to which he pays close attention.

—A few students will remain out this term, waiting for their classmates to catch up to them.

—Mrs. Haley, who has for a long time kept the Haley club, has removed to New Castle.

—The vacation being short, many of the students stayed in town. Some stayed to study ! ! !

—Mr. G. A. Sowash attended a lecture given by Rev. Jno. G. Patton in Pittsburgh, March 24th.

—The first tenor, whose thoughts evidently fly up, sings, for "the green leaves," "the green stars."

—Mr. Ed. McElree came home from Duquesne, March 22d, and is now located in Youngstown.

—The new hospital in New Castle was burned to the ground Saturday night. It was to have been opened in a very few days. The

Y. M. C. A building of the same place was afire Sabbath, but the fire was put out.

—Mr. Frank Gailey is compelled to be out of school this term, having almost lost the use of his eyes.

—Secretary, reading Philo minutes, read: "Mr. Fulton favored society with a solo and also Miss Clark."

—Messrs. W. M. Anderson, '91, and H. C. VanSmeringen, '91, "visited friends in town" last week

—The Senior class expects to get class albums this year, instead of exchanging photographs in "ye ancient manner."

—Botany Class.—Prof. T.: "Give some word that will describe the kind of veins in a leaf. Student McK.: "The weather vane."

—Mr. Gilbert McElwaine, Superintendent of the Sharpsville railroad, who has been seriously sick, is recovering, but is still at his home in Oakmont, Pa.

—A date to remembered by the New Wilmington youth, March 18th. The Italians invaded New Wilmington. They came, they saw, they digged.

—A very interesting missionary meeting was held in the college chapel Sabbath afternoon. The subject considered was "A Century of Missions."

—A short vacation at the U. P. Seminary a few weeks since gave several of the students a chance to visit New Wilmington. Of course they didn't come out.

—They who daubed black paint around so promiscuously were certainly out at a time in the night "when every true student is wrapped in slumber's sweet embrace."

—There are a number of new students this term. A few who were here last term are not back, but the attendance is quite as large as usual for the spring term.

—Rev. I. T. Wright, of Bethel, visited the college Thursday. We are always glad to see him, for he always has a good word for Westminster, when she deserves it, as she usually does.

—Prof. R. W. McGranahan has resigned the Latin professorship, intending to engage in ministerial work. He will be with us the remainder of the college year and we regret that he will not be here longer.

—Many of the sugar camps near town were visited by parties of the young people while the sugar making was in progress. They took the camps by storm and usually brought away some spoils of the sweet.

—The captain of the second nine claims to have an excellent elixir for sore arms, namely Afternight (Aconite). We would think to use the arm as a lemon squeezer would not tend to cure. But some things work oppositely.

—There is money in it for the man who will put up some comfortable, convenient, medium sized houses here for rent. People who would come here to live are prevented from coming because they can get no suitable house to live in.

—Mr. B. (out surveying with Prof. T.): "I think there must be some iron around here. Seems to me that needle points wrong." Prof. T.: "Well, I don't know whether there is any iron or not, but I think there is considerable brass."

—Some enterprising person might make money by devising something to amuse the people who attend the coming preliminary contest while the hours go by until they grow small. 'Tis feared that after the first dozen speakers the interest of the audience may flag a little.

—The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. social was held Monday evening, April 3d, in Philo hall. Addresses were made by D. W. Berry and Prof. McGranahan. A few selections of music were rendered, after which the audience engaged enjoyably in a hickory nut hunt.

Misses Kraeer and Haney were the winners of the prizes. The evening was ended by going home.

—The botany and physics classes have been united. The study will continue through the spring and fall terms; botany recitations three days in the week and physics two during the spring term; during the fall term, physics three and botany two. The students will thus have an opportunity to study the summer and fall flowers and plants. Also having the subject longer before the mind, they gain a better comprehension of it and it becomes more firmly impressed on the mind.

—Some of the ladies organized a walking club at the beginning of the term. Very excellent idea! For as many as three evenings, maybe four, the wise maidens were seen punctually and faithfully setting out for a long tramp. Sometimes they went even as far as the other side of the town; sometimes not so far. But they walked. They were determined to have exercise. But alas, alas! these many, many days they have not appeared, and 'tis to be feared their zeal has abated and the good they might have done, the strength they might have won, are sacrificed to hard study or aimless sauntering.

EXCHANGES.

Our dangers and delights are near allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise.—*Ex*

"What sculpture is to the marble, education is to the soul."

No one can have joy to-day who is worrying about to-morrow.—*Ex.*

An Arab first discovered alcohol in the thirteenth century. His spirit still lives.—*Ex.*

There are hours in life when the most trifling cross takes the form of a calamity. Our tempers are like an opera glass, which makes the object smaller or great according to the end you look through.—*Ex.*

In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."

J. G. Saxe.

Russia has given notice of a purpose to establish a protective zone around her Bering Sea territory.—*Ex*

There is a lesson in every failure in life, but it is more comfortable to study the failures of the other fellow.—*Ex.*

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces. They that enter there must go upon their knees.—*Webster.*

Never mind the criticisms of ill-disposed persons, for time is too precious and life too short to mind every yelping dog.—*Ex.*

Red noses are light houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.

The Siamese twins were a fine illustration of the spirit of that beautiful saying: "Two hearts that beat as one."—*Puck.*

We are pleased to number among our exchanges the *Tripod* and the *Amitonian*, both interesting and well gotten up papers.

Demosthenes took poison, which for years he had carried around with him in a pen. He was disgusted at the fickleness and folly of the Athenians.

Rousseau had the greatest difficulty in composing his works, as he was extremely defective in the gift of memory. He never could learn six verses by heart, and often after having mentally formulated sentences would for-

get them before they could be written down. —*Ex.*

The primitive Russians place a certificate of character in the hands of the dead person, which is to be given to St. Peter at the gates of heaven. —*Ex.*

After a long period of wet weather, when the Chinese have prayed vainly for relief, they put the gods out in the rain to see how they like it.

—Street car conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?" Little Boston girl: "If the corporation does not object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."—*Ex.*

When the people think, the nation moves, mind is brought into contact with mind, and there is put in motion an influence before which all human institutions must bow.—*Ex.*

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The two first letters are male, the three first are female, the four first are a brave man, and the whole word makes a brave woman.

It is customary in Japan for children to be named for the first article on which the father's eye alights after the children are born. Some, therefore, bear the names of flowers, others the names of furniture or kitchen utensils, as Lily, Chair, Frying Pan, etc.

EXPRESSION.—The effort to express the best that is in us reacts upon the character itself to purify and exalt it. Every noble principle, every lovely feeling, every warm emotion, is intensified by being expressed sincerely and naturally. —*Ex.*

It was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said: "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented angels listening to her."—*Ex.*

I draw my chair beside the gr8
And dreamily I medit8
Upon my present st8
I wonder if relentless f8
Ordained for me a loving m8
Such dreams have haunted me of l8.
Oh happy youth who need not w8
And try to be a tempting b8
To catch the fish that pass your g8!
Just speak the opposite of h8
And you've s x chances out of 8.

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has had a good bit of age in his brains. The family observe the custom of a silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up: "Why don't you say it aloud, papa?" "You can say it aloud if you wish, my son," replied the father, and, bowing his head solemnly, the little fellow originated this unique grace: "God have mercy on these victuals."—*Ex.*

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THE HOLCAD.

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THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Mars Hill is crowded with the intellectual chivalry of Athens. The occasion is one of peculiar interest. A stranger has been heard in the market place preaching a new and strange doctrine, and with the deep religious interest characteristic of the Athenians, he has been invited to set forth his doctrine from the ancient seat of justice on the sacred Hill of Mars.

He stands, now, in the open space between the sanctuary of the Furies, and there, in the midst of countless statues of gods and goddesses, beautiful relics of a dead faith, he declares to the assembled Athenians that the God of his revelation is One whom they have worshipped, in acknowledged ignorance, as "Unknown."

All facts are logical. All that is or has been is, in some way, the result of what was before. All phenomena, physical or philosophical, are to be explained by the conditions under which they were brought about. The Athenian conception of God as "Unknown" was logically evolved from pre-existing conditions of thought. We shall study it, then, from its primal origin, the idea of God as first formulated by the ancestors of the Athenian people.

The origin of the idea of God in the primitive Aryan is to be found in the intuitive recognition of Deity in nature and in Himself. In every phenomenon he sees a manifestation of some mysterious power before which he bows with fear and trembling. He sees a Ruler, a Mind, a Will in every blast of wind, in every blazing star, in the mystery of night and the miracle of day.

He looks in upon himself and there, too, sees a trace of the Divine. He feels, in the depths of his soul, a yearning after something not tangible, a longing after something not seen. It resembles the love of a friend, distant, yet near; present, yet far; but it transcends all this, his soul seeks communion with God.

Language is an inseparable concomitant of thought. Neither can exist without the other. Ideas hold place in the mind only by virtue of their embodiment in intelligible terms. In accordance with this principle, the new born idea craves expression. But language, swift chariot of thought, is, for once, slow; the wheels roll heavily, for it is laden with the weightiest idea ever moulded by the mind of man. Now, again, is pondered the question of Israel's leader when he met his God on Horeb. Man realizes his weakness when he attempts to formulate and express the idea of the infinite. But the answer, "Jahveh," vouchsafed to Moses is withheld, the voice of revelation is silent. To the listening ear of the Aryan shepherd, no sound is heard, save the yearning cry within him and the great world voice

without. In the absence of any revealed name he instinctively turns to the sources from which he desires the idea; and from the two component elements recognized he formulates the name "Heaven—Father." In this immortal name is recognized, first, the all pervading Presence, symbolized in the broad vault of heaven, and second, the relation of the human to the divine, symbolized in that holiest of human relationships, that of parent and child. The finite is raised to the infinite, the seen to the unseen, the known to the unknown, nature and man are apotheosised.

In the exigencies of primitive language, all abstract ideas are referred to concrete symbols. Abstractions, as such, cannot exist. Truths the most spiritual are clad in the garb of nature, and there is a poem in every word. But, holy as was the intent of the name, the idea of the divine is, in its essence, ineffable, and by thus bringing it to the level of human speech, it was profaned. It has entered on the long process of involution.

It is the penalty of progress that much that is in itself desirable must be left behind, and in nothing is this more true than in the history of the development of language. We have seen that the mythical form of expression had its origin in the incapacity of primitive language to express, as such, abstract ideas. It follows then that the development of the abstract in language deprives the primitive word poem of the conditions essential to its integral existence. The dissolution of a myth is like that of the soul from the body. The original word is the living, breathing creature—Man; but the divorcement of the idea from its natural symbol leaves, on the one hand, a disembodied ghost—an abstract word; on the other, a corpse of crumbling clay—a myth misunderstood.

There is in human nature a certain ultimate tendency toward the material and concrete, as opposed to the spiritual and the abstract. It is the root element of the materialistic philosophy, of Pantheism, of Idolatry. It is the enemy of all religion, and as such, has manifested itself in various ways, but here the relations between ideas and their externalised forms were such that the former were to be affected through the latter—and the material element of the myth dissolved was adopted as the essential. As a result, the worship of the divine was debased to the worship of the material heavens, but this was soon subordinated to the theanthropic tendency embodied in the original name, and the idea of God became the idea of infinitised man in heaven; the second and third downward steps have been taken; the door to idolatry stands wide open.

Corruption follows corruption. In the exuberant strength of fancy, myth after myth is formed, name after name is given the omnipresent idea, and from this multitude of names there comes a multitude of gods; the idea is almost lost in the myriad folds of the muffling garb of language; religion has become mythology.

It was at this period that a man arose who was destined to wield an influence unique in history, in literature, in religion. It is the blind old man of Chios. He swept the strings of his harp and sang; and the world still listens to the mighty music. He sang of the deeds of Greek heroes, and jealous tribes forgot their jealousies, and their hearts beat high with pride and patriotism; they beat as the heart of a nation. He clothed his words in the tremendous harmony of the storm; and faint echoes are heard from lesser poets the world over. He sang of the deeds of the Gods; and a nation listened and believed! He wove the warp of truth and the woof of fancy into a web of marvelous beauty; but in it he smothered thoughts too high for speech, and for unnumbered years they slept, embalmed in immortal song. Briefly, Homer's influence on Greek religion remained constant till men began to think—then it fell.

As the sun rises on a world wrapped in

darkness, so did philosophy rise on the night of the ancient world. It dispelled the darkness of ignorance and the mists of superstitions; it revealed truths, before unseen or distorted by their mediums; it gave facts for fancies. Awakened by the flood of light poured in upon his soul, an unknown man of Athens rose and looked about him and saw and pondered; and the stands in the Parthenon reeled and tottered on their pedestals! He looked out on the universe and saw law and order where before he had seen chaos and confusion of conflicting gods. He listened with strained ear for the mythologic music of the marching of the stars, and behold, they swept in silent cycles in obedience to known laws. He saw astrology bow to astronomy; alchemy to chemistry; error to truth; and his religion bowed before the resistless march of science. He saw the absurdity of the worship of the gods of the pagan pantheon, and his heart grew sick within him at the thought of all religion. Atheism is the last logical link in the chain of involution!

Freed from the thrall of blind belief, proud in the might of his own reason, and proud of its achievements, the Athenian entered upon the study of nature with renewed zest. He traversed far and wide the fields of philosophic inquiry and every day brought new wonders to delight him. He measured the orbit of the sun and calculated its circumference. He waved the sceptre of analysis before the close doors of the soul, and the hid treasures of his own mind were revealed to his wondering sight.

But, wearied with his weight of learning, tired with the search of souls, blind with the blazing splendors of the wheeling constellations in the boundless deep of space, his mind was ever vexed with the omnipresent question, with the still insistent question, with the yet unanswered question, "Whence is all this?" And there was one answer only—that was "God." The idea of God is the eternal fact of human thought, co-existant with the conditions of reasoning, the foundation or the capstone of all philosophy; man cannot destroy the sense of the Divine that is within him. The Athenian saw, as did his forefather in the early twilight of the race, the irrefragable proof of the existence of God in nature. Out from the chaos of Pantheism, up from the abyss of Unbelief, he soared on the wings of thought to the highest heights of reason, and there, folding his wings only on the threshold of infinity, recognizing the last limits of unaided human thought, he bowed in adoration to the unseen Ruler, to the uncaused cause of causes, to the Unknown God.

HERMAN SPENCER, '91.

THE TIBER AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Associations give importance to the place. Scenes of individual interest spring into view as the mind recalls the happenings of life. The memory of griefs or joys is followed by a mental imprint of their surroundings. Home, the synonym for happiness to many, for sorrow to some, is not named ere images of forms we have so often seen come flooding in to overflow the feelings. The spot where the dawn of life was lived away is endeared to the heart by the memory of those who guided the first uncertain steps and first taught the framing of the thoughts in speech.

Stepping out into the world the effect of association proves universal. A place once unimportant becomes familiar to all mankind as the scene of great events or the illustrious subject of the poet's power. The fountain of Baudusiae with its cool waters unaffected by summer's heat, slaking the thirst of flock and herd, but for the art of Horace, would have remained unknown to any except those it daily benefited. Sleepy Hollow, with its legend, would have found a place in local fame had not Irving's genius introduced them to the world. Only as we listen to Longfellow telling the sad tale of Evangeline, do we remember the little land Acadie. The scene

is not appreciated till its history is understood.

Than the Tiber, no better illustration of how associations bring secluded places into prominence can be found. When history has reached its farthest back into the past, touching the very limits of the reliable, and covered page on page with authentic facts, mythology would add abundant lore.

In the mountains of central Italy the waters of two springs flowing seaward form the historic Tiber. Rushing down from the heights above the swift descent is but little stayed till the ocean drinks it up. This river was by far too small to bear the nation's commerce, too rapid for sail and oar, yet on its pleasant banks poets have sung and kings played at their favorite game of war. On its turbid bosom once floated the destiny of a great city or upon its waves the brave defender of the famous bridge was borne back to friends and safety. So speaks tradition. It is no wonder early Rome should venerate the giver of her blessings, the protector of her rights. Superstition moulded every national act and gave to the natural the likeness of the mysterious, explained to their minds only as the work of a power divine.

Breaking forth from the mists of myth into the sunlight of the true the Tiber gains greater prominence and with this real interest must begin. Not far removed from the river dwelt the poet whom we met not long ago in odes and satires. For the ear of Horace the waters of the Tiber made sweet music ; with his eye we can see the yellow waves turn backward to overthrow the monuments of kings and demolish the temples of Vesta. Others celebrated Rhodes or wrote perchance of Delphies, but to the patriotic poet the steep descending Anio and Tibernian groves were better themes. Here, as no where else, the cloudy sky was cleared by the southwind, the dense shade was the most grateful shelter from the heat of noon, or the griefs and toils of life were more easily forgotten in cups of mellow wine.

Near the Tiber Horace lived and loved it well and at death he was buried within call of the rushing river. But not from bard alone are these waters known. Here

> "The Roman eagle seized
> The double prey and proudly perched on high,
> And here a thousand years he plumed his wing.
> Till from his eyry, tempest tossed
> And impotent, through ages headlong he plunged,
> While nations shuddered as they saw him fall."

On Mount Paletine was made the beginning of the eternal city in a cluster of huts, the shelter of robber bands. Soon the Tiber was crowded to its course by the business of a busy town. From this a kingdom, a republic, and then an empire grew, until on her seven hills Rome sat, the proud mistress of the world. Bound in by twenty miles of massive walls she bade defiance to any power. In every land her citizen was respected as a king and the decree of Rome was more than Median law. Within her gates the Caesars ruled, and an hundred sacred altars burned the thank offerings for victory ; here and there was the conqueror's trophy ; from the senate chamber rang the eloquence of Cicero ; justice stepped with stately tread, and standing in the protecting shadow of Roman law the prisoner Paul made his appeal.

Here, too, sprang into being the grand idea of individual rights, that, where war's fortune gave Roman arms the victory, brought Rome loyal subjects. Such were the scenes the Tiber witnessed as from year to year its flood washed the skirts of the city. Swift as the river's current the themes and thoughts of Rome's orators and poets were carried wherever men might live, together with the gift of sterner stuff that hastened the progress of civilization. Until the brave days of old tell no more the tale of Romulus and Horatius, until Roman literature is no longer read, will the Tiber be remembered ; not ere the name of the eternal city be blotted from the annals of the past and the mission of the justice nurtured within her walls is forever finished can the Tiber be forgotten. W. A. Luper.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEAL.

Life is progressive. One class of beings appears on the stage of existence, and then another. Last and highest, man is seen, God's noblest work, the crowning achievement of creative skill. With him, creation is complete. He is proclaimed its lord and master. As life develops, so also the ideal. It advances with man's progress, rises as he rises, until it penetrates the realm of infinite perfection. The power to idealize is innate in man's being. It is one of his original endowments and furnishes the mightiest impulse to his physical, intellectual and moral achievement.

In the earliest ages physical strength was deified. Brute force was the ideal and incessant strife and conflict the result. Man's only defense was his strength of muscle. The giant was the hero and the struggle for existence intense. The survival of the fittest meant the survival of the strongest. Men have ever gloried in their strength. The Grecian hero, the trained Roman gladiator, the knight of chivalry, as well as the modern athlete, center their highest ideals in physical attainments. Though mighty in stature and strength yet man was powerless in the presence of the subtle forces in nature. Must he continue to yield to these invisible forces? If physical strength remain his ideal, this result is inevitable. But a new era is ushered in. It is the age of reason. Mind begins to assert its claim to the supremacy. On the plane of a higher stage of existence, brute force yields to mental power. The physical giant falls helpless before the intellectual athlete. Mind becomes the supreme factor. Penetrating the mysterious veil that enshrouds all nature, in her it recognizes the boundless sphere of intellectual development. View, for a moment, man's achievements over nature. The sculptor chisels the unhewn rock into forms of beauty. The astronomer reveals myriads of unseen worlds and measures the comet's flight throughout the infinitude of space. Mind triumphs over the latent forces in nature and transforms nature's elements into levers of human power. Light and heat minister to his pleasure. Steam and electricity obey his will. No longer does man bow before nature with superstitious terror, but with intellectual reverence. Farther within the labyrinths of eternal truth, the mind seeks the final cause, the sacred unrevealed purposes of the Creator. Its highest achievements enter the field of pure thought. Its loftiest aspirations center in the highest attainment of knowledge. Truth is the goal of the mind's ambition. In the vain hope of attaining this ideal, the mind abstracts, compares and classifies. Rising above the earth and its phenomena, it conceives of the spiritual and unchanging. Still sublime truth evades its grasp. Many are the votaries that seek truth in her temple, but few are they that find her. Yet within this temple of heavenly light ideal perfection sits enshrined.

Mind has cherished physical perfection, contemplated intellectual truth with the greatest enthusiasm, yet the soul is not satisfied. There are peerless heights, the region of moral perfection, the ultimate aim of human aspiration. "Man, a spark of the Divine, divinity alone can satisfy him." His moral nature holds absolute sway over his being. His soul has planted in it the elements of his eternal destiny. Its greatest achievement is the development of its inmost self. Its ideal is a moral character perfect in every attribute. In vain has human skill attempted to portray such a character. Milton's eye grows dim as his vivid imagination strives to depict a sinless Redeemer. Grand were the conceptions of the perfect yet incarnate Jehovah wrought out by Raphael and Angelo, but grander, more sublime, is the real life, the embodiment of all truth in one perfect, sinless man. Higher than this, ideal conception cannot rise but bows reverently before infinite perfection.

As the ideal guides the individual so it sways the national life. Individual history is

the exponent of the nation. The ideal of the nation springs from the ideal of man. Pomp and grandeur swayed the energies of primeval men. Egypt gloried in her pyramids, and Babylon in her hanging gardens. To be great, to be mighty, was the impelling force. The spirit and ideal of the age falls proudly from the lips of the oriental monarch, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?"

The advent of Greece heralds a new epoch. Philosophy ripens into rich fruitage, logic springs into maturity, art chisels from the unhewn rock the masterpiece of ages, and oratory reaches its zenith in a Demosthenes. Rome's mental energy produced despotic sway. True, Rome was the birthplace of republicanism, but democracy was doomed to expire in the miasmic atmosphere of absolutism. A Caesar's ambition must be gratified though right be sacrificed to might. Grand as were the ideals which the mental genius of Greece and Rome had molded, yet they lacked character. Culture and education may polish the intellect but never the heart. Greece and Rome alike were heartless. The groans of the dying, the clanking chains of the slave, were music to their ears. Behold their degredation! Imagine if you can their worshiping gods possessing the basest passions of men. In their religion is seen the defect of their ideal, lack of morality. To add this it requires the potent energy of a soul pervasive Christianity.

For centuries the word of truth and life lay palsied in ignorance. The Reformation brings the revival of the true religion. Old civilization is quickened with moral vitality. From its decaying roots springs a new and higher life, which, transplanted into the fertile soil of a new world, was destined to culminate in a higher and nobler civilization. America becomes the theater of activity. Colonies unite. Independence. America is free. But no. Hear the groans of the down trodden race and the clanking chains of slavery. Shall this endure? Read the answer in the blood of an immortal Lincoln, in the blood of thousands slain. From countless battle-fields the voice of peace echoed and re-echoes the triumphs of freedom. America is not a Roman monarchy originating among a band of outlaws, nor a Grecian republic, springing from a barbarous nation, but the concentration of the highest thought of European civilization into the full embodiment of civil liberty.

The past molds the present, the present defines the future. Freedom of thought makes knowledge, the glory of the individual, the pride of national life. With religions morality becomes the goal of civil life. But why the ever increasing social agitations, the mighty intellectual revolutions? Can it be that man's spiritual forces are moving in chaotic confusion? By no means. They are acting in accordance with the all embracing law of progress. Motion is the dominant law in the world of mind as well as in the world of matter. Nature's sweet purifier, it is ever renovating the stagnant pool of ignorance. Not war, but intellectual revolutions mark the steps of progress. Public opinion is no longer controlled by might. Intellect rules and reason is its supreme factor. Hearken to her voice in the great conflict between capital and labor, "Equal rights between man and man and special privileges to none." Individuals may make wealth the sum of their existence, but an enlightened Christian people weaves its crown of laurels not for the avaricious monarch but for the world embracing philanthropist. A Gould may reap his millions, but die "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The name of an immortal Lincoln shall ever be cherished in the hearts of a liberty loving people. The triumphant shouts of Prometheus, the world's benefactor, are now heard above the wailings of his would be conquerors.

But what is essential to the perfect ideal? Strong faith and perfect law. Faith in something higher, better, nobler is the great motor

to human activity. Law is the guiding hand. Obedience to unerring law, this is the highest aim of government, this is the secret of perfection.

In America have converged the highest thought of the past; from her shall radiate the light that shall dispel the darkness of the present. Glorious is the moral ideal of our nation's future. It shall encircle the globe and define the future joy of countless millions. This ideal shall unite in a common brotherhood all races of men. Instead of war, universal peace shall reign. Love shall take the place of selfishness. God is love. The ideal centers in perfection. W. H. Reed, '94.

"WARD."—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Experience is the great teacher of mankind. The lessons of life must be learned from the text-book, human nature. Much may be gained from those upon whom Fortune has lavished her richest spoils, but if we desire a deeper, fuller knowledge, we must study those whose lives have been impeded in their courses and turned from their channels by adversity. During the past two years, by a strange turn of events, my life has been spent in close connection with the lower classes of society. Strange people have passed in and out before me and have left their impress upon my thoughts.

I might mention the Austrians and Hungarians, with their clouded minds, having intelligence little greater than that of an average canine, and evincing the same blind love or hate as is to be found in an average mule. Or, I might tell you of their sworn foes, the "Dagoes," from whose lips drops that soft Bastard Italian, sweetest of dialects; whose eyes flash from under their dark eye-brows gleams of hate or suspicion; quick ever to take advantage of the least relaxation of discipline; and never without that villainous, long handled, five-inch blade, sharpened on both edges and ground to a needle's point,—a tool suitable either for cutting his bread or his neighbor's throat. Or, again, the Poles, with their outlandish names, dissolute, degraded, wretched? Whose ancestors fell on the field of Warsaw by the side of Koscinsko. Or, still, of Kelly, the thief and pickpocket; or Cronin, the murderer, dodging justice; or of "Big Mike" O'Donnough, 68 years old, tall, grizzled, deep-chested, strong of body, a perfect specimen of physical manhood; with a constitution that had resisted a life of dissipation and was unbroken by a long service under Her Majesty's Flag, beneath the burning sun of India. But I shall speak of none of these, turning your thoughts to one from whom we may learn a lesson of vital importance to some.

One day, early in the fall of '91 as we were hard at work, striving to get a street closed up before winter should, with his frosts, drive us in-doors, our foreman was approached by a young man and asked for work. Being short of helpers, the answer was favorable and in five minutes from the time we first laid eyes upon him, "Ward" had his coat off and was one of us. Something about the fellow attracted me from the first. His head was well formed, his forehead ample, his nose almost purely Grecian, but his chin was weak and in his eyes and around his mouth were already written the symbols of dissipation. Strong drink had left its brand there, and days and nights of continued evil had marked his face with lines never to be erased. When he talked, it was either in the coarsest vernacular or in an almost faultless style. Again and again I asked myself the question, "Who is this paradox; who, though having the appearance of and associating with the lowest of humanity, yet shows evidence of something higher and beyond his associates? In the society of women he seemed the soul of honor and words of purity dropped from his lips. Broach to him any subject from tariff and immigration to spiritualism and religion and

with perfect ease he could discuss it, and one would have to sharpen his wits to hold his own. A typical representative of the class of "Bums," he had been in almost every state of the Union and could describe almost all the places of interest in our northern cities.

Out of curiosity I cultivated his acquaintance, as he was working near me, and little by little obtained from him his history. It was the same old story. An indulgent father, a weak mother, then bad companions, tobacco, Sabbath-breaking, card-playing, gambling, tippling, drunkenness; then expulsion from college, a disgrace to his parents, and he was driven from home, doomed henceforth to a life among the outcasts of society. He was with us till the latter part of November, but one day he turned up missing. His old habit of wandering had reasserted itself and he had left for parts unknown. I supposed I had seen the last of him; but last summer, having been given charge of the work of paving a street, as I was wondering one day where to obtain men, who should appear but "Ward." He had dropped off a freight the night before, and as he seemed anxious to work he was given a place. He stayed with us a month and worked as faithfully as any one could wish. With his pay for the first half, he equipped himself in a cinnamon-colored suit, derby and shoes to match and blossomed into a regular masher. The Fourth of July came and with it a mammoth celebration. Now "Ward" had an eye to business and laid a scheme for raking in the shekels, bamboozling the country bumpkins and "taking in" his comrades. With two others for partners, he set up a stand, bought several dozen of eggs, which, by the way, he never paid for, and advertised three throws for a dime at the "nigger." "Ward" was the crier, and right easily did he persuade the innocents to show their skill; Kinner was the decoy, and "Ben," a little red-headed, pug-nosed, Irishman, in default of the real, with the application of some lamp-black, posed for the "son of Africa."

That was the first time I ever saw a red headed "coon." All day long, with his head poked through a hole in the canvas, that poor fool endured the hot sun, ducking his head in vain efforts to escape the missles, some of which were—well—hardly eatable, consoling himself with the prospect of a big drunk on his share of the proceeds. But, alas! when night came, while he was cleansing his face, "Ward" boarded a through live stock express and was off again for parts unknown, carrying with him $18, the result of the day's labor. A madder Irishman was never seen, but it was all to no avail. A few days later I received a card bearing the words:

"UTICA, N. Y., July 6, 1892.

"BOSS—I'm on my way to Boston. Don't let the work stop on my account. If necessary, telegraph ahead and I'll send a man to take my place. Give my love to my "darkey" friend. WARD."

And so he passed away, but learn from him a lesson. Resist, as you would resist an attempt on your life, he who would entice you into the byways of sin; for, who knows? perhaps the first step will lead you on and strong drink will finally drag you down and you become a wanderer on the face of the earth like "Ward."

THE BASIS OF REFORM.

JUNIOR ORATION, 1892.

Moral principles are eternal. Their source is the throne of God. Their history dates from creation's morn, and they come down to us undimmed by the lapse of ages. On every rock that's hid beneath the mountains; on every flower that perfumes the morning air; on every star placed in the azure blue; on every creature that breathes the breath of heaven, there are traces of fixed and unchangeable law, but upon the heart of man alone are engraved those inimitable principles of right and wrong, and thus shall they endure until the dawn of the eternal morning.

"The chief fact about individuals or nations," says Carlysle, "is their religion, not their church doctrines or articles of faith, but what they practically believe in their hearts and actually do. Having this, you have the very soul of their history. It is the unseen and spiritual in them that determine the outward and actual."

From their endurance and importance these principles, bearing directly upon morality, are supreme, and loyalty to them is the courage to uphold and defend them. Let there be complete and unfaltering devotion to principles founded upon the word of God, and tyranny becomes powerless. The terrors of martyrdom are gone, and one man's decision shakes the mightiest empire of the world. A Medo-Persian king sends forth his decree but a Daniel brings it to naught. A Nebuchadnezzar utters his command, but the three Hebrews do not obey. The threatenings of a Jewish nation gather like a storm cloud over the apostles' heads, but by a Paul they will be unnoticed. A pope issues his "bull of excommunication," but a Luther burns it.

Such loyalty is not fanaticism. Fanatics give free scope to the imagination rather than to the dictations of a true and honest judgment. Fantasy and superstition with them are realities. Their undue enthusiasm is beyond the realm of reason, while the great reformers were guided by principles founded upon the inspired word of God, and loyalty to principles thus founded has lead the current of history. Paganism may have loyal advocates; Shakespeare may picture feudalism as ever so grand; human slavery may become the corner stone of an infantile government, but based upon superstition and injustice they cannot withstand the test of advancing civilization.

On a beautiful mountain of Galilee is gathered a numerous host. In the midst of the apostles sits One, on the earth but not of the earth. Born of a woman, yet immortal; His deep convictions prompt his every action; His passion for sin-cursed souls marks His every thought. He is now preaching that wonderful "Sermon on the Mount;" the multitude eagerly presses forward to catch the golden truths that fall from His lips; every word is important, every sentence an exhortation, every thought divine. The minds of the apostles are so firmly convinced that they dedicate their all, even to their life blood, for the defense of His principles. Were their self sacrifices all fruitless? Were His principles founded upon fantasy instead of facts? If so, whence comes Christianity, the mightiest civilizer of the world? Had the apparent faltering of the apostles during the arrest and crucifixion of Christ been permanent who could tell the result upon the nations of the world?

But such was not to be. Receiving new strength they go forward to do and die for His cause. While Grecian supremacy rolled into the past and Roman empire crumbled to dust, Christianity grew steadily stronger, being life and hope to the despised and untutored Gentiles.

Centuries have passed and that happy period of the "Dark Ages" has settled over the enslaved people. Ignorance and superstition govern the masses; Roman Catholicism rules the world. Her priests are but emissaries of a debased papacy; her monasteries on every hill are but the emblems of her corruption, and degrading servitude is the only condition for the common people. But the darkest hour awaits the dawn. Away yonder in Germany a child is born; no sooner has he reached manhood than the leading principles of Christianity, "justification through faith without merits of works," beams in upon his truth seeking soul. His spirit rises above the dense fog enclosing the finite to close communion with the infinite, and Martin Luther, through devotion to this principle, with one mighty challenge, hurls back from Germany forever the united power of Rome and raises the gaze of the degraded ones of earth upward, toward the

glorious light of Christianity; the bonds of servitude are broken; commerce and agriculture, science and philosophy, literature and art, all start with a new impulse, and all nature comes forth robed in a clearer and purer light. The dark cloud has rolled away. "The Reformation" has begun in Germany; John Knox takes it up in Scotland and defends its principles before the Queen; John Calvin carries it in France, Spain, Italy to the East, and after him there comes a new civilization, and history's current is changed.

Scarcely another century has passed, and there appears in England a germ of a mighty revolution—a people who love their homes, their lands, and their country. Patriotism purer is seldom found. But above all these they love the principle of "Religious Liberty," and persecution for this principle compels them to bid adieu to their native country. The story of their wandering, their landing on our eastern shore and of their early life is familiar, but who can tell their influence upon our history? Their stern adherence to principles of truth and justice, and their marvelous intellects were grand material from which to form a new government. And when the Puritan and Cavalier joined hands for mutual protection they framed a constitution that savored of inspiration.

Had the Cavalier of the South met no opposition in the North would our history be the same? Would the bright sun to-morrow shine on a government based upon Liberty, Truth and Patriotism, or would the negro's cabin dot every valley, while the planter's palace crown every hill? Let every true and loyal American on bended knee send thanks to the Almighty that the Puritans were loyal to the principle of "Religious Liberty." And let all those living in the advance civilization of this, the nineteenth century, look back through the ages and view in loyalty to principle their benefactor and their chief.

But it is not enough to dream over the past. We must be up and doing. Every generation has its work. Every age its reform. Heroic as were our forefathers, great as has been our progress, high as is our standard of civilization, there are glorious tasks yet undone, there are mighty problems yet unsolved, there is a hydra gnawing at the very heart of our nation. Shall this generation sit idly by and view the nation's downfall? The political sea is foaming with waves of corruption. Society and the family circle are stained with the greatest curse that has ever fallen upon mankind. Our civil and religious institutions are threatened both by foes without and traitors within. Never, in the history of our country, has there been a greater need for men—men who would stake their position, their wealth, and even their lives, if need be, for the maintenance of the principles of truth and justice. Let all true men arise and arm themselves for the conquest. Let each, on the side of right, be counted as a soldier and a hero. Let him who falters or refuses, be stamped as a moral coward and unworthy even the name of a soldier. But let him who places himself on the side of wrong be branded with dishonor—a libel on the handiwork of his creator.

All wrongs that have been righted, all reforms that exist, and all the progress that we enjoy are due to devotion—to principle. Our success to-day depends on the same devotion, and upon the same depends all our future hopes. Then let every being who has the sense of reason fully realize the importance of loyalty to principle. Let it be the first knowledge instilled in the minds of the youth; let it be the watchword of every voter; let it be the corner stone of every government. Then will iniquity be banished, and righteousness shall shine as the noonday brightness. Then, and then only, will united races, with mingled voices, sing the praises of the Holy Child of Bethlehem, for loyalty to His principles is truly the basis of reform. H.

THE HOLCAD,

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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MAY, 1893.

THINKING that anything referring to the World's fair, and especially to the exhibits from our own State, will be of interest to all our readers, and also by request, we publish, in another part of this issue, a full description of the Pennsylvania State building in Chicago. Room has been reserved in this building for a large and handsome exhibit of the newspapers of Pennsylvania from May 1st to November 1st, and it may be of interest to our readers to know that the HOLCAD will be represented in this exhibit.

IT will interest the educational world, generally, to know that the Chautauqua managers have added to their regular courses a summer school of law. It will be known as the Chautauqua Law Courses, and will be conducted by Wm. C. Sprague, of The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Mich. This will give to law students a fine opportunity to receive personal instruction, and obtain a thorough review of their work in preparation for examination for admission to the bar, and to lawyers desiring review of their studies.

THE Fourth Annual Preliminary Oratorical Contest was held on Friday evening, May 5th. The large number of speakers rendered the contest long, but notwithstanding this it was interesting and closely contested. It is said by many to have been the closest and best contest ever held here. Of the seven speakers there was not one who did not reflect credit upon himself and the college. The intercollegiate contest will be held on May 26. Westminster will be ably represented and it is hoped and expected that she will stand high among the other colleges.

WE feel called upon to remind our friends that the success of the literary department of our paper depends upon their aid. We are glad to say that heretofore we have not experienced much trouble in procuring sufficient material for that department, but in the last two issues we have had considerable trouble in procuring material. It is not because there is a lack of good material in school, but because a great many will not consent to the publication of their productions. It may be attributed to their over modesty, but that does not help us out of our difficulty. We ask that you will be prompt in giving your productions when needed, and thus contribute to the success of the paper.

IN the speech of the lady who spoke in the Second church a few Sabbaths ago, as in almost every speech, there were some things said that are to be commended, while others scarcely hold true. The statement, that since the greater portion of the graduates of our high schools are girls, therefore the women will soon have to take the government into their own hands—for there will not be enough brains on the men's side to run our political

affairs—is not plausible for at least two reasons. First, one may become a great and good ruler without having an extensive education in books, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln. Secondly, if this comparison is made in our colleges and universities, where the most highly educated intellects are found, the number of gentlemen graduates far exceeds that of ladies. We think there are reasons other than simply woman's superiority why more boys do not graduate from our high schools. Many boys are dependent upon their own earnings for support, and at an early age are compelled to leave school and enter upon some trade or occupation, while girls are generally allowed to remain in school longer. Again, when boys have decided to obtain a thorough education, they often pursue a special course and thus fit themselves for college, while most girls, not intending to attend a more advanced school, pursue the regular course, and thus the number of lady graduates is increased.

THIS term the Latin classics have been laid aside by the class of '95 and the profusion of Roman heroes has ceased its daily rising in their minds. Another mile-stone in their life's career has been reached and the way perhaps has not been strewn with so many laurels as were expected. The young aspirant upon beginning the study of a new language is liable to look forward to the day when this language will be as familiar to him as his native tongue. But, alas! to the student of Latin or Greek this degree of proficiency seldom ever comes. The benefit to be derived from their study, however, is no doubt increased by this fact, since there is always an unattainable. One may take in much of their beauty, melody, history, force and exactness, but there still remains something that is unseen. Instead of pondering over Latin stems and words that can scarcely be derived, the sophomore may now be seen wandering over nook and hill, through hollow and vale, in search of some rare botany specimen that can be better studied in the open air than within the narrow confines of a student's room. The field of labor in this branch of study is as broad or even broader than that of classics, for all nature presents itself to be studied and analyzed, and her beauties are so many and her structures so grand that the average or even the greatest scholars must be content with a very limited knowledge of them. Whatever be the subject, the student should learn well what he studies and should endeavor to grow wise in those things which will best fit him to cope successfully with the affairs of life.

How strong is a chain? As strong as its weakest link. How strong is a character? As strong as its weakest point. Every one knows that the strength of a chain is measured by its weakest point; we are not quite so ready to say that the same is true of a character. History is teeming with the names of those who have risen high and yet have not been symmetrically developed men, who have been leaders in both the world of thought and action, and yet their characters show striking weaknesses. Alexander, the conquerer of the world, died the victim of his own appetites, Napoleon owed his downfall to his own unrestrained ambition, and yet these men were leaders in the world, and left a lasting impress on future civilization. But if this is not true of all men it is true of most men. We see, all around us, men who have good talents, and yet through some weakness are useless to society. It matters not how great a business capacity one has, if he cannot be trusted he will seek in vain for employment. A minister may be both able and earnest, yet if he lack tact and discretion his labor often accomplishes but little good. The remedy for such characters is the same as for the chain—strengthen the weak points. If a chain has a weak link, strengthen that link; if a character has weak points, train and develop these parts until you

obtain for yourself a full, rounded, symmetrical character, which will render you a useful, trusted member of society.

It is now the time when the members of the botany class begin to collect their specimens of different flowers, and we think our own experience in that line will enable us to give a few useful suggestions. 1st, Do not put off the collection of flowers until the last of the term; a good and valuable collection demands that all parts of the season be represented. Every week has its own kinds of flowers and these kinds must be gotten in their season or not at all. 2d, And most important, do not waste your time and strength searching for rare specimens. Many students will take a whole day and travel over many miles of country in attempting to procure some rare specimen which he thinks no one else will have, and yet this same rare specimen may be found, twenty or thirty miles distant, growing in every fence corner. If the student would spend more time studying the nature and structure of the flowers which he sees all about him and less time hunting for something which no one else will have, he will gain a great deal more real knowledge about plant life. And besides, it is not the collection which contains the most of what we call rare specimens that is always the most valuable from a botanical standpoint. The student should attempt to have as many different specimens of flowers as possible represented in his collection, and I am sure the professor will appreciate the fact that you are able to correctly name and describe every specimen in your collection a great deal more than the fact that you have succeeded in procuring one or two flowers which no one else in the class has found.

Rev. George, formerly President of Geneva College and now Field Secretary of the American Sabbath Union, preached in the Second United Presbyterian church on Sabbath morning, May 7, and in the evening addressed a union meeting on different phases of the Sabbath question. He started out by saying that the time has come when we must stand up and decide whether the quiet, peaceful Sabbath shall be retained or whether the pleasure-seeking, continental Sabbath shall take its place. It is said that already one-half of our country is under the continental Sabbath, and that in some of our large cities Sabbath is known only from the fact that on that day there is more theater going and business done than on any other day. Dr. George does not believe in calling the first day of the week "Sunday," but would speak of "Sunday mail," "Sunday train," "Sunday newspaper," and "Sunday saloon,"—put two heathen names together. These four subjects were dwelt upon in brief and it was shown how the first three are connected with each other and that one could not exist without the other. Stop the mail and you stop the train, stop the train and you stop the Sunday newspaper. The Doctor has been a very active worker in the interests of the Sabbath both at Congress, when the question of opening the gates of the World's Fair on Sabbath was discussed, and also at Harrisburg last winter when an attempt was made to repeal a Sabbath law of our state. He believes that our office holders will rid us of evils if the Christian people demand it; that a committee of ten or twelve of our best and ablest men should meet Congress next fall and press the mail question, and that the success of reform depends much upon having the forces of the different states well organized. We wish that all our readers could have heard him.

The attitude of college students to the State in Europe is in striking contrast to that in America. While in America education has ever been considered a great factor in maintaining the strength and permanence of the government,

and while the American student has ever been in full sympathy with our institutions and loyal to the general government, in Europe it is often just the reverse. During the last century the European students have often been considered as almost a dangerous element in society, and the active part they have taken in revolutions and all movements against the existing form of government seems to justify this opinion. That such is the case perhaps seems strange to us and we naturally look for the cause. This difference certainly is not to be found in the students themselves. They are pretty much the same the world over. The fact that in America the student is considered a friend and retainer of the government, while in Europe he is looked upon as almost its enemy, is due to radical differences in the forms of government, not in the character of the students. Education always gives a desire for a greater individual liberty. It arouses a desire for a government founded on broad, generous principles. The same elements which renders him dangerous to monarchical forms of government makes him the friend of our American republic. Here he sees the ideal form of government, where there is given the broadest field for activity and every faculty has opportunity for its highest development. But in Europe he is dissatisfied with the restraints placed upon him, and always ready to espouse any cause which seems to promise greater freedom and a more extended field for activity. These conditions do not speak well for long continuance of present European institutions. If a government cannot stand the test of the education of the masses, it can hope to continue only till they reach that point of intelligence at which they will universally demand something better, and judging by the present advance of education this point will not be far distant.

—Dr. Ferguson preached recently at Wooster, Ohio, and Edinboro, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA AT CHICAGO.

The Pennsylvania State Building is one of the most beautiful and striking on the World's Fair grounds and admirably located, near the Fifty-seventh street entrance, directly facing the Art Palace. Style of architecture is Colonial, reproducing the historical clock tower and other features of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The famous bell which proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land," will be placed in the rotunda at the main entrance and many historical relics of priceless value, such as Penn's treaty with the Indians, the original charter, portraits of distinguished Pennsylvanians, rare documents, etc., etc., will have a place in the building.

Our State building was constructed by Pennsylvania mechanics, of Pennsylvania material, the floors are of marble or of hard woods, the wainscot, panellings, etc., are taken from the handsomest woods of Pennsylvania forests. This stately and imposing building is surrounded by broad and graceful piazzas, upon which several hundred easy chairs are placed; the main entrance opens into a central rotunda thirty feet in diameter and forty feet high.

In the rear is a large reception room extending the entire length of the building; to the right and left are the parlors, toilet rooms, etc., etc. Broad, easy stair cases lead to the second story, where the governor's rooms and offices of the executive commissioner will be located. The doors and windows of the second floor open out upon broad verandas admirably arranged for promenading and sight seeing, and outside stair cases lead to the roof garden, from which may be had a magnificent bird's eye view of the grounds and lake.

Surmounting the main facade of the building are several allegorical pieces of statuary, the Pennsylvania coat of arms, the horses developed life size. Flanking this group upon either side are statues of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin. The allegorical groups

at the right and left angles of the building are indicative of the progress and influence developed by the resources of the State, Mines and Mining and others.

The Pennsylvania State building is the only one in which the kindred arts of architecture and sculpture have been so happily combined. The architect, Mr. Thomas P. Lonsdale, and the sculptor, Mr. John J. Boyle, of Philadelphia, are entitled to the greatest credit.

SUGGESTIONS FROM COMMISSIONER FARQUHAR.

First. All Pennsylvanians who attend the World's Fair are advised to visit the State building. This they can readily accomplish by entering the grounds at the Fifty-seventh street entrance, near which, and just opposite the great Art Palace, our building is located. All of the railroads, electric, cable and horse car lines leading from the center of the city, have stations at or within a short distance of the Fifty-seventh street entrance.

Second. The State building is specially designed and arranged for the comfort and convenience of the citizens of Pennsylvania. It is provided with general reception room, separate parlors for women and men, ladies' dressing room, smoking room, writing room, newspaper room, press correspondents' room, and ample toilet facilities, etc., etc. Convenient cloak and parcel rooms have been provided upon the first floor of the building, where all citizens of the State are at liberty to leave such articles as they may not wish to carry around on the grounds.

Third. The building contains a post-office to be open during the Exposition ours. Arrangements have been made to collect the mails hourly, and Pennsylvanians who have their mail addressed to the Pennsylvania State Building, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., will be insured prompt delivery.

Fourth. The newspaper room will contain files of all the State journals that will be sent to the building.

Fifth. The Bureau of Information is on the first floor, in charge of a competent superintendent, who will be pleased to aid our citizens with advice or suggestions as to how to see the Exposition to the best advantage.

Sixth. A register of Pennsylvanians who attend the Exposition will be kept, with their names and the location of their stopping place, with the probable time of their stay, etc., etc.,

Seventh. No fee, unless it be for blacking shoes, will be charged for any service in or about the building.

Eighth. A cordial invitation is extended to all Pennsylvanians, regardless of race, color or nativity to make the building their headquarters and resting place while at the exposition, and to avail themselves of the facilities that have been provided. They will find a home and a warm welcome.

A. B. FARQUHAR,
Executive Commissioner
Board of World's Fair Managers.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1874.

Rev. J. M. Mercer graduated from Western Theological Seminary in 1878; was engaged as pastor at Mineral Ridge, Ohio, from 1878 to 1883. Since that time he has been located at Carnot, Pa., as pastor of the Presbyterian church of that place. Was married May 19, 1880 to Miss Lida W. Smith, of Mineral Ridge, Ohio. Two children.

Rev. O. V. Stewart graduated from Western Theological Seminary in 1878; preached in Presbyterian church at * * * * * from April, 1879, to October, 1881, at Greenville, Pa., from 1881 to 1887. In April, 1887, he went to Steubenville, Ohio, where he is still located. Married September 22, 1881, to Miss Eliza H. Bentley. Two children.

Rev. S. R. Gordon graduated from Allegheny Theological Seminary in 1877; was engaged as pastor in Pulaski first three years after graduation, next three years in Sharon,

seven years in Parnasus, Pa. In October, 1889, he went to Pittsburgh, where he is still located as pastor of a church in the East End. Salary $2,500. Was married to Miss Fanny E. Torrence, of Xenia, O., May 8, 1878. Children three, two boys and one girl.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—President Harper, of Chicago University, graduated from sollege at the age of 14.

—The classical students of Wabash intend to produce a Greek play in the original text.

—The first college paper was published at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor.

—Next June, for the first time in its history, Johns Hopkins will confer a degree upon a woman.

—A colored young lady took the first prize for the best entrance examination to the Chicago Univcrsity.

—The University of Chicago will not be in session during the coming summer on account of the World's Fair.

—Of the sixty-five thousand students in American universities and colleges four thousand are preparing for the ministry.

—Prof. Albert Harkness has resigned the profcssorship of Greek at Brown University. He has held the position for thirty-seven years.

—The oldest college graduate in Amcrica is James Kitchen, of Philadelphia. He was in the class of 1819 at the University of Pennsylvania.

—The University of Pennsylvania will exhibit at the World's Fair a stone recording the oldest writing in the world, the date being 3800 B. C.

—Lehigh University intends to build a aboratory that will have no equal in the college world. The cost is estimated at about $200,000.

—During the last forty years the population of America has increased 165 per cent., while the number of college students has increased 365 per cent.

—The law department of the University of Pennsylvania has enrolled its first woman student. They have appropriately called her the sister-in-law.

—Forty-seven young women were, on Wednesday, May 3, graduated from the Young Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

—John Hopkins, founder of the university that bears his name, entered Baltimore at nineteen with sixty-two cents in his pocket. He died worth seven millions.

—A scientific expedition from the University of Iowa will leave Baltimore some time this month for a voyage of scientific research among the Bahama Islands.

—A new Princeton song is wanted and a prize of fifty dollars has been offered by the alumni to the undergraduate who will send in the word and music best adapted to that purpose.

—Preliminary steps are being taken by the University of Chicago to combine the medical schools of that city into a great medical college, which shall rival the best European institutions.

—Harvard has secured possession of a mountain peak on the Pacific coast, which it has christened Mt. Harvard. The mountain will soon be used for astronomical observations and an observatory will be erected.

—The Concordia International College at Zurich, Switzerland, is about to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. It began with one student and has educated about 1,000, representing fiifty-two countries and twenty-four languages.

—Prof. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, has been engaged for several years in photographing in detail the Milky Way. The text

books declare that the Milky Way probably contains 20,000,000 suns, but Prof. Barnard estimates that the camera will record the presence of at least 500,000,000.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The music for the preliminary contest was furnished by the conservatory.

—The faculty of the conservatory will give a concert at the Volant Normal Academy some time during this term.

—The concert at Youngstown, April 20, was a great success. Each number received hearty applause and most of the numbers were encored.

—Cantata practice forms a prominent part of the musical students' work this term. The Flower Queen and Belshazzar's Feast promise to be great successes. The solo parts and choruses have all been studied and stage rehearsals have commenced. These will be among the musical attractions of commencement week.

—Paderewski's second season in America is concluded. He sailed for Europe the first of May, not to return for a number of years, as he intends to take a much needed rest. His receipts from the last tour will amount to nealy $200,000. He gave nearly seventy concerts and visited twenty-six cities. The repertory of this phenomenal pianist is wonderful. In New York city alone he played more than seventy pieces, all works of the utmost difficulty from the great masters.—*Musical Courier.*

—The last entertainment of the lecture course, a concert by the New York Stars, gave universal dissatisfaction. This was not as it should have been, for at least two members of the company were artists in their respective lines. The pianist was a study for students of pianotechnic. He *had fingers* and he used them, and because he didn't put down the loud pedal and dash at the piano as if afraid it might get away from him people thought he couldn't play. The soprano displayed considerable agility, and in point of smoothness and execution showed great cultivation. The other members of the company were unworthy of mention. It is to be hoped that by another year the lecture committee will give us a higher grade of musical entertainments. Why not give us something in the the educational line? Judging by the work done in the conservatory, we think a New Wilmington audience is capable of enjoying the best music that can be afforded it.

—We recently received the program of a concert given by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, of which Prof. T. M. Austin, our late director of music, is conductor. It contans the following press notice of Prof. Austin: "T. Merrill Austin, though less than a year in our city, has already won no little fame as a conductor. Mr. Austin has been a musician from his youth. Several years ago he was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music of Boston. Afterward he studied with several of the best teachers of voice and piano our country affords. He then spent a year in Germany under the teaching of Ferd Sieber and Henrich Ehrlich. For six years he had charge of the music department of a college in Pennsylvania, and regularly conducted a large mixed chorus. Since his coming to Brooklyn he has been engaged in private teaching and as director of music in the Lewis Avenue Congregational church."

—The pupils of the conservatory gave a recital in the college chapel Tuesday evening, May 9th. The chief feature of this recital was the number of new performers. All of the numbers, with but few exceptions, were performed by persons who had never appeared in a recital before. Considering this fact this was one of the most successful and enjoyable recitals of the year. This was the program:

Piano duet, ... *Lichner*
Misses Clara Nesbit and Grace Dick.

Vocal solo, "For All Eternity," . . . *Mascheroni*
Mr. Bert Barr.

Piano solo, "Witches Revels," . . *Schythe*
Miss Eleanor Kerr.
Guitar solo, "Spring Song," . . *Mendelssohn*
Miss Mande Eckles.
Vocal solo, "Flower Song," . . . *Gounod*
Miss Maud Mateer.
Piano solo, "Invitation a la Valse," . . *Weber*
Miss Gertrude Clark.
Vocal solo, "Calm as the Night," . . *Bohm*
Mr. John Donaldson.
Vocal solo, "Burst, ye Apple Buds," . *Emery*
Miss Maud Haney.
Piano solo, "Mill Wheel," . . . *Philipps*
Miss Geniveve Smith.
Piano duet, "Hiteres Taenzchn," . . *Low*
Misses Nelson and Black.
Vocal solo, "Still as the Night," . *Schilofsky*
Mr. Robert Hamill.
Vocal solo, "In Fair Seville," . . *Dessamer*
Miss Alice Semple.
Violin solo, "Au Varie No. 6," . . *Daucla*
Mr. Bigger.
Piano solo, "Valse Brillante," . . *Schuloff*
Miss Bertha Black.
Vocal solo, "Three Singers," . . . *Toms*
Mr. J. G. Smith.
Vocal solo, "My All," *Bohm*
Miss Johnson.
Vocal solo, "Patria," *Mattei*
Mr. T. M. Gealey.
Piano Duet { "March Heroigne," / "March Militaire," } . *Schubert*
Misses Elliott and Whitney.

TO COLLEGE BOYS.

—The quartette sang at Youngstown lately.

—Lynn Crawford,'94, has gone to Chicago for the summer.

—Prof. P. H. Gordon,'92, was out for the contest and visited friends.

—Thomas Nesbit Sloan,'73, formerly a resident here, died April 2.

—Dr. Ferguson acted as a judge on contest at Geneva College, Monday evening, May 8.

—A Junior's Classification of a Freshman in Geology Class: "Talc alone present—Reddy."

—Miss Anna C. Carlisle, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., visited the association here on May 5.

—Messrs. McVain and Tyler have gone to Chicago, where they will be employed during the summer.

—J. N. Dunn, W. M. Anderson, H. C. Swearingen and D. M. Gilford all visited in town recently.

—A. H. Elliott,'92, and Miss May Chapin, '92, are teaching the academy at Farmington, Butler county.

—Prof. Mitchell was sick a week, but we are glad to say that he is better and Greek again meets Greek.

—Miss Laura VanEman, '90, one of the teachers in the Sharpsville public schools, was in chapel Saturday morning.

—The chorus class, which has increased in numbers this term, is practicing some choruses to be sung at commencement.

—Rob Veach is out of school suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. At last accounts he was recovering slowly.

—Mr. Seavy, of the firm of Seavy & Fowler, New Castle, was in town recently photographing groups about the college.

—Rev. J. H. Veazy, principal of Thyne Institute, Chase City, Va., has been elected financial agent for the college and may move here the coming year.

—Prof. J. D. Barr,'88, visited his brother and sisters here after the close of the seminary. He went from here to Bay City, Mich., where he will preach during the summer.

Lives of great men but remind us
We may rise tho' others fall,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on a rubber ball.

—*Boston Transcript.*

—The indomitable Sophomores challenged all the classes *below* them to an athletic contest. Purpose: "To arouse an interest in athletics." Very philanthropic and self-sacrificing, that Sophomore class!!

—Miss Rebecca Junk, '93, who was compelled by sickness to leave school last term, we are sorry to say is not able to be back this term and graduate with her class. She has been very seriously ill since going home.

—Dr. E. T. Jeffers has resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Oil City, to accept the Presidency of York Collegiate Institute. The Institute is to be congratulated in securing so able and competent a man.

—The public school entertainment given at the close of the term was as pleasant as it could well be. We do not see how it could have been improved. The public school of New Wilmington is one of the advantages of the place not so well understood as it should be. The instruction is of the very best, and students are well fitted for college.

—Sheridan's little skit giving the characteristic of each month is as applicable now and in this latititude as it was when he wrote it for England:

January, snowy; February, flowy; March, blowy;
April, showery; May, flowery; June, bowery;
July, moppy; August, croppy; September, poppy;
October, breezy; November, wheezy; December, fre z .
—*Exchange.*

—Several of the music students gave their first public performance at the recital Tuesday evening, and did both themselves and their instructors credit. There is no way in which one can gain confidence to either sing or speak in public except by appearing in public So while these recitals are entertaining to the audience they are a great advantage to the performers.

—The many friends of Rev. Clinton P. Harrah,'86, were grieved by the news of his death on April 23. He was living in Pittsburgh, pastor of a congregation there. They had just finished a new church building when he was taken sick. He was able to attend the dedication services, but grew rapidly worse and lived but about two weeks. He was a very hard worker and had over-taxed his strength. His funeral was at the home of his father in Fay on Wednesday, April 26.

—Dr. H. H. George, formerly president of Geneva college, preached in the Second church Sabbath morning and in the evening addressed a union meeting on various phases of the Sabbath question. Dr. George is now Field Secretary of the American Sabbath Union and was actively engaged in the work of inducing Congress to pass a law against the opening of the World's Fair on Sabbath. He is a very eloquent, forcible speaker and doing a good work.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nocturnal Wanderers { B. Done-with-the-World. W. Greatheart. R. Faintheart.

Prisoners.
Crown Prince.
Militia.
Ghosts.

ACT I.

Time, Saturday night ; place, Via Sacra and under the Castle walls.

Scene 1. Nocturnal Wanderers. "We didn't see you and you didn't see us."

Scene '. Communication with the starving state prisoners in Castle Despair. A plan formed.

ACT II.

Monday night.

Scene 1. Plot thickens. In accordance with plan the Nocturnal Wanderers levy on the horn of plenty of sleeping citizens.

Scene 2. Citizens can't understand the flunk on the part of the horn of plenty.

ACT III.

Monday night, 11:45 p. m.; place, under Castle walls.

Scene 1. Castle Militia, commanded by the Crown Prince, attempt by strategem to obtain from prisoners treasonable goods from New Castle.

Scene 2. 12 p. m.; place, bay window, dungeon. Nocturnal Wanderers come with "stuff" in exchange for the treasonable foreign goods.

Scene 3. Surprise by Castle Militia and pointed obervations by Nocturnal Wanderer. Neither language terrifies the ear nor gold dazzles the eye of the trusty militia.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Consternation in bay window, dungeon. Sleeps yet the Queen? Dungeon.

Scene 2. Enter Ghosts. "There are more things in heaven and earth, O Girls, than are dreampt of in your philosophy."

ACT V.

Time, 1 a. m.

Scene 1. Militia, true to his word, sleeps. Nocturnal Wanderers give and receive.

Scene 2. Nocturnal Wanderers return, two to peaceful sleep, the third, the giant Terror, still in sleep oppresses.

LOCALS.

—Nobody never kissed me.

—Rev. M. S. Telford was up visiting his brother the 5th inst.

—Mr. A. A. Graham visited here a few days the first of the term.

—The independence bell will be at Chicago among the other belles.

—The assistant editor has found a new exchange, *The Noterdame Scholastic.*

—German class, McK. translating, "You should have seen her speechless cry."

—Prof. Mitchell was confined to his house by sickness the third week of the term.

—The grading of the Athletic Field has been let and it will soon be ready to use.

—It must be very hard on Prof. Thompson to take a negative from all the Hall girls.

—The Sophomores have played several class games to the sorrow of other classes.

—A. Mac. Wilson was kept out of school several days, being stricken with the "grippe."

—Why do the ladies like to frequent the reading room? The *Youth's Companion* is there.

—An ice cream festival for the benefit of the studio was given in the laboratory on the 20th of May.

—Two ball games with Geneva have been postponed. Kiskiminetas is to played here the 12th inst.

—Shakespeare class — Jackson, reading Othello, reads: "Or I'll knock you o'er the mustard" (mazzard).

—What is the difference between Byerly's moustache and a spendthrift? One is hard up and the other soft down.

—Mr. Edgar very calmly remarked as he took from the seed rack two packages of seeds, "Lettuce cabbage these."

—The Sophomores have challenged the lower classes to a field day. It will take the place of regular field day.

—McKean, correcting executive report, suggested that one of the lamps be fined for going out without permission.

—A class has been formed for the purpose of reading Shakespeare, meeting every Saturday night at Miss Campbell's.

—All preliminary contestants were able to be in their classes after contest, as they had been home to see their mothers before it.

—It is a lamentable fact that Prof. Thompson, after having taken several mixed classes, finally breaks a plate photographing a class of girls.

—Robt. Veach is at his home in New Castle, being nursed through a critical case of fever. He is now improving, but will not be back this term.

—The second team from Westminster played a second team in Mercer April 29th. Rain stopped the game in the second inning with a score of nine to one in favor of Westminster.

—A Prohibition meeting was held here by the students on April 19th. A club was organized and arrangements have been made to hold a contest to send a contestant to Harrisburg.

—Dr. George, formerly of Geneva College, now traveling secretary of the American Sabbath Association, preached for Dr. McElree in the morning of the 7th inst., and gave an interesting talk on Sabbath Reform in the evening.

—"The best way to cobweb and obscure pearly-gated visions is to live in reckless disregard of hygienic laws.'—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

—How straight we would walk if we knew how many eyes were watching us.—*Ex.*

—"Thoughts shut up want air and spoil like bales unopened to the sun."—*Young.*

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."
—*Pope*

—"We shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt, but by what we have done."—*Hall.*

—Music is the magic thrilling of the soul which issues through the silver fountains of the senses.—*Ex.*

—Unkind words are always hurtful words, and such words are nothing but corrupt communication.—*Ex.*

—"Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another."—*Addison.*

—It is claimed that monkeys can talk, but whether this be true or not, it is certain that they can a tail unfold.—*Ex.*

—"Ma, whereabouts shall I find the State of Matrimony?" "You will find it in one of the United States," was the answer.

—Quiet street;
Banana peel;
Fat man;
Virginia reel.—*Ex.*

—"Education is the one living fountain which must water every part of the social garden or its beauty withers and fades away."—*Everett*

—As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—*Ex.*

—A good book is styled by Milton, "The precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to be a life beyond life."—*Ex.*

—An exchange says: "The wind bloweth, the water floweth, the farmer soweth, the subscriber oweth and the Lord knoweth that we need our dues. So come a runnin' 'ere we go a gunnin'. We're not funnin', this thing of dunnin' gives us the everlasting blues."

—A friend attending a lecture not long ago heard a scientist utter the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the past we discern the *footprints* of an unseen hand."—*Ex.*

—"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Persian spring;
These shallow drops intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."
—*Pope.*

—"And have you no near relatives?" asked the kind old lady. "No, mum," replied the tramp, a tear moistenning his eye; "the closest kin I have lives in California."—*Sunny South.*

—Lady (on leaving a crowded car)—"Well, I'm glad to get out of this crowd. I've had to stand on one foot all the way." Voice from corner—"Yes; and that one foot was mine."—*Lampy.*

—No college of any standing should be without a paper; neither should the students who take time away from their studies and devote it to the paper be refused due recognition from the faculty.—*Stylus.*

—The average college student reads too little for his own benefit. The fact that something outside of text books should be learned while at college seems never to be considered by a great many students.—*Ex.*

—It was at dinner, and some one asked that charming egotist, Edward Everett Hale, why Boston was called the Hub. "Boston is the Hub," answered Mr. Hale, "because out of it go spokesmen of the wheel of mankind who never tire of doing good."—*Ex.*

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll get at it some way
If she gets the least kind of a show.
And we wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read;
We know that she got at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—*Ex.*

MITCHELL'S PHARMACY

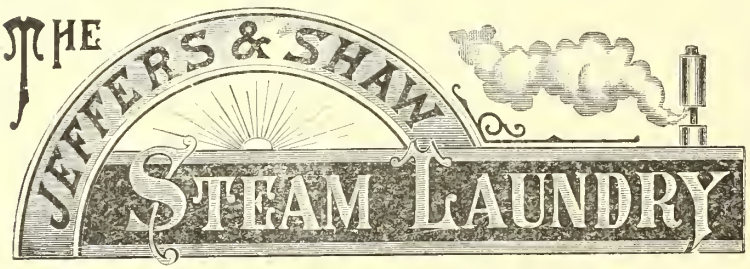
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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. IX. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1893. NO. 10.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

BY DR. R. G. FERGUSON, SABBATH EVENING, JUNE 11.

Ps. 51, 6: Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts.

Christianity makes repentance a fundamental virtue. "Except ye repent," is written on its very forefront as a condition of admission to its blessings.

Never did David display such greatness as when he sacrificed appearances at the shrine of reality; when he acknowledged before God and men profound sense of his own sinfulness. Nothing could be more appropriate, truer to the truth of things, more pleasing to God, because in harmony with his will, than the passionate utterances of this penitential psalm.

I. The meaning of "truth in the inward parts.".

1. It means veracity—truth as opposed to falsehood.

2 Reality—being rather than seeming.

3. Sincerity—inner experience rather than outward manifestation.

II. God's desire for it. How shown?

1. Nature is honest. The signs she gives are uniformly true.

2. In our own natures likewise God has indicated his desire for truth. We are made for it.

3. The precepts of God's word directly require truth and honesty of heart.

4. God's treatment of those who dishonor truth likewise shows his regard for it. Severest penalties and denunciations are heaped upon the liar and hypocrite.

5. Jesus was God's own embodiment of truth—the perfectly guileless man.

The sermon concluded with the following address to the graduating class of 1893:

What shall I say to you? Desire for yourselves what God desires for you. God desires truth in the inward parts, therefore be true, be true. Let truth be the law of your mind, of your speech, of your conduct, of your life-work. Sir Fredrick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Art in London, recently gave this advice to a body of art students: "I would beg you to keep ever before your eyes the vital truth that sincerity is the well-spring of lasting achievements and that no good thing ever took root in untruth or self-deception." Sincerity is the well-spring of achievement in art and in every good enterprise. The soul of art is the soul of the artist. The soul of every good work is the soul of those who project and carry it forward. Put your very soul into whatsoever you undertake and you must succeed.

Let me urge upon you to choose a work worthy of you and then give yourself to it. First of all you mean to be a Christian. To the appeal of the Master—"son, daughter,

give me thy heart," you have responded, "My Lord and my God, I give myself to thee." Be loyal to this first and best of Masters wherever you go. Whatever prosperity you have in other lines, let him share it with you. Your whole life will be ennobled by the consciousness of such a partnership.

Then follow Him whithersoever he may lead you. It may be into the thickest of the conflict, where great principles of right and truth contend for the mastery over the powers of darkness. But fear not! The only success worth having will be yours. Some righteous cause will be nearer its triumph by reason of your life. "In all battles," says Carlyle, "if you await the issue each fighter has prospered according to his right His right and his might at the close of the account were one and the same."

Living thus an earnest life, you will please God who desires truth in the inward parts. You will achieve a success that will not disappoint you. When the echoes of men's applause die away you will still have something left; you can cross the threshold of eternity with a pleasing glance backward over a life well spent and look forward to a land untried, yet full of hope, where the rewards of faithful service beckon to their enjoyment. "Faithful over a few things," says the Master whom we serve, "I will make thee ruler over many things."

May the Lord God be the sun and shield of each one of you, give you grace and glory, and as you walk uprightly withhold no good thing from you.

Y. W. AND Y. M. C. A. SERMON.

DELIVERED BY DR. M'GILL, SABBATH MORNING, JUNE 11, 1893.

Daniel 5:6—"And his thoughts troubled him."

Belshazzar was not the only man whose thoughts have troubled him. The first man that lived knew what it was to be troubled by his thoughts when he went hiding from the presence of the Lord. The second man had a like experience when he went forth a fugitive and a wanderer. Joseph's brethren, when they said "we are verily guilty concerning our brother," the rich young man who went from Jesus' presence exceeding sorrowful, Peter when he wept bitterly, Judas when he hanged himself, Pilate when he washed his hands, the jailer when he cried "What must I do to be saved." All these had thoughts that troubled them; so have we all been troubled by our thoughts. College days are free from care; college life is joyous, full of hope, but even here the troubling thought intrudes.

Here are some of the thoughts that trouble us: The thought of guilt. This troubled Belshazzar and all the rest; this troubles all of us. We cannot lift our hands before our Judge and say these hands are clean. The thought of God. "I remembered God, and was troubled." I care not what your belief concerning God, or whether you believe or not, the thought of God troubles. The thought of responsibility, the thought of death, coming surely and swiftly to every one of us, the thought of the mystery that surrounds us, gives us trouble. These are questions that will rise up from the soul: "If a man die shall he live again?" "Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" "What is truth?" "What must I do to be saved?" These are questions that demand an answer, and that one cannot escape, whether he be heathen, atheist, agnostic or Christian. What shall we do when our thoughts trouble us?

Some one says, "Don't think." But we must think. It is because God has made us only a little lower than the angels that we do think. In proportion as we do not think we make ourselves less than men, and fail of the purpose for which God created us. The atheist says, "Don't believe;" but that only makes a cure for our trouble an impossibility. The agnostic says, "Give these problems up; you cannot solve them." But this, so far from

providing a cure for our trouble, leads us to despair. A last suggestion is offered. Jesus says: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God, believe also in me." The cure for the thinking that troubles, is the thinking that rests. We have the Bible; it came from somewhere. It claims to solve the problems of life. Do your thoughts trouble you? Do vexing thoughts arise in your minds? There was a gospel for the first man, for Joseph's brethren, for Peter, for the jailer. There is a gospel for you. Try whether it will fit into the conditions of the problem; test it; prove it. Thousands have done so and have been ready to say, "I know whom I have believed." It is your privilege to do so. I offer you in this gospel, a cure for all troubling thoughts. It does not explain everything. Please to note that it does not profess to do so, but it solves the problems of life and gives you for the future this promise, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

PHILOSOPHY OF PROGRESS.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION DELIVERED AT THE PRELIMINARY CONTEST, MAY 5TH, 1893, BY J. G. HOUSTON.

The harmony of the universe manifests divine energy. The planets float in space as if borne on the wings of angels. Physical laws control the circle of every sphere. They tell the swiftness of every orb. They bind the visible universe of man to the unseen throne of God. In the world of matter nothing is beyond their boundary, nothing beyond the influence of their power—upon everything, from the smallest atom to the greatest mass of matter, there are traces of these fixed and unchangeable laws. But upon the heart of man alone are engraved the immutable principles of right and wrong. These permeate the realm of the soul; these are the criteria by which shall be our final judgment; these are the mysterious ties which bind the human to the Divine.

Destroy the physical laws of the universe and the massive planets would fly from their orbits; the glittering stars would vanish forever, and the present harmony would become chaotic confusion. But banish the moral laws from the heart and you reduce man to the level of the brute, you remove the highest and noblest incentives to all human achievements. Eliminate these and there remains not one ray of light to illumine the darkness of the grave.

Ever since the "Fall of Man," there has been within the walls of the human breast, a mighty battle field—greater than ever stained by human blood; greater than ever gained by sword or pen; greater, because the contending forces have been supernatural; greater, because upon each issue has hung the eternal weal or woe of an immortal soul.

Through the freedom of his will man is given the power to choose his own destiny. Although he acknowledges his obligations to the right, to love virtue instead of vice, yet how often does he fail to act his convictions. How often does he give the scepter to the evil force and become a fawning slave to the passions and lusts of his own degraded heart. But this degrading influence is opposed by a stronger force. There is implanted in the heart of man a strong desire for the good, an earnest longing after something better, something higher, something external to himself. The harmony of nature throughout her complexity and her immensity plainly reveals to man the presence of a design and somewhat of the character of the Designer. Thus the better desires of the heart and the light o nature lead man to the First Great Cause—The Infinite. Here he finds the being to whom he can offer his devotion and from whom he can obtain protection. And intuitively there springs up within him a firm conviction of his responsibility to, and entire dependence upon this same being. This conviction is universal as man.

At times it may be obscured beneath the corruption of the age; its followers have been martyred; kings have demanded its destruction; nations have combined for its overthrow. Yet it has lived against all opposition. Amid all the corruption it has moved onward. Through age after age this conviction has been the undercurrent, the fundamental idea of all progress. It is the central principle in the moral world as gravitation is in the physical world.

The Atheism of France bathed her land in blood. The political power and civil grandeur of Rome could not save her republic. The philosophy and art of Greece could not harmonize her internal jealousies and perpetuate her empire. The mysticism of Egypt could not elevate her people. The pantheism of the far East could offer no culture to its followers. All the idols of heathendom combined could not add one iota to the progress of the nations. No doctrine or religion can rise above its source. The idolatrous religions were the results of man's own genius and hence could not satisfy the longing for something higher, external and more permanent than himself. But the Hebrew nation, loyal to intuitive and revealed truth, accepted theism as their religion, inspiration as their educator, theocracy as their government. And while loyal to these they were prosperous and progressive. Judeaism was the introduction of Christianity into history. Thus truth was preserved among men. The early philosophers realized its presence, but were blinded to its meaning. Master minds have eagerly sought for it. To them it was better than honor or wealth; it was dearer than any earthly bond; it was more precious than life itself. The desire for truth has led man to discover the perfection of the celestial sphere. It has urged him to delve deep into the earth and to read the history of countless ages recorded there. It has forced man to turn the power of the mind in upon its own mysteries, and to attempt their solution. And the convictions of truth have enabled men to do the noblest acts of which history speaks. Firmly anchored to truth a poor German monk moved into the very jaws of death and proclaimed to his enemies and to the world, "I neither can nor will retract anything. Here I stand. God help me. I can do no other." And the search through all history reveals no scheme of colonization, no system of philosophy, no form of religion that can give civilization to the barbarous, that can give advancement to the cultured, save that which is in accord with Christianity and embodied in it. Thus history, sacred and profane, past and present, proclaims Christianity to be the central force in the onward march of humanity.

In order that progress be made along any line there must be a definite and permanent purpose in view. A progressive nation can not cry "Hosanna" to-day and to-morrow shout "Crucify him." If man would advance he cannot vacilate between holiness and sin, between virtue and vice. He must embrace the principles of truth with an eternal grasp. The whole tendency of sin is to subjugate the higher faculties to the lower, to break the harmony of nature and introduce disorder and death, to take the ability given man for high and noble purposes and use it for his own degradation. That man is sinful no one will deny, and alone he is incapable of bettering his condition. He is so enslaved that he has not the inherent power to free himself. So then any plan for his elevation must be antagonistic to sin. It must have its source and power above and external to man. It must consider his condition, his nature and his destiny. The idolatrous religions were man's own creation and their failure is written in their own destruction. The modern philosophies fail because they disregard man's moral condition. They offer him no escape from his bondage. They do not understand his

nature. Their conceptions of it are degraded. They are blind to his destiny. And they deny his immortality. Hence these cannot lead towards progress. But what is the attitude of Christianity toward the wants of man? Its principle is the rock of truth, hence it is permanent. It is external. It came from above. Therefore no inventive genius of man has produced it. It provides for the development of the body. It offers him an escape from his moral bondage. It understands his complex nature and offers him a divine standard for his actions. And language becomes sublime as it pictures the celestial city, with walls of jasper and gates of pearls, with light perpetual and joy eternal, the final destiny of truth's loyal followers. Thus Christianity alone offers a plan that is permanent, that considers man's condition, his nature and his destiny. Therefore reason proclaims that truth, as contained in Christianity, is the efficient cause of all progress.

As soon as man begins to think profoundly he realizes that he is between two eternities, that humanity is sweeping on towards some grand cousummation. He intuitively believes that he is dependent upon some power for his existence and responsible to it for his action, and he earnestly seeks some being as the object of his devotion. This belief is universal. No time so ancient, no people so barbarous, no nation so uncivilized but in their midst some form of worship has been found. Then this belief is an intuitive principle found in the hearts of all people. All intuitions come from the Creator who is the embodiment of truth. Then all intuitions are forms of truth. All truth leads towards progress as all error leads toward retrogression. Then intuition proclaims truth to be eternal and its principles to be the basis of all true progress.

Thus all history proves it. Reason proves it because it is the only permanent principle that considers man's condition, his nature and his destiny. Intuition proves it, because the principle of truth is universal. Intuitions come from the bosom of God. Can we go further? Need we go further. This principle has God as its beginning, God as its end. It comes to us through the past and with grand, majestic movement, sweeps on into eternity. If we keep pace with this progress, loyalty to truth must be preserved. Not a single step of advancement can be made upon a false basis. Never has the genuis of man been so productive as to-day. Never has civilization advanced so rapidly. And why? Because never has truth been so exalted. Never has there been such earnest seeking for truth. Never has there been such organized and heroic efforts to carry truth over the dark continents and the islands of the sea. Be not frightened at the presence of evil. It has been in the world since the eating of the forbidden fruit. Be not alarmed if a few great minds do not recognize the Divine Hand in Nature or Divine Thought in Revelation. If their hypotheses are in accordance with truth, they are advanced steps of progress. But if they are false, they shall fail.

Let truth be preserved in the home. Let it be maintained in the social circle. Let it be championed by the press. Let it be heralded from the pulpit. Let the power of truth in these channels be combined and what evil can exist in its presence. Let the force of these united powers predominate among men. Let truth be the arbiter, and the discordant sounds of strife shall mellow into the hum of sweet content. The voice of philosophy, Science and Religion shall blend into one glorious anthem of praise. Then love shall bud in the hearts of man, universal peace shall be its blossoms, perfect bodies and perfect souls shall be its fruit. Then evil shall vanish as the morning mists. Then humanity shall have reached its final consummation. Then truth, its mission ended, shall have returned to God from whom it came.

THE THREE NORNS.

VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF '93, BY JOHN M'B. DONALDSON.

Our northern ancestors were philosophers as well as pirates; moralists as well as warriors. In their eddas, which they sang to the hoarse music of the neighboring tide amid the wild skerries of the Hebrides and of Iceland, they manifested a profound insight into some of the problems that confront every human being on the earth.

On the night when Helgi, the son of Inni, was christened, the three norns, or fatal sisters, left their hall beneath the world tree, called yggavasil, and sought the couch of the sleeping babe. In their hands they bore the writing tablets on which, by the unalterable decrees of Orlog, the child's future was to be recorded with iron pen. The name of the first of these fair maidens was Sceold or Should. She was the embodiment of the perfect ideal to which every individual must conform in the process of development. The name of the second was Werdandi, or Becoming; for each individual is not the perfected being at any one stage any more than a storm can be arrested at one point. In her hands she bore the statute book containing the eternal law of right, of which every person must make voluntary choice, and which must be his guide in the process of development. The name of the third of these wise maidens was Weird, or fixed, unalterable destiny. In her hands she bore the result of the work of the two others upon the human personality.

Although these guardian mistresses do not hover over the cradle of the class of '93 in visible shapes, yet everything that they symbolize is here. Although stern be the aspect of life given by the light of the lamps carried by them, yet we must welcome them to-day in all their pristine invincibility at our christening. The gift that they bring us is the unsolved problem of life. This we must solve in some way, and upon its solution our destiny depends. For the reason that truth is eternal, this enigma does not change essentially from age to age. Every one must cross Time's narrow isthmus with the boom of the ocean of eternity before and behind him. The question, what shall be the life principle to guide me through this labyrinth of being, presented itself to the rude, warlike Helvetians as to the educated, enlightened Americans; to Pericles, "sitting on the cliff listening to the multitudinous laughter of the seas," as to the Grand Old Man standing in parliament pleading for the down trodden of the Emerald Isle; to the class of '54 as to the class of '93.

Although this problem comes to us essentially unchanged, yet it is with the light of the nineteenth century upon it, as it were, the rays from Sceold's lamp shine down along the avenues of the ages giving us a wider and more distinct view of life, and are forced upon the perfect ideal, the humble carpenter of Nazareth. The statutes of Werdandi, hurled, as it were, like a great golden orb from Mount Sinai, have rolled down along the avenues of time reflecting their light from the pages of history and the lineaments of the universe. The *summum bonum* of life is revealed. It is conformity to the absolute standard of right and wrong in the universe and allegiance to the god in its temple. Across Time's great stage individual after individual, generation after generation, class after class comes and goes, all playing their brief part in the tragi-comedy and hastening behind the scenes. The aspirations unattained, the broken ideals of sanguine youth, and the marred work of manhood so vividly portrayed in this thrilling drama, all tell us of how little the individual, severed in will from the Creator, can by himself accomplish. He is but a weak monad in the eddy of blind forces. Fitly has the poet expressed it:

> **Men may rise on stepping stones**
> **Of their dead selves to higher things.**

But this great problem does not come to us

with the light only of the nineteenth century upon it. It comes also with its mould and fashion. We are launched upon the sea of activity in an era of rapid change and mental unrest; when the man is king upon whose brain reason sits enthroned and the guide of whose soul is the lodestone of conscience. The world demands manly men and womanly women; men and women with cultured hearts as well as cultured hands and heads. It is an era of opportunities for young people of liberal education. "The world turns hither its solicitous eye." In view of the present social and political status our motto, "Prepared for anything," is an eminently fit one. Stimulating and refreshing is the contrast that it makes with what may be termed the popular motto of the decade, "Prepared for one thing." We should not fear the result of a competitive test with the person of one idea; with the young man, who, intoxicated by the prospect of material prosperity, has fallen into the error of taking a special course. His brain is of necessity like some great tract of uncultivated land overgrown with scrubbery and with but a small cleared space in the center. Indeed, such a kind of education, instead of furnishing means for the quenching of the great social conflagrations that threaten us, are but providing fuel for the flame. They are fostering a sterner individualism and are giving additional support to the Ricardian and Malthusian economies. Our great opportunity, therefore, is the field of Christian socialism. Happily, in the light of the advancing gospel of peace, the prejudice against this phrase and the odium that has clung to it formerly, are being dispelled. Men are beginning to recognize the great fact that there is no such thing as absolute rights; that individual liberty is but a mere relative term. "The survival of the fittest" is ceasing to be the basis of the prevailing economy. This does not mean that Christian men deny the scientific fact of natural selection in the social world; that there is a struggle for existence, and that it is the strongest or those best fitted to their environment that survive. They are merely seeking to overcome the harsher features of this law by the higher spiritual law of sympathy and good will. They are alive to the fact that the competitive regime unchecked tends to the consummation of depravity. Let us also go forth, clad in the armor of Sinai, and with our faces continually toward the standard of Sceold, to do battle against this tendency. Then, according to the unalterable decrees, not of Orlog, but of Him who sits upon the circle of the heavens, the victory is ours. We shall go marching steadily on until the black and the crimson shall blend with the millenium's dawn.

It remains for us to say farewell. A few words of counsel and good cheer by our venerable president and the class of '93 shall have been launched upon the sea of active life. Conflicting thoughts arise in our minds on this memorable occasion. A strange commingling of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, wells up within us. Of joy, because most of us expect to return soon to those dear to us and to those to whom we are dear ; to scenes consecrated by the memories of childhood ; of sorrow, because acquaintances and associations have been formed here that must be broken ; of hope, because there is a spirit of adventure within us and a desire to assume responsibility ; of fear, lest we may be the vanquished in the conflict of life. All that we can say is that such is an earthly pilgrimage.

We beg your indulgence, if, in these closing remarks we may seem to manifest an undue class spirit. The ladies of our class number three less than the gentlemen, but what they lack in quantity is fully made up in quality. Young ladies, your lofty ideals, your laudable ambitions, and your fine characters have always been objects of emulation to us sterner members of the class of '93. In bold relief does your example stand out when some of your sex are committing the folly of wor-

shiping at the shrine of the fashionable dilettante. Much is said at present against the advancement of women in political and ecclesiastical affairs. This is not without some basis of justification in many instances ; but not so in your case. You are fit to be queens of households or leaders of thought and public opinion. May both be your lot.

Young men, propriety demands that we leave it to others to judge whether or not we have rightly embraced our opportunities. Only allow me to urge, since the seasons of rivalry and the smoke of battle have died away, that we stand hand to hand, alumni of one alma mater ; citizens of one government, and heirs, as we hope, of the one great commonwealth of Israel. Let us obliterate all factious prejudices, and adopt indiscriminately the titles of Philomath and Adelphic, deporting ourselves so that others cannot say that these are misnomers.

Undergraduates, it is our hope that you may be stimulated by our success and may profit by avoiding our failures. Fellow students and classmates, farewell. Farewell to you who have been our guides during these three, four, five, or, may be, six years. Worthy president, you have been faithful in leading us through the meshes of philosophy, in teaching us ethics and in showing us the path of virtue. In many instances, doubtless, this fidelity has not met with a proper response on our part ; nevertheless, we are grateful to you for these things. But, since virtue is taught better by example than by precept, we are even more grateful to you for your noble example. Your artless kindness has always been an encouragement to us ; your humble sincerity, an inspiration. May God preserve your life and continue your usefulness so that others may enjoy privileges like to those that we have enjoyed. Discoverer of nature's secrets, farewell. You have held up to our admiring gaze "the visible garment of The Most High." We thank you for your many lessons of positive truth ; but especially do we thank you for this great lesson that you have taught us negatively : That the scalpel of the botanist can never divest the Son of Righteousness of his divinity ; that the hammer of the geologist can never break the Rock of Ages. May you continue unchilled by the snows of age and your thoughts undarkened by the approach of night.

Teachers of Grecian song and Roman jurisprudence, we may have "breathed out threatenings" in times of imagined oppression, but, since the struggle is over, we thank you for probably the greatest lesson of our course—how to work. Measurer of earth's proportions and analyzer of her secrets, your appreciation of the sublime and that ripple of merriment beneath your calm exterior have endeared you to us. You have our best wishes. Master and mistresses of the Divine art, you have banqueted our ears with sweet melody. May your life's journey be along a flowery path 'neath a sunny sky, and at last may you sit around the throne of the King of Kings banqueting his ears with songs of praises. Ladies of the faculty, in the absence of loved ones to lead us by the silken thread of tender remonstrance, your presence and teaching have always been a curb to our rough and rude natures. We appreciate the influence that you have exerted to restrain us, to make us more prudent and industrious.

There are others who have gone to other fields of usefulness. One, we trust, is sitting among the blessed. Want of time forbids our making special mention of all, but we know that we will be acquitted of any disrespect to the others if we make special mention of one. It is the Rev. Dr. Mehard. When many of us came here, having left home for the first time, we recognized in the genial dignity 'neath those classic features, and in that hearty handshake, the boys' friend. May his eye lose none of its lustre and his natural vigor continue unabated.

Kind citizens of New Wilmington, when we came to your beautiful village, you extended us the hand of hospitality. You my think us ungrateful because we have persistently refused to become acclimated. You may think that there is something deeply wrong with the spirit that fails to find peace on a spot whose plan the Creator seems to have conceived and executed in his happiest moments. You have a just pride in the aid that you have rendered to the hand of Omnipotence in making this village so beautiful. Our refusal to find a home here has not been because we do not mentally assent to all this, but because there are other spots dearer to us on account of the associations and traditions gathered around them. However, we are grateful to you for your many acts of kindness. Your continued hospitality, knowing that we were mere wayfarers, makes it all the more evident that it was born of truly generous hearts.

Now to all—teachers, schoolmates, trustees, friends—we say one fond farewell, in the hope that we shall meet here again; if not, that we shall meet on the shore of the great beyond.

ACTION AND REACTION.

BY MISS AGNES REED, AWARDED THE ALETHEAN MEDAL.

An inevitable dualism bisects Nature. There is no positive without its negative; no complement without its supplement. A rising here, necessitates a falling there. Existence suggests non-existence; motion, rest; life, death. What disappears on one side reappears on another.

If wood be burnt, the scales of the chemist will show that not a particle of matter has been destroyed. Many are its manifestations, but beneath is the same persistent and invariable aggregate. Not an atom can lose itself in immensity, and to immensity not an atom can be added. "Annihilate a portion of matter," says Spinoza, "and the world will crumble." As with matter, so with force.

What disappears on one side reappears on another. Friction produces heat, heat causes motion. The amount of movement expended is recovered in the amount of heat produced. The action and reaction are equal. No power or energy can be created or destroyed. When force appears we are not at liberty to assume that it came from nothing; when it disappears, we are forbidden to conclude that it is annihilated, but search and find whence it came and whither it has gone. This same law equally rules the relations of man. Every evil has its good; for everything lost something is gained; for everything gained something is lost. Men would be great, have wealth, power, fame. They think to be great is to get only one side of nature; to get the sweet without the bitter; but this is as impossible as to get the light without the shadow. The man of genius, he who has all the world admires and covets, must cast behind him the admiration of men. He must afflict them by faithfulness to his truth until he becomes a by-word. Do men desire wealth? Neither has this an immunity, for he who has vast riches has many cares and anxieties. Some leveling circumstance puts down the great, the strong, the rich. So, too, there is a gain for every loss, a right for every wrong.

There is a compensation for physical suffering, for calamity. Assuming that pain is for man, the question arises, "What is its use?" It evidently is not sufficient to say that pain is necessary to make duly appreciable the exemption from pain; that pain belongs inherently to animal natures, but the question is solved when the soul perceives that pain teaches that there is a God, to whom man is responsible; that it softens the temperament of the soul. Truly "Pain is God's mute prophet in the body, giving its silent oracles to the soul." Sympathy also, and all its blessings, begin at the fact of pain. Likewise there is a recompense for calamity. A cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss

of friends, seems for a time unpayable, but that which seems at first nothing but privation, later assumes the aspect of a guide. It leads to revolutions in the ways of life, forms relations more friendly to the growth of character, for

"Through sorrow's vale, by weary pilgrims trod,
The pathway lies that leads us up to God.
Sublimest joy is won through fiery trial
And sweetest rest by toil and self denial."

It was during the tedious years of imprisonment that Bunyan wrote his immortal allegory. It was not when Milton saw most of the world, but in the forced retirement of a man who had lost health and eyesight, that he wrote his Paradise Lost. Many a genius is indebted to privations, to poverty, for his best opportunities, for he was thus excluded from the attractions and frivolities of society. As some one has said, "Talent builds itself in quietude, while character, amid the worldly storms."

But evil doers prosper. It is the standing complaint of the world that the earth is given into the hands of the wicked. Industry is trampled, properties and titles violated. There is no end to the distractions, poverties, bitter pangs of wrong, caused by wicked men in power. Some one may say, surely this law fails here. There is no compensation. But is not evil thus revealed in its baleful presence and agency? Evil is scarcely known as evil till it assumes the robe of authority. It is not understood until we see by what sort of rule it will manage its empire. Then arises the struggles, the agitations for liberty, for justice. Is not this striving of society toward conditions of right and equity?

"For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord, law; and freedom of oppression."

But what of the intellectual sphere! Are action and reaction equal here? Does every benefit have its tax? Truly this law prevails even here, for the man who would know one thing *well* must be content to leave a thousand things unknown. All his energies he must converge to one point. A man may have remarkable talents, but if they are scattered upon many objects he will accomplish nothing. Shakespeare has made his name immortal as a poet, while Coleridge, a man of Shakespearian mould, but lacking concentration, has left behind him not a single completed work. Angelo was a man of "one idea," as was William Pitt. Truly, as Pope has said,

"One science only will one genius fit,
So *wide* is art, so narrow human wit."

Passing into the moral realm, there exists the same law. To attain the highest moral excellence much material good must be resigned. To strive for vast riches and yet for freedom from anxiety and care, to live for self and yet look for the joys that spring from a virtuous and self-denying life, is to ask for impossibilities. The laws of equity demand a just balance. Evil *must* be shunned, good sought, "For to him that loves the light, a clearer dawn shall rise anew." Hence, throughout the world, physical, intellectual, moral, action and reaction are equal.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

Ten miles west of Philadelphia, a ten minutes walk from Bryan Mawr station, on the main line of the P. R. R., stands Taylor Hall, the center of the quadrangle formed by the three large boarding halls, a science building and a gymnasium which constitute Bryn Mawr College. Taylor Hall, named for the generous founder, Dr. J. W. Taylor, of New Jersey, who desired to found a college for the "advanced education of women," was the first building erected, and contains the lecture rooms, chapel, library and reading rooms, and offices of the president, dean and secretary.

Although work on this building was begun in 1880, it was not until the fall of 1885 that plans for the new institution had been perfected, and board and faculty were ready to throw open the doors to young women desirous

of carrying on their studies beyond the usual courses open to them in other colleges.

The arrangement of courses is very different from that of most American colleges, being modeled partly on that of Johns-Hopkins, and partly on the universities of Germany and England. The entrance examinations are very severe, and unless the student has been studying with a view to this, she will find that they cover the ground almost of a liberal education. Some girls whose education has been directed to this end have entered at the ages of sixteen and seventeen, but most of the students are much older. After passing the entrance examinations the student selects a group of studies to be pursued throughout her course. This group consists of two majors and one minor; e. g., she may take Greek and Latin as majors with English as minors, or any three courses she may desire. She is at liberty to pursue her studies in whatever manner she pleases, and may take as many years to it as she cares to spend, provided she does not undertake more than fifteen hours a week. The lecture system of imparting instruction is used in all departments where it is practicable. The students take notes on all lectures, are liable to be questioned during any lecture, have frequent days set apart for regular quizzes, and at the close of each semester are subjected to rigid examinations on all the work done during the half year.

There is no department of music, nor of any of the so-called feminine accomplishments, the only piano on the premises being in the gymnasium. Languages, ancient and modern, sciences, mathematics, indeed all the branches taught in advanced colleges for young men can be pursued almost without limit, as the student, after taking her A. B. degree, may study as many years as she likes and take the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. There are about thirty graduate students in attendance his year.

I have been very much pleased with the results noticed in the self-government plan. The students have a self-government association which meets frequently to discuss plans or dispose of cases of infringement of rules. They make and enforce all rules for order in the recitation rooms, on the grounds and in the boarding halls, and so far as I have seen are very successful in obtaining good results. As Bryn Mawr was only a small village not yet arrived at the dignity of street lamps when the college was founded, one of the professors having made the remark that the college was the only light Bryn Mawr had, the girls adopted the lantern as their symbol, and Goethe's last words, "Mehr Licht," as their motto. Each Freshman is presented at entrance with a miniature lantern, and the name is also applied to the college paper, issued annually.

There are no literary societies and no member of the graduating class performs on commencement day, but a vast amount of essay work is required during the course, and so carefully are these essays criticised that students are sometimes conditioned on spelling. The library is quite classical. There is no fiction except a few of the eighteenth century novels. The literature is mostly in foreign languages—Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, French, Italian, Spanish and German. Magazines are taken from all parts of the world where anything of importance is published. They are so fortunate as to have $3,000 a year to spend for the library, and can afford to buy large numbers of books.

I hope I have not said anything that would lead any girl intending to take a course at Westminster to come to Bryn Mawr. We have some advantages at Westminster not to be enjoyed at Bryn Mawr, but I would like to see some of our graduate A. B.'s continue their studies through a course at the "most advanced school for women" in America.

MARGARET MCLAUGHRY.

ATHENS AND JERUSALEM.

BY JOHN W. GEALEY.

The lessons of history are object lessons. Principles are ever identified with epochs, nations or countries. The great ideas which the past has produced come to us, not in the form of mere abstractions, but associated with a place, a people in lineaments Egyptian or Hebrew; in Grecian tunic or Roman toga. Hence, nations often stand as representatives of great principles with which their lives have been identified. A place becomes the embodiment of an idea.

Speak of Rome and thought turns not to the many-sided life which surged on the banks of the Tiber, but we see a mailed arm that conquered the world, and Rome stands forever an embodiment of the idea of warlike force. Mention India and over the soul steals again the spell of Buddha's mystic dream; Egypt, and man stands in awe before that mighty past whose secrets are locked in the passionless breast of the Sphinx, whose spirit slumbered amid the silence of the pyramids. Thus the names of antiquity live on in the ideas they typify.

But of all the names which time has immortalized, there are two which shine down through the ages with a lustre peculiarly their own. The one, the crown of the East, the other, the glory of the West. The one, a city, rich, cultured, splendid, rising in marble beauty beside the Aegean; the other, a true daughter of the Orient, populous, turbulent, passionate, masking under an indolent exterior a fierce national spirit, an intense earnestness which the world has seldom equaled, never excelled. The one, the mother of the world's philosophy; the other, of her religion; Athens and Jerusalem.

Modern art, science and literature all point back to one common origin. The intellectual history of twenty centuries clusters around a single point—that white walled Grecian city. Two thousand years ago its star of empire set, yet to-day it is a living force interwoven in every thread and fiber of the world's civilization. Splendid is the inheritance which the wonderful Greek spirit has bequeathed to man, yet its noblest legacy is the Athenian philosophy.

For ages man had languished in the fetters of the past, worshiping doctrines hoary with years, creeds in which original germs of divine truth had long been stifled in anthropomorphism or empty symbolism. Like a deadly spell its shadow lay over the world, hindering all advancement, all enlightenment, all development. But Athens began to grow restive under these claims. The world had asked, "What is old?" Athens asked, "What is true?" A new spirit moved in the realm of thought, the spirit of inquiry. Under the peculiar conditions of Athenian society, this spirit was preserved and fostered At first desultory in its results and materialistic in its character, it widened and deepened until it became the grandest manifestation of man's genius that history affords. With a mighty effort Athens rose against the past. Before her spirit of keen philosophical investigation the mysticism of ancient faith melted away like a summer cloud. Reason was recognized as the true criterion of belief; the reverence which time throws round a creed was disregarded. Truth was throned as king. The fundamental principles of knowledge were recognized, and, for the first time, science was established on a permanent logical basis.

To the world these new ideas came like a revelation. Their effect on intellectual life was magical. Everywhere spread the learning of Greece. In every capital sounded her musical tongue. The rich and great of every nation flocked to Athens. From the Academy and the Lyceum went forth waves of influence which rippled on the farther shores of ancient civilization.

But, sublime though it was, Greek philosophy could not satisfy man's deepest need. It

was too abstract to serve as a basis for a system of ethics. It made men wiser; it did not make them, to any adequate degree, better. True, it was the brightest star that lit up the darkness of antiquity, but its beams glittered cold and far|off. It swayed the intellect; it could not reach the heart. It lifted man above his grosser vices, but did not enable him to form a true conception of the intrinsic value of his own soul. It was man's crowning effort to solve the problem of life unaided, but it failed. With bruised pinions the soul still beat against the bars of its finitude and sent up a despairing cry to the infinite for light. But what reason had failed to give, the world received through revelation. The Greek, with all his fine philosophical instincts, could not reach God. The Hebrew apprehended him in sublime yet simple faith. Athens left the world a splendid legacy; Jerusalem gave a better. From that wondertul Eastern city went forth forces which thrill in every heart beat of modern civilization; a faith which conquered the world. Athens turned the light of nature in upon the mind and traced its lineaments feature by feature, but no metaphysical analysis could give a true conception of the soul itself. Within it there are depths which the plummet of science has never sounded; heights which only God can scale. Jerusalem, viewing the soul in the light of its origin and destiny, showed it to man in its immortal being, in its awful dignity. Greek philosophy was inadequate to meet the demands itself had created. Within it there was a force sufficient to overthrow the extravagant and senseless creeds with which it came in contact, but it could not replace them. It hurled high Zeus from his Olympian throne, but it gave to man no God in his stead. Reason may overthrow a system of belief; it takes divinity to originate one. Athens destroyed the world's idols. Jerusalem points the world to a God; Athens revealed to man the infinity which surrounds him dark with a nameless dread; Jerusalem lights it up with the torch of revelation.

Like the prophet in the wilderness of Judea, Athens prepared the way for the prince she knew not. Her learning permeated the life of the world and with subtle yet powerful influence fitted it for a new revelation of truth In the arms of Greek culture Hebrew faith was borne to the world. In the soft Attic accents Jerusalem's wonderful message came to men.

The history of a great movement ever centers round a single form. Clear in the radiance of every height the world has ever attained, glowing in the lurid light of her profoundest depths of degradation and infamy appears some central figure, distinct in its personality. The people fade away from us, a sublime but impalpable abstraction, their voices are lost in the dim distance, but history's heroes stand in clear profile, stamping their own individuality on ages of time, on nations of men.

In Athenian history one form towers high above all others—the form of Socrates, the sculptor's son. A philosopher without a system, he laid the foundations for the grandest systems of philosophy the world has ever seen. In the might of an earnest, honest spirit he tore away the net work of sophistry in which former philosophers had enmeshed the truth, and, making it clear and consistent, held it up in the sight of all men. Under his influence knowledge became for the first time a practical criterion of duty; the comprehension of truth was recognized as bringing with it an obligation to conform life to its precepts. But he went even farther than this. Through the mists of popular belief, far beyond Olympus' height, he caught glimpses of diviner truth, and pointed, though with uncertain, wavering finger, up to the unknown God. To the influence of this one noble mind Athens owes whatever is best and purest in her philosophy.

The history of Jerusalem also clusters round

a single figure; one form stands revealed in the pulsating waves of a light ineffable; the form of the Son of Mary, "the Man of Nazareth." Great forces work quietly. Heaven never bent with such breathless interest over the birth of a flaming world as over that humble manger of Bethlehem, yet the world dreamed on undisturbed and awoke, unconscious of the tremendous influences that night had set in motion. Thirty-three years of a life, humble, almost obscure, and the tragedy is completed. The voice whose tones thrilled the multitudes is still. The Syrian stars look down on an empty cross by the wayside; on a new made grave outside Jerusalem's walls. Darkness on earth, yet through the arches of heaven surges and throbs the anthem of a mighty triumph; the flaming banners of Jehovah sway in the waves of joyful sound and the heavenly portals open wide to welcome in heaven's Prince.

At last life's great problem is solved once and forever. That which reason could never attain man has received through a divine revelation. "The unknown God" is unknown no longer. With hand divine, Christ drew aside the curtain of sense and revealed God, not a a dim far away abstraction, but a living reality, standing in awful majesty, wrapped in the attributes of a perfect personality. The revelation of personality in God led to the recognition of personality in man and the individual acquired a new dignity and worth. From this was evolved a new and grander conception of man's relation to God and to his fellowmen. What in Socrates had been mere abstract principles, under Christ's revivifying touch became living forces able to direct man's life, to decide his destiny. In these two characters Athens and Jerusalem are typified, philosophy and religion stand in true antithesis. Socrates gave to the world in its onward march a great propelling force; Christ gives it a goal, glorious, eternal. Before the gulf which separates the finite from the infinite, Socrates stood appalled and powerless; Christ bridged the abyss with the single, shining span of love. With Socrates law was the adamantine band of a stern necessity; with Christ it was the golden warp of perfect wisdom, binding together the elements of a universe. Through all the words of Socrates, through all the philosophy of Greece, runs a sad minor strain; the cry of the human soul face to face with a great mystery, trembling before the dark portals of an unknown future; in Christ the mystery vanishes and above the darkness of the dead, gleams the promise of a glorious hereafter. –

To-night the scroll of time unfolds, the centuries roll backward, and in vivid coloring two scenes stand before us. The one a prison cell where a philosopher camly drains the poison cup and gazing with heart unfaltering upon the veil which no divine hand has drawn aside for him, steps down into the quiet sea which ripples on the shores of eternity. The other, a cross by Jerusalem's walls, where, in shame and agony, love's great victory was won and God's great bow of promise shone above a dying world. Surely "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

The dust of the ages may obliterate earth's proudest monuments; stone by stone Athens and Jerusalem may crumble away until a later age will tread unheeding over the spots where once they stood; but in that prison cell, in that cross, their memories will live for ever. Jerusalem and Athens, ye speak to us with harmonious voices, ye bear to man a common lesson. Human intellect may mount high, only faith can reach God. Above reason is revelation. Above earth's greatest philosophers in solitary majesty stands Jesus Christ, "The Man of Nazareth." In the light from the cross and in that light alone may man read his destiny aright.

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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JUNE. 1893.

THIS being the commencement issue, it is necessary to reserve more space for the literary department. On account of the scarcity of room, we shall devote but little space to editorials.

WE wish to make an explanation of the cause of the delay of the May issue of the HOLCAD. The material was sent in in good time, but sickness at the office prevented its issuing. He hope to be able to have them out in good time hereafter.

THE great question of interest before the American people to-day is the question of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair. The question has been earnestly contested by the Christian people on one side and those who expected to derive pecuniary benefit on the other. All their arguments cannot conceal the fact that it is simply a matter of dollars and cents with them. They wished the gates open on the Sabbath simply because they thought it would bring them in more money. And yet it is a singular fact that while they have sacrificed everything to this one object of receiving large profits, the fair has been, financially, a failure. Their Sunday openings were a failure. Their crowds were small and in everything in which they have ignored the wishes of the public for their own private advancement they have failed. It is probable that the fair will not be opened on the Sabbath, but even had it been it is almost certain that the Sabbath receipts would scarcely have compensated for the non patronage of Christian people and also the bad effect which such a battle has on the success of such an enterprise.

THE summer conference of college young men, held at Northfield and Geneva, deserve attention from every college association. At these conferences methods of work will be discussed which no association can afford to lose. Some of the brightest and most devout Bible scholars of the country will be present and will deliver addresses. Experienced teachers will conduct classes in Bible study. The student will come in contact with his fellow students from all parts of the land, notes can be compared and plans for the future can be discussed. These summer conferences fill a long felt want. Just as meetings of general assemblies are important to the churches, so the conferences are important for the furtherance of the cause of Christianity among the colleges. Although both conferences will agree in many respects, we would advise the sending of a delegation to Northfield. The conference there will be held from July 1st to 12th, inclusive. Northfield occupies historic ground. Here David Brainerd labored among the Indians; here also is Mr. Moody's home. The scenery from the seminary buildings is beautiful; the clear water of the Connecticut river sparkles in the distance; the Green mountains on the one side and the White mountains on the other, lend

enchantment to the view. Mr. Moody will preside over the meetings and this alone almost guarantees success to the conference. The following is taken from the announcement of the Northfield conference: "Prof. Drummond will be one of the leading speakers at this year's gathering, which will be held July 1-12. The strong impression which he made whenever he came before students on the occasion of his former visit to this country is still fresh in the minds of many who heard him, and his words remain as a continual inspiration. In addition to Prof. Drummond men of national and even wider reputation have been secured. Rev. Henry Van Dyke, of New York, formerly one of the Harvard preachers; Prof. M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford Theological Seminary; Rev. H. P. Beach, of the School for Christian Workers; Prof. Geo. T. Purves, of Princeton; Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, of New York; Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Kentucky. Prominent Canadian, European and other speakers are expected. It is hoped that Rev. T. L. Cuyler will also be present. Mr. Moody will preside throughout the conference. Bible classes will be conducted by Messrs. Kobert E. Speer and Jas. McConaughy. The program thus presented makes one of the strongest ever offered to college students. A representative student committee will be in charge of the athletics, which will be of a recreative and enjoyable character. The gathering is held under the direction of the College Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association, 40 East Twenty-third street, New York city." Let us have a good representation from Westminster. Money spent for this purpose will not be lost, but will contribute to the welfare of the institution in such a manner as the same amount spent in any other cannot. We know of no better opportunity for those who wish to aid in the promotion of Christ's cause among the students of old Westminster than by contributing to a Northfield fund. Let us as students make some real sacrifice, if need be, in order that as large a delegation as possible may be sent to Northfield this summer.

DR. FERGUSON'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, 1893.

You have now reached the goal toward which you have been looking for years. With most of you these years have been filled with honest, earnest effort. The rank of the class isu nusually uniform and high. The pleasure of the occasion, with most of you, is unmingled with regret for time wasted and opportunities neglected. One thing I know mars your pleasure—for a kindly spirit has always prevailed among you—the absence and sickness of your classmate, Miss Rebecca Junk, whose scholarly qualities were noted by you all.

You call yourselves the Columbian class. You go out under the influence and inspiration of a great history revived—of great achievements wrought in science and art, in civilization and civil liberty. What are some Columbian virtues you should cherish?

I might appropriately enough commend to you some virtues found in the character and career of the hero of the day—his faith, his courage to undertake, his perseverence in the face of obstacles. But in the few minutes I employ, I shall urge upon you two traits that seem to us well suited to this Columbian year and our American people.

Let me first of all urge upon you respect for law—institutional law, ecclesiastical law, civil law.

Some obligations we voluntarily assume and our personal honor obliges us to keep our word. Others are a traditional inheritance from our fathers, confirmed by our own choice and therefore doubly sacred.

But the obligation to be law-abiding citizens of the State is a thing of nature from which we cannot escape. We are born into the State and owe it allegiance because of our birthright in it. He who disowns its law is an enemy of

his country. He who schemes and plots to defeat the will of the nation, when it is properly enacted into law, deserves the indignation of all good citizens. Though he prate of liberty, he is wantonly undermining its supports. There are indeed legitimate ways of influencing legislation, but when law is made it ought not to be disobeyed except under stress of conscience, which is not lawlessness, but an appeal to higher authority than the State itself. The question which the courts are working out at Chicago is not one of Sabbath closing merely. It is one of larger moment—Shall the nation yield to a place? Shall national law be set aside by a local directory? Shall faith be kept? Shall nullification by trickery stand?

The protest of Christian people is a protest against lawlessness and ought to have the loyal support of all who love liberty regulated by law. Of what use is it to hang anarchists and then propagate anarchy by our own acts.

My young friends, wherever you go, range yourselves on the side of law and order—of subjection to the powers that be—of keeping faith when contracts are closed.

Second. Let me further urge upon you reverence for God. The fear of God is a Bible synonym for the whole of religion. It emphasizes the element of reverence as entering into the best character. We naturally yield to the awe inspiring effect of terrible things in nature, the cyclone spreading havoc in its path, the storm crashing among the giants of the forest, the ocean lashing itself into fury and sporting fiend like with every bark upon its bosom. Kant, the great German philosopher, tells us how he stood in awe of the starry heavens and the moral law. There is nothing more manly than reverence for all that is great and glorious. It was the greatest of German poets who said: "There is one thing by means of which every man that is born into the world becomes truly manly. This thing is reverence." But what or whom shall we fear? "God only is great," said Massillon before the French court. He out of whose soul faith in God has died is sorely bereft. The inspiration of the highest manliness has departed from him. But a faith that is dissociated from reverence is lacking. What I mean is not a thing of attitudes and forms, or even words, though these are important. It is reverence of the soul for God that influences the whole character and course in life. Be reverent and God's word will receive your affectionate attention quite as much as your keen criticism. You will bow to His Providence instead of speaking blasphemies concerning it. You will worship with devout minds in His house. You will be a friend of all that is high and ennobling in social life and a blessing to the world as long as you live.

Let me wish for you all long and happy lives under the benediction of the best government on earth—better still under the benediction of a loving God, who wishes to be a father to every one of you in Christ Jesus.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

COLLEGE WORLD.

—A national college song book will be published in Chicago this summer.

—The Vassar girls are so modest that they will not work in improper fractions.

—It is said that women comprise fifty-five per cent. of the undergraduates of the country.

—In the past twenty five years nineteen college buildings have been added to the Princeton campus.

—The joint debate held recently between the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin was given to the former.

—The new dormitory for Yale, the gift of Dr. Andrew J. White, of New York, is to be of the renaissance style.

—Toxio, Japan, is probably the largest uni-

versity city in the world. It has about 70,000 students within its walls during school time.

—It is stated that five hundred thousand volumes have been added to the college libraries of the United States during the past year.

—Bates College, in Maine, contemplates erecting a memorial library to the late James G. Blaine, to cost $150,000. He was one of its directors.

—Professor Wells will accept the chair of sociology at Dartmouth, entering upon his new duties next September. Bowdoin's loss is Dartmouth's gain.

—There are nine dailies, one tri-weekly, two semi-weeklies, 55 bi-weeklies, 288 monthlies and over 100 bi-monthlies and quarterlies published by colleges of the United States.

—Some of the young ladies at Ohio Wesleyan University have caught the hazing spirit and branded six or seven of the fellow students on their necks, arms and hands with a strong solution of nitrate of silver.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Walter Emerson, the well known cornet player, died June 1st, at his home in Boston, of peritonitis. He was thirty-seven years of age.

—Miss Mary Johnson, a graduate of the conservatory, left recently for Shonomish, Wash., to take charge of the music department in the Shonomish Academy.

—Miss Maude McNall, '93, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the music department of the Sunbury Academy, made by the resignation of Miss Eva Coulter.

—A large audience assembled in the college chapel Friday evening to listen to the graduating recital. There were six graduates: Kate Adams, Anna Caldwell, Mary Clingan, Maude Haney and Maude McNall, in piano, and Misses Belle Comin and Mary Clingan in voice. The evening was warm and the program long, but the performances were of such a varied and interesting character as to hold the attention of the audience throughout the evening.

—With this term closes the connection of Prof. and Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen with the college, a fact to be regretted by all. Miss Whissen has been here four years and in that time has proven herself to be an able and conscientious instructor, one whose place will be hard to fill. Prof. and Mrs. Thelen have been here but little over a year, but their loss will be deeply felt by the college. The board of trustees have several persons in view to fill these vacancies, but it will be in no hurry to make a choice, for Westminster's music department has made for itself a reputation which must be maintained.

—The closing entertainment of commencement week was the cantata, "Belshazzar's Feast; or, The Fall of Babylon," which was performed in the First church, Wednesday evening, before a very large audience. The impersonations were as follows:

Belshazzar, King of Babylon.....W. H. Fulton
Nitrocris, Queen.....Miss Gertie Clark
Daniel.....W. A. Dunn
Hanamah.....Mr. Owens
Lord of the Court.....Mr. Donaldson
Lady of the Court } Jewish Maiden } Miss Belle Comin
High Priest.....Miss McKean
Angel.....Alice Semple
Musical Director.....Prof. Thelen
Stage Manager.....Mrs. Thelen
Accompanist.....Miss Whissen

—The annual commencement recital by the pupils of the conservatory was given in the Second church on Monday evening. The following was the program:

Jubel Ouverture.....Weber
First Piano—Misses Bertha Black and Maude McNall. Second Piano—Misses Nellie Whitney and Emma Elliott.
The Better Land.....Cowen
Miss Lizzie Graham.
Millwheel.....Phillips
Miss Genevieve Smith.

Creole Love Song.....Buck
Robert Hamill
Menuet.....Paderewsky
Miss Eleanor Kerr.
Flower Song.....Gounod
Miss Maude Haney.
Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
Miss Maude Eckles.
Lorely.....Liszt
Miss Maude McNall.
Galop Cromatique.....Liszt-Pauer
Miss Emma Elliott
Sion.....Rodney
John Donaldson.

SECOND PART

Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
Misses Alice Anderson and Anna Dunn.
Sailor's Prayer.....Mattei
T M Gealey
Two Hungarian Dances.....Behr
Violin solo—W. M. Bigger.
Sappho.....Gounod
Miss Belle Comin.
Polonaise.....Weber
Miss Bertha Black.
Scena, aria from "Der Freischeutz".....Weber
Miss Mary V. Clingan.
Fantasie, "Home, Sweet Home".....Jael
Miss Gertie Clark.
Aria, from "Lucia".....Donezetti
Miss Alice Semple.
The Grave Digger.....W. H. Fulton
Sonata Pathetique (first movement).....Beethoven
Miss Victoria Smith.
Nazareth.....Gounod
J. G. Smith.
Waltz song.....Hewitt
Miss Gertie Clark.
Valse, D flat..... Chopin
Miss Anna Caldwell.

ART NOTES.

—This department, which is under the efficient instruction of Miss Linnie Hodgen, who will be retained during the coming year, numbered twenty-five pupils.

—The art exhibit was a pleasing attraction to commencement visitors. The art students had the studio thoroughly renovated and papered this spring, thus making it a more suitable place in which to exhibit their beautiful works of art than it has been on former similar occasions. During commencement week the walls of the studio were hung with samples of the work of the students during the past years.

—No feature of commencement week reflected more credit on our college than the art display. During Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday the studio was crowded with appreciative and interested spectators. Both Miss Hodgen and her pupils should be commended for the art display for it shows not only capable and thorough instruction but also careful and intelligent study on the part of the pupils. It is to be regretted Westminster College does not make better provision for the art department, for it certainly merits more attention than it receives in this or any of the surrounding colleges. A few taken at random from among the many excellent pieces may be mentioned:

A landscape in crayon, by Miss Ralston, was a large and well executed sketch.

A modest but pretty study was a basket of strawberries by Miss Peebles. The road to the sea, by Miss Peebles, was also much admired.

Two landscapes and a bunch of pansies, by Miss McNall, were all charming. In the latter study the reflection of the flowers in the water was well brought out and made a very pretty effect.

"The Ocean Reef," by Miss Franc Donaldson, was quite a large painting representing a reef in mid ocean with the waves dashing over it.

"A bunch of violets from Westminster campus," painted by Miss Hodgen, is an exquisite sketch in which a bunch of violets is represented lying about in disorder, while a a beautifully bound booklet lying near materially heightens the tone of careless beauty that pervades the whole picture. A bunch of game hanging against a board wall, also by Miss Hodgen, is a very lifelike sketch, every

detail being absolutely true to nature. Two paintings taken from nature representing corn, both ears, husks and stalks lying in and around an old hut were quite unique and pretty.

A vase of nasturtiums, by Miss Shaw, was an unpretending but very fine and natural study.

A large crayon sketch, drawn by Miss Franc Donaldson, represents a peasant girl opening the door of a sheep fold, while the sheep crowd in behind her.

Several water color sketches by Miss Bertha Wilson, were very finely executed, one of the prettiest being a street in Venice.

Two landscapes in crayon, by Miss Mahan, were remarkable for certainty and delicacy in shade as well as for unusual freedom from stiffness.

A lion's head in crayon, by Miss Lou Donaldson, was a large and very lifelike sketch excellently drawn.

Miss Latimer's work in both oil, crayon and water colors gives evidence both of natural talent and careful study.

Among other noticeable studies were two sketches of 'Squire Sampson's bridge in crayon, several pieces of the highest excellence by Miss Chapin, a vase of wild roses by Miss Daisy Barnes and a landscape in crayon drawn by Miss Dick. Time and not lack of merit forbids more particular mention of these as well as of the other pieces in the display. In fact every study manifested both talent and a degree of careful work, gratifying to every lover of art as well as to those who are themselves in the art department.

—Rev. Dr. Hanna has kindly placed a copy of the beautiful memorial volume of his son, Rev. Charles Hanna, in the library. It will be remembered that the latter, after a very short pastorate of great promise in the city of Philadelphia, was called away to the sorrow of all who knew him.

LOCALS.

—Prof. Mitchell entertained his class, '78, Tuesday evening.

—Rev. R. L. Hay, '86, read the poem at the alumnae reunion.

—Miss Agnes Reed is the winner of the Alethean medal this year.

—The class of '78 held its reunion this year. Rev. H. W. Lowry read the class history.

—Miss Effie McNaugher, '92, came out to take a part in "The Flower Queen" cantata.

—Miss Libbie Chamberlain, '92, visited in town a week, staying for the "Flower cantata."

—The class day exercises Monday afternoon were thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard them.

—Why didn't the Sophs take the pipe? Because the Juniors are not to be caught napping so easily.

—Miss Mary Johnston, a graduate of the conservatory in '91, has accepted a position as teacher of Music at Shonomish, Wash.

—The students of the art department with Miss Hodgen raised money enough to paper the studio. It looks quite transformed.

—The Senior-Junior banquet Tuesday evening, following the alumnae reunion and the campfire, was a brilliant and pleasant affair.

—What spell is there in the studio door that holds Nicholls in its vicinity for fifteen or twenty minutes every morning after chapel.

—Miss Jean Robertson, '92, who has been teaching in Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tenn., will be here this summer studying music.

—B. B. Snodgrass; '93, secured a position in Youngstown immediately after leaving school, and could not get away to attend commencement.

—Innocent Teacher: "I do wish Miss M. didn't have to mail letters every morning." Knowing Listener, better informed, who sees

the groups outside the studio every morning: "Does she ?"

—Miss Mary Reed, '90, who has been teaching the last two years in the mission school at Henderson, N. C., spent commencement week in town.

—Jay Kuhn, while doing some paper hanging, fell from a ladder, breaking his leg below the knee. He is recovering rapidly, but is still unable to be out.

—Mrs. Thelen sang as Columbia in the kermis given by the Episcopal church of New Castle Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, May 11th, 12th and 13th.

—If the Juniors become a class of smokers the Seniors will be to blame, but we have no tears for the Juniors. They are already beginning to assume Senior dignity.

—Prof. Mitchell still has a head, as he showed Tuesday night, although from the fusilade of raillery directed at it, it seemed remarkable that it was not demolished.

—It is with sincere regret that we part with Miss Whissen. It will be difficult for Westminster to fill her place with any one so accomplished and so successful as a teacher.

—The art exhibition this year was remarkably fine, both in the quantity and quality of the work done. The standard of the instructor is high and her pupils are required to work to it.

—It will be no surprise to those who attended class day exercises to find in a few years that Stewart and Gealey have become renowned actors, the Booth and Barrett of the future.

—As usual a large number of visitors were in town commencement week. It was remarked how many of the alumnae of recent years were here. '90, '91, '92 were all well represented.

—R. E. Porter, '90, has been preaching the past year at Ellsworth, Ohio, where he has had very encouraging success. He expects to complete his course at the Western Theological Seminary the coming year.

—"The Flower Queen" cantata was one of the prettiest entertainments ever given here. Mrs. Thelen and Miss Whissen were the managers of the choruses, Miss Whissen playing and Mrs. Thelen training the singers.

—The reception given by the Sophomores to the Senior class was one of the most graceful and pleasant affairs of the commencement season. Such an evidence of kindly feeling was very much appreciated by the Seniors.

—The class of '93 did not follow the beaten track in everything this year. They showed commendable independence and enterprise in having something new. The class was a remarkably harmonious one, working together in everything undertaken.

—Huber Ferguson, '91, and Miss Emma Campbell, '93, will have charge of the Summer Normal, beginning June 20th. They are both well fitted for the work, having been successful teachers before. Mr. Ferguson taught a year in Tarkio College and has been at Princeton this year.

—Junior commenting on class day exercises: "Mr. Berry's history was good, considering what he had to work on. That class never did much to make history. It requires genius to make something of nothing." This, of course, was before the pipe of peace had been presented and accepted.

—It seems an assured fact that we are to have the new science hall the coming year. If some other friends of the college would from their abundance add enough to the endowment fund to make her independent she would be grateful. There is no better work done anywhere than at Westminster, so far as she has facilities.

—The Senior class in German was required to write essays in "Deutch" and read them in class. They were remarkable productions and

really added very much to German literature. The exercise was a good one, and it is to be hoped the Juniors will show their ability in the same line next year. The phenominal brilliance of intellect in that class will be sure to produce some work of wonderful merit.

—The prophetess foretold the fate of the '93's. Their destinies were brilliant and varied, ranging from patent medicine venders to statesmen. In twenty years the honor man of the class retires from the senate in disgust, the Prohibitionists having defeated the Democrats. He devotes himself to raising cabbages, and from the illustration showing him at work we would suppose him successful and contented.

—The Juniors can always be depended upon to do what is expected of them. Every one would have been sure something was wrong had the Juniors done nothing unusual the night of the Sophomore-Senior reception. The Juniors didn't want the Seniors' hats. Oh, no. They only wanted to see how much their heads would have to grow next year. When through with the hats, they left them at Dr. Ferguson's, to show their perfect confidence in the Doctor and because they knew, the Seniors' heads being so enormously large, the Doctor would have no use for them.

—Misses Belle Galbraith, '92; Belle McFate, '92, Annetta Little, '92; Ida Little, '92; Mattie Lytle, '92; Jessie McNaugher, '90; Stella Gray, Luella Purvis, '92; Eva Anderews, '91; W. T. McKee, '91; Mr. McClimans, '91; R. E. Porter, '90; Rev. Austin Bailey, '90; A. L. Hope, '88; Q. A. Hamill, '92; S. G. Huey, '88; R. L. Hay, 86; R. K. Aiken, '90; M. J. Donaldson, '90; W. A. Dunn, '87; S. P. Donaldson, '81; Mrs. H D. Gordon, '86; W. M. Barr, '88; W. M. Robertson, '88; Miss Mattie McElwee, '88; Nannie Spencer, '90; Alice Foster, '90; Susie Foster, '91; Jennie Foster, '92; A. A. Graham, '91; H. C. Swearingen, '91; F. P. Trumble, '91; Miss Ella Adams, Jean Robertson, '92; Stella Crane, Cora Minnich, '92; May Chapin, '92; A. H. Elliott, '92; W. W. Barr, '91; Mary Reed, '90, were among the old students who were back for commencement.

EXCHANGES.

Emergencies disclose resources.—*Grosjean.*

A good habit is always a good helper —*Ex.*

Mind constitutes the majesty of man, virtue his true nobility.

Education is a humanizer as well as an illuminator.—*Ex.*

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.—*Cato.*

A joyous smile adds an hour to one's life, a heart felt laugh a day, a grin not a moment.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Oft in a wooden house a golden room we find.
—*Longfellow.*

Benevolence could vanish hunger from the world with what the frills on pride's dresses cost.—*Ex.*

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled cayenne pepper on the victuals of her boarders."—*Ex.*

To remember is to honor.
To honor is to emulate,
To emulate is to inspire,
To inspire is to make capable of doing again what has once been nobly done —*Ex*

"John," said the minister's wife, "how many more times are you going to recite that sermon of yours?"

"Don't bother me, my dear, if you please," he replied, "I am practicing what I preach."—*Ex.*